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THE INDIAN WARS
OF
THE UNITED STATES.



THE DEATH OF SITTING BULL.

THE INDIAN WARS
OF THE
UNITED STATES

*FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT AT JAMESTOWN, IN 1607,
TO THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT UPRIISING OF 1890-91*

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENTS

BY
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AUTHOR OF "THE YOUTHS' HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," "GREAT RIVER SERIES," "LOST IN SAMOA," "TAD, OR GETTING EVEN WITH HIM,"
"FROM THE THROTTLE TO THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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INTRODUCTION.

THE history of the Indian wars of the United States is a history of one continuous series of blunders, frauds, oppression, injustice, and crime that is a reproach to our nation. Here and there, in the record, a bright page shines out all the more vividly because of its contrast with the surrounding darkness. None can estimate the amount of property destroyed, the number of lives sacrificed, and the injury done to civilization and progress by our dealings with the Indians.

We have two classes of extremists: those who maintain that there is only one good Indian and he is dead, and those who believe that the red man has been the invariable victim, instead of the wrongdoer, in all the troubles of the white men with his people. That the latter has been the truth in a majority of instances is undeniable, but it is equally true that more than once the treachery, the cruelty, and the atrocity of the Indian have had no shadow of palliation or excuse. The Indian problem still confronts us, but a knowledge of our history, and an acquaintance with the views of those who have studied for years the red man's traits, habits, characteristics, and nature, and who comprehend his anomalous position among us, must enable all to read the true answer to the question which has caused the waste of so much treasure and life.



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THE INDIAN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER I.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

No one knows where the North American Indians came from. There are many ingenious theories to explain their presence on our continent. The one now generally accepted is that their ancestors found their way from Asia across Bering Strait, many centuries ago, and migrating southward gradually overspread North and South America. The latest scientific researches add reasonableness to this theory.

With the exception perhaps of the Esquimaux, the Indians possess a general resemblance. Their characteristics, as given by Lawrence, are : Skin brown or cinnamon-hued ; iris dark ; hair long, black, and straight ; beard scanty ; eyes deep-seated ; nose broad, but prominent ; lips full and rounded ; face broad across cheeks, which are prominent, but less angular than the Mongolian, and with features distinct. The general shape of the head is square, with low but broad forehead, back of the head elevated, top elevated, face much developed, and powerful jaws. The parietal region is also much developed, orbits large, feet and hands small and well proportioned, teeth white and sound, and the facial angle about 75° .

The stature, while no greater than that of other races, shows in some instances a marked difference. The Osages are tall, while the Shoshones are below the average height. The muscular development of the American Indian is not great, and he shows a tendency to grow fat when food is abundant, and his habits indolent. He is inferior to the white race in labors requiring compactness of muscle and long-continued exertion. The complexion varies from the dark-brown of the Californian tribes to the almost white of the Mandans and the Chinooks. The beard is scanty, except among the Athabascans, and is prevented from growing by their custom of plucking it out. The Indian has a dull, sleepy eye, with little fire

unless when his passions are aroused. The features are frequently regular and express nobility. Many of their women are handsome. The skin of the Indian is smoother, softer, and thinner than that of the white races. He is of haughty demeanor, taciturn and stoical to the last degree. He is alert and cunning in the surprise, persevering in the pursuit, and revengeful in the destruction of his enemies. He is cruel to prisoners taken in war, without regard to sex or age, and when himself a captive, endures stoically the most frightful tortures. He is idle and grave in peace, except when engaged in hunting or amusements; hospitable and grateful for favors, with a poetic and imaginative temperament, which is often exhibited by an eloquence simple but of the highest order.

As a race, however, the American Indian is more animal than intellectual. While he shows a reverence for age and a strong love of children, he is superstitious to a degree. Their war dances, pow-wows, sorceries, and numerous ceremonies are marked by excesses and absurdities characteristic of the lowest forms of barbarism. Marriage among them is generally dissoluble at the pleasure of the parties. Polygamy is common and the women undergo all the drudgery of labor. They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, embodying a principle of unusual benevolence, to whom is due gratitude for all blessings. On the other hand, they stand in fear of a spirit of evil, who they believe takes an active concern in all the affairs of life.

The Indians of North and South America have more than four hundred languages and two thousand dialects. Yet each tribe possesses its own peculiar physiognomy and its members are readily distinguished by their features and their dress.

With such an enormous number of tribes, many of which include only a few hundred members, classification is difficult. The Indians, however, that at present occupy our territory may be classed as follows:

The Panis-Arapahoe family, including (1) the Panis or Pawnees; (2) the Arapahoes; (3) the Jetans, named Comanches by the Spaniards.

The Columbian family, including (1) the Tushapaws; (2) the Multnomah; (3) the Chahala; (4) the Snake or Flatheads; (5) the Shoshones; (6) the Chopunish; (7) the Sokulks; (8) the Esheluts; (9) the Enishurs; (10) the Chilluckittequaws.

The Sioux-Osage family, including (1) the Sioux or Dakota, the most powerful of the independent aborigines, which are divided into the Dakota proper and the Assiniboine, the latter living in alliance with the Chippewas; (2) the Omawha or Maha, subdivided into several tribes; (4) the Mandans; (5) the Mawsash, commonly called Osages, subdivided into three tribes.

The Mobile-Natches or Floridian family, comprising six principal or

independent branches, each subdivided into several tribes: (1) the Natches, who are almost extinct, the remnant being scattered among the Creeks and Choctaws; (2) the Muskohges or Creeks, the most numerous of the original tribes, consisting of the Upper and Lower Creeks, the latter of whom are called Seminoles; (3) the Chickasaws; (4) the Choctaws; (5) the Cherokees, the most enlightened of the independent aborigines.

The Mohawk, Huron, or Iroquois family, which once formed the most powerful Indian confederation on this continent, includes a great variety of tribes: (1) the Mohawks, who with the Senecas and Onondagas originated the Five Nations, which afterward became Six Nations, by the addition of the Tuscaroras of the South. It includes also the Oneidas, Cayugas, Canoys, Mohegans, and Nanticokes.

The Lenape family, including (1) the Shawanoes; (2) the Kickapoos; (3) the Sacs, Sawhees, and Ottogamies, called also the Foxes; (4) the Miamis; (5) the Illinois; (6) the Pottawatomies; (7) the Winnebagoes; (8) the Delaware or Leni-Lenape; (9) the Mohicans; (10) the Abenaqui; (11) the Micmacks; (12) the Algonquin; (13) the Chippewa; (14) the Knistenaux; (15) the Nenawehk; (16) the Abbitibes; (17) the Chippewyaus; (18) the Carrurs. The Apaches, who have played such a prominent part in our late Indian wars, belong to the Mexican family.

NO WAY!!

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT AND THE FIRST INDIAN WARS.

THE history of the Indian wars in this country properly begins with the first settlement. It has been wittily said, and with some truth, that when the New England pioneers landed on our shores, they first fell upon their knees and then upon the aborigines.

More than a hundred years rolled away after the discovery of America by Columbus, before a French, Dutch, or English colony secured a permanent footing on its soil. Spain had a small settlement at St. Augustine, founded in 1565, which through much suffering held fast, but the remaining territory, embracing millions of square miles, was inhabited only by the red Indian and wild beasts.

After several ineffectual attempts by England to establish a colony in this country, King James I. granted a patent or charter to two companies, by which they received a gift of the whole continent of North America, from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth parallel of latitude. This did not interfere with the French in the north, nor the Spaniards in the south, but the grant included all the present States along the Atlantic seaboard, north of South Carolina, except a part of Maine. The name given to this immense tract was "Virginia."

The charter of the king divided the territory into two parts. The southern half belonged to the London Company and the northern half to the Plymouth Company, with the wise condition that their nearest colonies must be a hundred miles apart, and must indulge in no quarreling.

Attempts at settlement followed. The Maine colonists arrived at the mouth of the Kennebec, in August, 1607, but were so discouraged by the outlook that they did not stay long. Most of them went back to England in the autumn. A few remained until the following spring, when their leader, George Popham, having died, the rest returned to their homes. They took with them such dismal reports of the inhospitable climate that nearly twelve years passed before the next attempt to settle New England.

In "The Youths' History of the United States," you will find the particulars of the first English settlements in America. The London Company sent out three vessels in the month of December, 1606, containing one hundred and five men and no women. The most famous member of the company was Captain John Smith, who had led a life of strange adventure,

which was continued in the New World. The colony landed upon a peninsula, about forty miles from the mouth of the river, which they named the James, in honor of the king, and began the settlement of Jamestown. Only a few ruins remain to mark the site of the first English settlement in this country.

The new colony suffered from the heat and other discomforts. There came a time when probably all the settlers would have perished, but for the



INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

kindness of the Indians, who gave them food. Everyone is familiar with the story of the rescue of Captain John Smith from death by Pocahontas, the daughter of the great Indian chief Powhatan, the result of which was that Powhatan became a fervent friend of the English as long as he lived.

The marriage of Pocahontas to the Englishman Rolfe took place in 1613. Powhatan died five years later, and his successor was his brother,

Opecancanough, who hated the English invaders with an inextinguishable hatred. But he was shrewd, and possessed all the proverbial cunning of his race. He determined to exterminate all of the intruders.

The chief was too wise to make an open attack or to let it be known that he was an enemy of the English. He, therefore, acted as their friend, while laying his plans for their massacre. For four years he plotted so

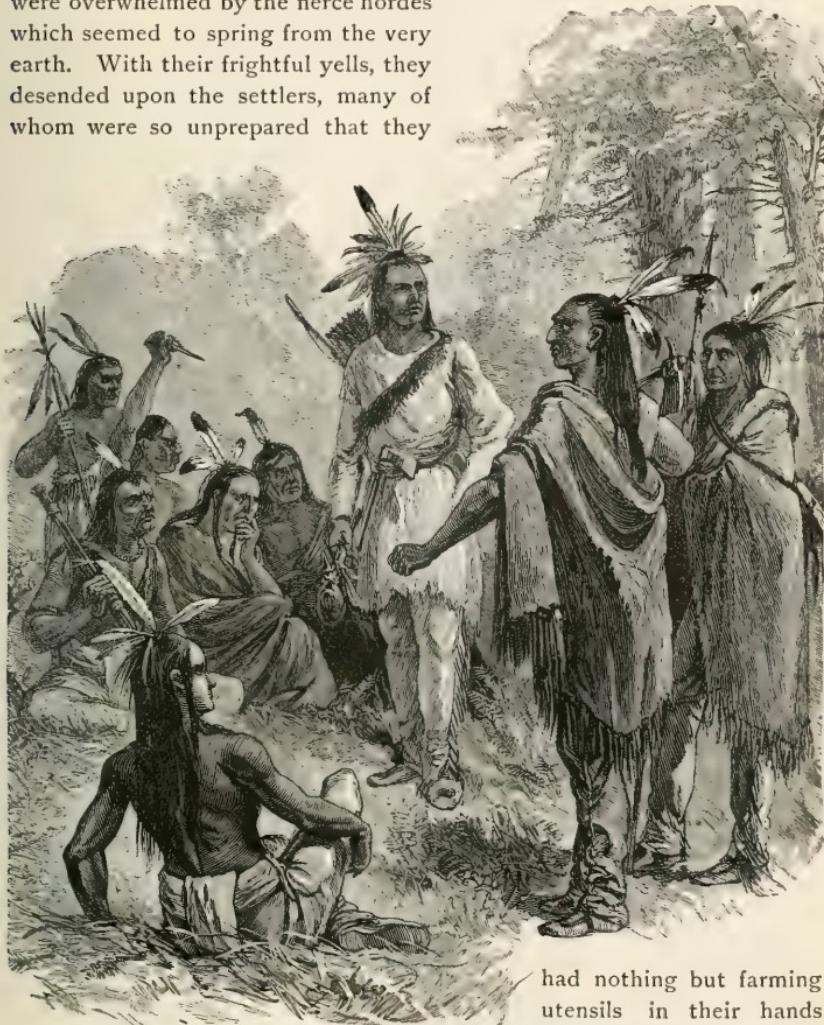


CAPTAIN SMITH. (*From the portrait in his "Virginia."*)

carefully that the neighboring tribes, who were friendly to the whites, did not suspect his purpose. In the depths of the solemn woods, the dusky plotters held many secret meetings, at which they fanned the fires of hate and perfected their fearful scheme of blotting from the face of the earth every white person that had entered their hunting grounds.

The appalling blow was struck by Opecancanough in March, 1622, when

his warriors burst upon the settlements with the fury of the cyclone. The pioneers, nearly all of whom were absorbed in the cultivation of tobacco, were overwhelmed by the fierce hordes which seemed to spring from the very earth. With their frightful yells, they descended upon the settlers, many of whom were so unprepared that they



OPECANCANOUGH AROUSING THE INDIANS.

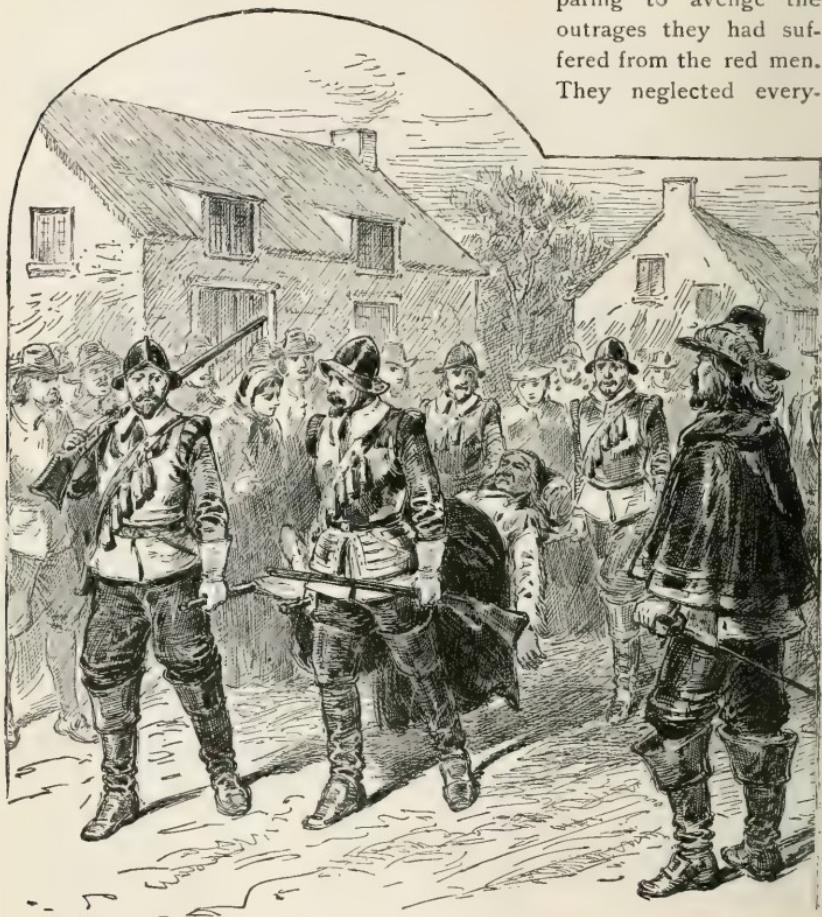
had nothing but farming utensils in their hands with which to defend themselves. Age, sex,

illness, former friendship availed nothing to stay the awful tempest of wrath. In the space of a single hour, three hundred and forty-seven men, women, and children were massacred, and eighty flourishing plantations planted along the James were reduced to six. These escaped through the warning of a friendly Indian, who brought word to Jamestown, on the night before the

day fixed upon for the massacre. Runners were sent out to warn the other settlements, but they were scattered at such a great distance along the river that they could not be reached in time.

Swift retribution followed this work. The settlers spent the following summer in strengthening themselves against further attacks, and in pre-

paring to avenge the outrages they had suffered from the red men. They neglected every-



OPECANANOUGH IN CAPTIVITY.

thing else, even the planting of their crops. Where such furious resentment raged, it need not be said that the white men equaled the atrocity of the Indians. They showed them no mercy and resorted to the same methods that their enemies had employed. They went so far as to pretend to make peace with them, and, when the unsuspecting warriors

and chiefs met them in council, they sprang upon and put many to death. In this respect, their treachery was not surpassed by the Indians, who had received solemn assurances that their lives would be held sacred.

For a time it was believed that the great war chief Opecancanough was among the slain, but the old fellow turned up twenty-two years later and struck another fearful blow at the colonists. No one understood better than he the virtue of patience, for, when the hour came to act, he was a hundred years old, and so feeble that he had to be carried on a litter at the head of his warriors.

Opecancanough did his task well. All the Indians for six hundred miles around were in the plot. The fateful drama opened in April, 1644, when an attack was made along the frontier, the plan being to carry it to the sea. The massacre continued for two days, during which from three to five hundred whites were slain, the destruction being greatest along the York and Pamunky rivers, where Opecancanough commanded in person; but at the end of the time mentioned, Sir William Berkeley, with an armed force, checked the progress of the Indians, who were pressed hard in turn.

The fighting was desperate. Not only were the assailants repulsed, but the great chieftain was taken prisoner. By this time he was so emaciated and worn out that it is said he was unable so much as to raise his eyelids. Nevertheless, he was borne in triumph to Jamestown.

A soldier was appointed to guard him, but, influenced probably by the recollection of the number of lives that had been lost through the agency of the veteran leader, the guard deliberately fired upon Opecancanough and fatally wounded him. He heard the bustle made outside by the crowd that was striving to get a look at a dying sachem. He ordered his attendant to lift his eyelids. The sight filled his worn frame for the moment with unnatural strength, and, rising undauntedly to his feet, he commanded that the governor be brought to him. When Berkeley appeared, the wrathful chieftain said:

"Had it been my fortune to take Sir William Berkeley prisoner I would not have meanly exposed him as a show to my people."

A few minutes later he died.

Peace followed the defeat of the Indians, and Jamestown and the surrounding colonies were prosperous for a long time.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST INDIAN WAR IN NEW ENGLAND—EXTERMINATION OF THE PEQUOTS.

ON the 21st of December, 1620, the Pilgrims, to the number of 102, landed from the *Mayflower*, on the bleak coast of Cape Cod. They were strong, sturdy people, all of them, driven from their homes in the Old World by religious persecution, and well prepared to become the founders of a nation in the New World.

Their sufferings were appalling. After a time half of the little band died, and there was one woful period when only seven well persons were in the colony. But they held on grimly and by and by prosperity dawned, though it was a long while in coming.

Fortunately the Indians did not disturb them. Had they done so they could have readily exterminated the little band. The astonishment of the pioneers was great, one day in early spring, when an Indian came out of the woods and saluted them with the words:

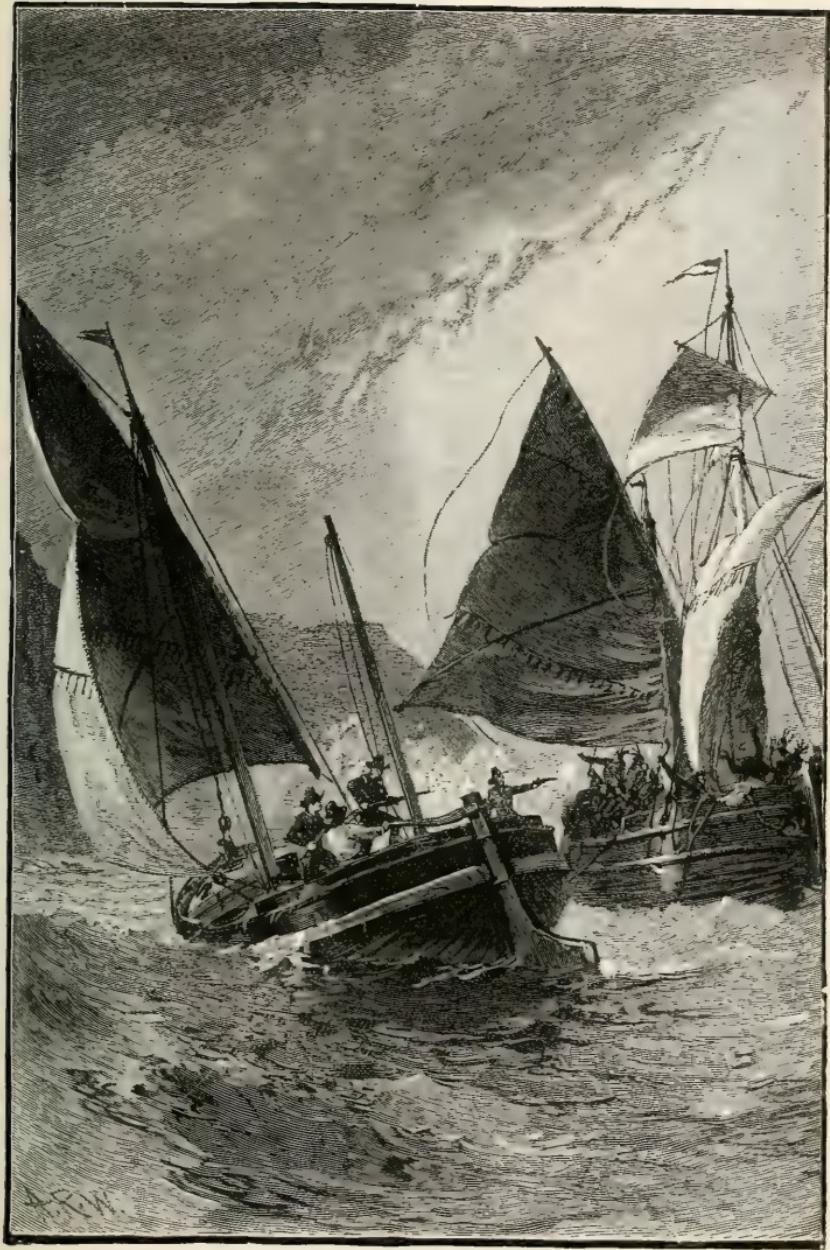
“Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!”

This red man was Samoset, who had picked up a few words of English a few years before from some fishermen on the coast of Maine. He belonged to the tribe of Wampanoags, whose chief was Massasoit.

Samoset was treated so kindly that he became a devoted friend of the settlers, and, a few days later, made another visit, accompanied by Massasoit, chief of the tribe. The sachem was entertained with the same hospitality, the result of which was that he formed an alliance with the English, by which it was pledged that the two people should abstain from harm and aid each other against all enemies. This treaty was faithfully kept for half a century, and Massasoit secured the submission of nine other sachems to King James.

The result of such humanity and wisdom on the part of the pioneers, taken with that of William Penn, who adopted a still more enlightened policy, forms one of the most striking lessons in the history of our country.

While the Pilgrims were toiling and suffering at Plymouth, other feeble settlements were made along the coast. On the 29th of June, 1629, five vessels, one of which was the famous *Mayflower*, entered what is now Salem harbor. They brought four hundred passengers, as well as cattle, goats, and agricultural implements. They were sent by the new English corporation styled “The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts



GALLUP'S ATTACK ON THE INDIANS.

Bay in New England." Their grant extended from the Merrimac to the Charles River.

The new colony was known as the Massachusetts Bay Colony. John Winthrop came over the following year, as the new governor, bringing eight hundred colonists with him. Among the new arrivals were many wealthy, cultured, and powerful men, and it overshadowed the humble colony at Plymouth. They founded the town of Salem and afterward settled Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester, Charlestown, Watertown, and less important places.

The two colonies for a long time were independent. The Massachusetts Bay prospered more than Plymouth, and, in 1692, the two united under the name of Massachusetts, the word being derived from one of the Indian tribes in the neighborhood.

One pleasant day in the summer of 1636 John Gallup, of Boston, was sailing in a small fishing boat, with a man and two boys, when his attention was attracted by the peculiar action of another fishing boat near Block Island. It was drifting along with the sails flapping, and he would have felt sure no one was on board had he not seen a number of persons moving about the deck.

"There is something wrong," he said to his companions, as he headed his own boat toward the other, which he soon recognized as belonging to a neighbor.

While yet some distance away, Gallup saw a canoe leave the boat and hurriedly paddle for shore. A scrutiny of the figures on deck showed they were Indians. This told the fearful story. The red men had killed those on board and taken possession of the vessel.

But Gallup was a brave man and did not flee. He had two guns, two pistols, and plenty of ammunition. He ordered his companions to steer straight for the other boat, and, stationing himself at the prow, opened fire on the Indians. He was one of the best marksman on the frontier, and aimed with such care that every time he pulled trigger a warrior fell.

Gallup's vessel bore directly down on the other, whose occupants became so terrified that many ran below to escape the whistling bullets, for the boys and the other man joined in the fusillade. A minute later, Gallup's boat crashed into the other and six of the frightened Indians leaped into the water. Rebounding, the vessel struck a second time, and all the savages sprang into the sea, excepting four. Gallup and his companions leaped over the gunwale and assailed them with such fierceness that two ran below, while the remaining couple begged for mercy. It was granted and they were made prisoners.

The Indians concerned in this outrage were Pequots. Governor Vane, on learning of the occurrence, sent ninety men to Block Island, where they

attacked and scattered the savages, burned their lodges and came back to Boston without the loss of a man. The campaign against the Pequots was on such a small scale that, instead of cowing, it exasperated and spurred them to greater hostilities. Like Opecancanough, they determined to exterminate all the white people in the country.

This was a grand scheme, but the Pequots knew the madness of entering upon the work without the help of the other tribes. Their old enemies, the Narragansetts, could place five thousand warriors on the warpath, and, if they should join forces with the Pequots, there was reason to hope for success. Accordingly, messengers were sent to the Narragansetts, and every art known to Indian oratory and persuasion was used to bring them into the alliance. Success was almost reached, when Roger Williams, the preacher that had been banished from New England, and who was living among the Narragansetts, turned the scale and they declined to join the Pequots.

Desperate as the latter knew the chances to be, they plunged into the war single-handed, beginning in the usual way, by stealthy attacks on cabins and by shooting down laborers in the fields. When they secured a prisoner, as happened quite often, they put him to death by torture. Growing bolder through success, they attacked the little town of Weathersfield, and well-nigh succeeded in capturing it. They had a thousand braves on the warpath and became so menacing that Connecticut begged Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay to save her.

The response was met by the dispatch of ninety men under Captain Mason, who was a veteran soldier. Before leaving Hartford most of the night was spent in prayer. Seventy Mohicans, under Uncas, a sachem of the tribe, went with the English. There was some suspicion of the loyalty of these dusky allies, but though they amounted to little, they remained true to the white men.

Mason was joined by Captain Underhill, in command of the Connecticut troops, and it was wisely decided to attack the Pequots in the rear, by marching through the country of the Narragansetts. Accordingly, the three small vessels containing the troops sailed easterly along the coast, and entered Narragansett Bay on the evening of May 20. The following day, being Sunday, was spent in religious exercises, and a storm prevented the landing until the 23d.

When the troops approached the Pequot fort, which stood on an eminence, in the present town of Groton, Connecticut, the Mohican and Narragansett allies were frightened almost into a panic. They stayed at a safe distance until the fight was over, helping, however, in the closing scenes of the tragedy.

Just as night was shutting in, on the evening of the 25th, the settlers

came in sight of the fort, which consisted of a circular inclosure, containing more than an acre. It was surrounded by palisades, a dozen feet high, set so close that no person could force his body between, while there was



ATTACK ON THE PEQUOT FORT.

plenty of room for the Indians to use their bows and arrows. Within the palisades were rows of wigwams.

Crouching in the woods, the settlers heard the sounds of rough mirth and revelry from the stockades. With no suspicion of danger, the red men

were enjoying themselves in their boisterous fashion, and perhaps engaging in the torture of some prisoner, powerless to help himself.

A cautious reconnaissance disclosed two entrances to the Pequot stronghold. They were opposite each other and protected by only a few bushes. It was decided to make a simultaneous rush through the two openings.

The first streakings of light had not yet appeared in the east when a watch dog, near the eastern entrance, discovered several of the shadowy figures in the moonlight, stealing over the ground toward the fort. He barked and the drowsy sentinels, starting up, uttered the cry:

“Owanux! Owanux!” (The Englishmen! The Englishmen!)

Captain Mason sprang through the bushes, and, sword in hand, opened the fight, holding his ground until his soldiers could hasten to his help. Underhill, on the other side, knew what the sounds meant and attacked with equal energy.

The Pequots were among the bravest of Indians, and they fought with a desperation and valor which soon compelled the assailants to give ground. At the moment when defeat threatened, Mason snatched up a firebrand and, whirling it into a quick blaze, flung it on the roof of a wigwam, which almost immediately broke into flames. Underhill was hardly a minute later in doing the same on his side of the stronghold.

The slaughter now became fearful. Men, women, and children were slain without mercy. When the fire was fairly under way, the soldiers ran outside and waited until the victims, in their frantic efforts to escape, were outlined against the vivid flames, when they shot them down. If any perchance escaped, they fell victims to the cowardly Mohicans and Narragansetts in the woods beyond the white men. The loss of the Pequots, while not definitely known, was probably a thousand. Two of the whites were killed and many wounded.

On their return to their ships, Mason met three hundred more Pequot warriors. A fight instantly opened, but the whites got to the rear of the Indians and reached the harbor, fighting all the way.

Having begun the war of extermination, the settlers continued it without mercy. Mason, with a strong force, scoured the country from near New London to the English fort at Saybrook. The Pequots were destroyed to that extent that the survivors made haste to surrender. Some were sent to the Bermudas, others were enslaved in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the rest were absorbed by the neighboring tribes. Thus the Pequot Indians soon disappeared from the face of the earth, and a long period of peace and prosperity came to the New England colonies.

CHAPTER IV.

KING PHILIP'S WAR—ATTACKS ON SWANSEA, BROOKFIELD, AND OTHER PLACES.

THE most famous early uprising of Indians in this country is known as King Philip's war. It has already been shown that Massasoit, the great Wampanoag chieftain, in return for the kindness shown to him by the English, continued their loyal friend through life. He died in 1660, and was succeeded by his two sons, Wamsutta and Pometacom, whose English names were Alexander and Philip.

In 1662 the English were disturbed by so many reports that Alexander was plotting with the Narragansetts, that he was ordered to appear before the Court of Plymouth and make explanation. He expressed a willingness to come, insisting that he was, as he had always been, a good friend of the white men. On the day appointed, however, he not only failed to present himself, but went among the Narragansetts, who he pretended were his enemies. Thereupon he was brought by force to Plymouth. While there he fell ill and died. The English said that his excessive rage and mortification brought the fever which carried him off, but his people declared that he had been poisoned by the physician who attended him. His death left Philip the chief sachem of the Wampanoags.

The younger brother was the superior of the elder in every respect, and was one of the most remarkable men of his race that ever lived. The distrustful English asked him to come to Plymouth and make known his sentiments. He did so and solemnly denied that he was concerned in or knew of any plot against them. He offered his younger brother as a hostage until the truth of what he declared could be established. The court declined the offer and the former covenant of friendship was renewed. Philip and five of his subordinate sachems signed an agreement to live peaceful and loyal subjects of the king, while the Court promised to give them and their tribe what help they might need. As a result, five years of quiet followed.

The real cause of King Philip's war has never been established. He probably shared the race hatred of most of his people, and had besides a number of personal grievances. The widow of his brother insisted that Alexander had been poisoned, and it is likely Philip shared the belief. Possibly he was right.

A white man was murdered by the Indians, in 1671, near Dedham, Mass., and suspicion pointed to Philip as the instigator of the crime. The real criminal, however, was afterward discovered and executed. The rumors of his hostility continuing, the chief was once more called upon to explain. Being naturally suspicious of those who distrusted him, Philip, when he appeared at Taunton Green, was accompanied by a party fully armed and in war paint. The English were also prepared, but the sachem refused to move any further until the English captain left several of his men as hostages during the conference. Philip and his companions were required to surrender the firearms in their possession, and, though they obeyed, it was with such sullenness that all saw trouble would come sooner or later.

There was a converted Indian known as Sassamon, who moved freely among the red and white men. To the latter he brought all he knew or heard about Philip. His own people distrusted him and one day his dead body was found under the ice of Middleborough Pond. An examination showed that Sassamon had been killed, his rifle having been left in sight to give the impression that he had met his death by drowning. An Indian finally came forward, who declared that from the top of an adjoining hill he saw three of his people slay Sassamon and thrust his body under the ice. The accused were arrested and tried before a jury, partly composed of Indians. They were convicted and put to death.

By this time Philip's patience was worn out. He was continually suspected and accused, and the settlers obstinately refused to believe anything but evil concerning him. He decided on war.

That there might be no mistake as to his intentions, he and his warriors boldly displayed their firearms, as they marched toward the head of the peninsula where they lived, which was a ridge of woody hills, near the present city of Bristol. They were closely watched and other Indians were observed making their way thither. The squaws and children were sent to Narragansett, and the noise of firing and shouts removed all doubts of the intentions of Philip and his warriors.

A short time before hostilities opened, the governor of Massachusetts sent an ambassador to the sachem to demand of him why he intended war against the English. He was asked at the same time to enter into a treaty. Philip's answer was worthy of the man:

"Your governor is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall treat of peace only with the king, my brother. When he comes, I am ready."

The alarm became so general that the 24th day of June, 1675, was appointed a day of fasting and prayer that the horrors of the impending

war might be averted. It was on that very day that the opening act of the King Philip's war took place.

At Swansea, a small town near Philip's territory, the services were finished at church and the worshipers were returning to their homes, when they were fired upon by a party of Indians. One was killed and two were wounded. A couple hurried off for a surgeon, when they were shot down, while six others were slain near the garrison and their bodies mutilated in the barbarous fashion of the Indians. Several buildings were burned, when the assailants drew off as swiftly as they had appeared.

Philip did not take part in this attack, and it is believed it was made against his wishes, but it was the opening of the terrible war, which was now to be prosecuted with unrelenting vigor to the bitter end.

The Indians flew to arms and struck blow after blow. The New England towns were so scattered and ill-prepared for defense, that for a time the savages had almost everything their own way. A portion of Taunton, Middleborough, and Dartmouth was destroyed, and Swansea, being abandoned by the inhabitants, was burned by the red men.

The terrified people sent runners to Plymouth and Boston, begging for help against the marauders. Immediately on the news reaching Boston, the drums beat for volunteers, and within three hours 110 men were mustered in under the command of Captain Mosely, an excellent officer, in whom all felt confidence.

The soldiers left Boston June 26, and arrived at Swansea two days later. Night was closing in and twelve men started out to search for Philip and his warriors. They were speedily attacked by a force equal to their own and one was killed and another wounded. Two of the Indians were slain.

The following morning the Indians showed themselves boldly to the English, and by taunting shouts dared them to come out and fight. Captain Mosely accepted the challenge and charged furiously upon them at the head of his men. The warriors fled to cover, and, after a few shots, scattered. One white man was brought down, but Mosely kept up the pursuit for a mile, killing a half dozen as they were making for a dense swamp. The following day the soldiers marched to Mount Hope Neck and found Philip's wigwam, but he and his people had made good their escape. They discovered eight heads of settlers, set upon poles, and took them down and buried them.

On the morning of July 1, Lieutenant Oakes, while on his way from his camp at Rehoboth to headquarters at Swansea, came upon a party of Indians and impetuously attacked them. He lost one of his men and killed several. Three scalps were taken and sent to Boston, being the first captured during the war.

Benjamin Church, made famous by the part he took in King Philip's war, was given command of thirty-six men, Captain Fuller being associated with him. On the 8th of July they marched down into Pocasset Neck. Church was a fine Indian fighter and knew the country well. He urged the officers to pursue Philip on the Pocasset side, being convinced there were no Indians in Mount Hope Neck, to which the settlers were giving almost undivided attention. Church's advice was disregarded, and, as a consequence, Philip burned the towns in the direction of Plymouth.

A force of thirty-six men cannot be reckoned very formidable, but Church divided his company, he taking nineteen, and Fuller the rest.

The former soon had his hands full. Making his way to a point of land, afterward the southern extremity of Tiverton, he was attacked by three hundred Indians, who pressed him hard. When the little force was almost surrounded, Church gave orders to retreat. This saved the settlers from immediate destruction, but it looked as if they must be eventually massacred, for the savages were well armed and fought fiercely.

Church preserved his coolness, but his men were pressed so hard that they showed signs of panic. He cheered them by his inspiriting words, and helped to throw up temporary defenses with the stones that were scattered around; but the iron hail came faster and faster, and, as if fate was against the brave soldiers, the boats that had been appointed to attend the expedition grounded on the Rhode Island shore, and could not go to their help. Finally one of them released itself and approached the beleaguered defenders. Seeing its purpose, the Indians poured in such a hot fire that the occupants did not dare attempt to land. Captain Church shouted to them to go back and send a canoe to his help. The boatmen declared they could not do so.

By this time Church had lost his temper, and he had good cause for doing so.

"If you don't leave at once I'll fire into you!" he called, and the men, knowing his resolution, hastily obeyed.

The situation of the defenders became more desperate than before. The Indians fired faster than ever, and filled the air with their exultant shouts. And yet one is tempted to smile, on learning that, despite the fury with which the fight was prosecuted, there had not been so much as a white man wounded. At this crisis, however, a sloop appeared, bearing down upon them. The captain sent his canoe ashore, but it was so small that it could take off only two at a time. Amid the firing of the Indians, who saw their prey eluding them, the embarkation began. Church was the last man to leave, and his escape was remarkable. A bullet passed through his hair, two others struck the canoe as he was stepping into it, and a stake prevented another from piercing his breast. Not much can be said in praise

of the Wampanoag marksmanship displayed on this occasion, for, after six hours' fighting, not a single soldier was killed.

Captain Fuller and his little band had an escape equally narrow. Finding themselves overwhelmed by Indians, they skurried into the old house, near the water's edge, where they maintained themselves until taken off by boats.

In the latter part of July, Philip was located with his warriors in a large swamp near Taunton River. By this time the English were so powerful that they were able almost entirely to surround the swamp, and felt certain of bagging the leader. Catching sight of several of the Indians, the English charged, and, as might have been anticipated, were quickly drawn into ambush. In the gloom of early evening, friends could not be distinguished from foes, and there was reason to believe that more than one white man was shot down by his own people. A hasty retreat was ordered, and the English extricated themselves with better success than they had reason to hope.

The belief was so strong that Philip was entrapped beyond the chance of escape that most of the troops withdrew, leaving a small force to starve out the chieftain. The absurdity of erecting a fort in this place was aptly described by Church, who said, "You are building a fort for nothing to cover the people from nobody."

After being thus guarded for thirteen days, Philip, having gathered enough canoes for his purpose, quietly withdrew into the country along the Connecticut River. On his way he was attacked by a party of Indians friendly to the whites, and lost some of his best men.

Securing a good position for annoying the back settlements of Massachusetts, the chief went to work with his usual vigor. He attacked the people at Mendon while at work in the fields, and shot five. There was no doubt, now, that the Nipmuck Indians were making ready to join Philip. They lived on the northern tributaries of the Thames, and Captains Edward Hutchinson and Wheeler, with twenty mounted men and three Christian Indians, as guides and interpreters, were sent to hold a conference with the savages. It had been agreed by the suspected sachems to meet the whites at an appointed place, about three miles from Brookfield.



KING PHILIP'S ARMS.

Upon reaching the spot no Indians were visible, and a consultation was held as to whether they should go any farther. The Brookfield people were so sure of the comity of the Nipmucks that they prevailed, and it was decided to advance to a point where there was reason to believe the Indians were gathered. While on their way thither they were ambushed by a large war party, who killed eight and mortally wounded three. Among the latter was Captain Hutchinson, who, though carried off, died a few days later.

A son of Captain Wheeler did a heroic thing in this affray. Shot through the arm himself, he saw his father's horse fall dead, while the parent dropped helpless, with a bullet through his body. The youth sprang from his own horse, helped his father up in front of him, and carried him safely away, the survivors, after some more hard fighting, succeeding in reaching Brookfield.

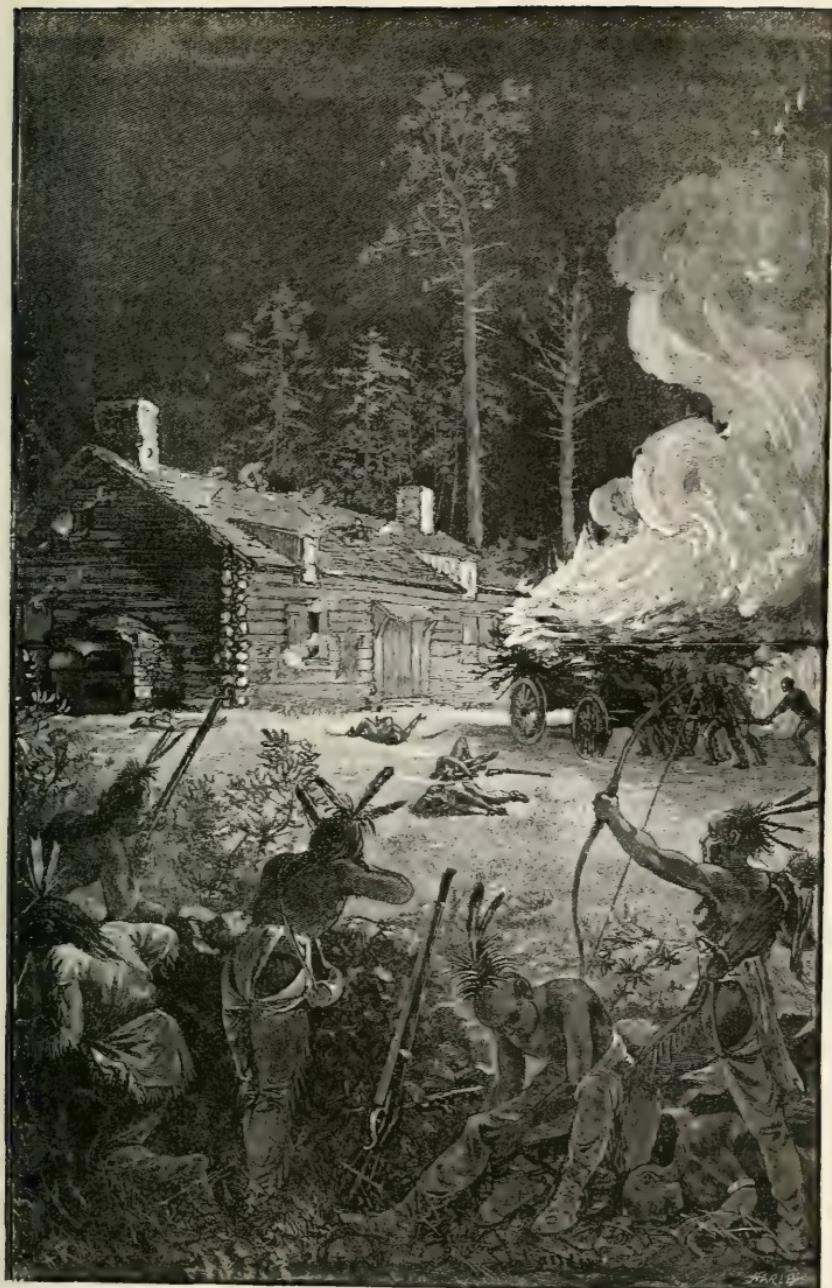
The three Christian Indians fought well and saved the lives of the whole party, for it was the guidance of two of them, through a path unknown to the whites, that took them to Brookfield. The other ally fell into the hands of the Wampanoags. The two were so badly treated afterward by the whites, that they were forced to fly to Philip for protection. One was killed in battle, and the other, being taken prisoner, was sold by his captors as a slave and sent to Jamaica. Through the intercession of Eliot, the "Indian apostle," he was finally allowed to return. The one taken prisoner during the fight near Brookfield escaped, and afterward did good service for the pioneers.

The retreat to Brookfield was a flight, with the ferocious warriors on the heels of the fugitives. The latter shouted the alarm, and they and the inhabitants, to the number of four-score, swarmed into the garrison house, catching up their guns and children, and having barely time to close the doors against their assailants.

Every house in Brookfield was burned, excepting the one in which the inhabitants and a few soldiers had taken refuge. The first volley fired by the Wampanoags fatally wounded a white man. Another was captured by the savages, who cut off his head, and kicked it hither and thither, like a football. Tiring of this horrible sport, they stuck it on a pole, and set it up in front of his own home.

The defenders did not need such incentives to make them fight to the last. Every now and then a dusky miscreant would attempt to steal up to the garrison house with a torch, but inevitably he was riddled with rifle balls before he could accomplish anything.

Believing that they were doomed, unless they could secure help, the defenders twice attempted to send out a runner, but he was detected in both instances, and was barely able to get back in time to save himself. The Indians did not relax their efforts to burn the structure. Firebrands



ATTACK ON BROOKFIELD.

were placed on the ends of long poles, and shots were continually sent between the crevices of the logs.

The defenders were equally vigilant. While the worn-out children slept, the mothers peered through the openings, helped to load the guns, passed the ammunition, and gave all the aid they could. Finding the building could not be fired in the usual way, the savages tied burning tow to arrows, and launched them against the sides and roof, but the little twists of fire died out without igniting the wood.

At midnight the full moon rose above the forest and revealed a terrifying situation. The Nipmucks, during the darkness, had heaped a large pile of combustible stuff against the corner of the building, which they ignited. Under the fire of the best marksmen in the structure, several settlers dashed out and scattered the blazing stuff.

This was repeated twice, and during the flurry one of the fleetest of the defenders managed to reach the trees unobserved, and was off, like a deer, in quest of help. He had a long way to go, and it was not to be believed that the settlers could hold out until his return.

The siege and defense of this house was one of the most remarkable incidents of King Philip's war. The attack continued through the succeeding day and night. There were times when the air was illuminated with flaming arrows, which, curving gracefully over in the darkness, buried themselves, with a distinct thud, in the timbers of the roof. Holes were cut through, and water dashed upon the fire thus kindled, this being done again and again, until it seemed one party or the other must tire out.

On the third day all believed the end was at hand. A wagon was piled high with hemp, flax, hay, and dry wood, set fire, and then, when fully ablaze, run against the building. There was no checking this miniature conflagration, and the bravest heart was in despair.

But, as if the day of miracles was not past, a brisk shower of rain descended, not only putting out the fire, but so thoroughly wetting the material that it was impossible to rekindle it.

Meanwhile the swift-footed runner did his duty well. Near Lancaster he came upon a force of about fifty men under the command of Major Williard, a veteran seventy years old. The road was long and rough to Brookfield, but they rode thither like a whirlwind, and, dashing into the town, assailed the Nipmucks with such fury that they were scattered right and left. In a short time not a live one was in sight. The number killed by the major, added to those that had previously fallen, was eighty.

CHAPTER V.

KING PHILIP'S WAR (CONCLUDED)—THE ATTACK ON HADLEY—BURNING OF DEERFIELD—THE FIGHT AT BLOODY BROOK—DEFEAT OF THE NARRAGANSETTS—THE VICTORY AND DEFEAT AT TURNER'S FALLS—DEATH OF KING PHILIP—THE WAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE—DEATH OF MAJOR WALDRON—EXPLOIT OF MRS. DUNSTON—MEMORIAL HALL IN DEERFIELD, MASS.

KING PHILIP was now fairly launched upon his war, and he pushed it with furious vigor. His emissaries entered the Connecticut Valley, and, after a time, succeeded in persuading the Christian Indians to join him. The flames of war sprang up everywhere, and some of the most thrilling incidents in the history of our country took place during its continuance.

The men who walked to church on Sundays carried their loaded muskets with them. They were stacked outside the door, and a sentinel paced to and fro while the services were going on. Perhaps the good minister was no more than fairly started upon his sermon of three or four hours' length, when the sharp crack of the gun outside, or the rattling fire of the red men, stealing into town, abruptly ended the discourse and brought the worshipers scrambling out of doors for their weapons, the minister probably in the lead.

It was such an attack as this that was made at Hadley on fast day. The assault was so fierce that the men were driven into the meeting house, when, at the moment that everything seemed lost, a stranger suddenly appeared among the terrified people. He was tall and soldierly looking, with a long gray beard, and the manner in which he handled his sword and conducted himself proved that it was not the first time he had engaged in battle. Rushing to the head of the men, he beckoned them to follow, and led the attack with such skill that the Indians vanished in hot haste. Then the stranger disappeared with equal and more mysterious suddenness.

This is the legend that has come down to us through more than two centuries. Many regarded the stranger with superstitious awe, but history records that he was no less a personage than Colonel Goffe, the regicide, who had escaped from England and was in hiding in the colonies, at the house of a Mr. Russell at Hadley.

On the same day that Hadley was attacked, a number of dwellings and barns were burned at Deerfield, and, some weeks later, the block house at

Northfield was besieged and a dozen men killed. While Captain Beers and thirty men were hurrying to its relief, they were ambushed and lost twenty killed, including Captain Beers. Deerfield received a second attack, while the people were on their way to church. The farmers fled in such affright that they left a large quantity of grain partly threshed. To save it from the Indians, Captain Lathrop and eighty men of Ipswich were sent with eighteen wagons and teamsters to finish the threshing and to bring away the product. They completed the task and started on their return.

The weather was warm, and they halted in the forenoon, near a grove, through which meandered a small brook. The shade was inviting and the abundant grapes tempted the men to gather them. While thus occupied, with no thought of danger, seven hundred Indians, that had been stealthily following their trail all night, attacked them with resistless ferocity. Captain Lathrop and all his men, except seven, were killed. Captain Moseley, who had a small force at Deerfield, heard the firing, and, knowing what it meant, made haste thither. He came upon the Indians as they were scalping the dead. He charged them, and the fight continued until dark, when, receiving re-enforcements, Moseley drove off the Indians.

Doubtless the little brook ran red that day, for its clear waters were dyed by the life current of the fighters, and ever since that awful fight, hundreds of years ago, it has borne the name of Bloody Brook.

By this time the truth was manifest to all: the war could be ended only by a decisive campaign. The powerful Narragansetts had become the allies of Philip, and it was absolutely necessary that all the New England colonies should join in the attempt to crush the mighty leader and his dusky hosts. So it was that Massachusetts furnished 520 men, Plymouth 159, and Connecticut 300. One hundred and fifty Mohicans joined this force, which was commanded by Governor Josiah Winslow of Plymouth.

This was a strong body for colonial times, but no more than was needed, if indeed it was enough. A prisoner told Winslow that 3500 Narragansetts were gathered in their fort at Kingston, R. I. This defense was extensive enough to cover several acres and stood on high ground, surrounded by a swamp. Every side was protected by strong palisades, hammered deep into the ground. The single entrance to the fort was over a bridge of logs roughly thrown together. Few finer Indian strongholds have ever been known in this country.

The lusty New Englanders, tramping through the deep snow, appeared before this fort, December 19, 1675. Halting only long enough to learn their bearings, they attacked with all possible fury. The Massachusetts men were in advance and received such a hot reception that they were driven back. A large number of soldiers fell, besides six captains. The veteran Church assailed the rear of the fort, which was slightly weaker than

elsewhere, with such energy that he forced an entrance. He was shot three times, but valiantly led the way into the inclosure. He opposed the burning of the wigwams, which were filled with corn, but in no other way could the Indians be routed, so the torch was applied. There were six hundred of them, and in a few minutes they were all ablaze.

In the frightful flurry no one noticed Captain Samuel Hall, of Fairfield, who lay bleeding in the snow, shot through both thighs, but, when the flames scorched him, he struggled to his feet and cut his way out of the inclosure. The Narragansetts had the alternative of being burned alive or of flight, and they swarmed over the palisades and struggled through the entrance. They fought with great valor on reaching the outside, and it was only after a most determined struggle that they were driven through the swamp and into the open country.

This was a great Indian battle for those times. Eighty of the whites were killed, and about double that number wounded. The Indians lost six or seven hundred, including a score of chiefs. The weather was of Arctic severity, the provisions exhausted, and the sufferings of the troops were so great on their return that many perished by the way.

It will be supposed that such a crushing victory ended the war. Undoubtedly it would have done so had King Philip been among those slain. But he was very much alive, and continued his raids in the interior of Massachusetts. Lancaster was attacked by the Wachusett Indians in February, and among the prisoners taken away by the savages was Mrs Rowlandson, wife of the minister, and their little girl, only six years old.

During the attack the mother and child were wounded by the same bullet. The mother carried the little one in her arms for nine days until it died. The parent remained a captive for three months, when she was ransomed for twenty pounds.

The defiant confidence of the Indians was shown by their action in taking possession of the deserted fields at Deerfield and planting them. Learning of this, Captain Turner, of Boston, hurriedly gathered a hundred troopers, and, riding hard to the place, attacked it at daylight, May 10. The Indians were so surprised that many forgot to take their paddles when they ran for their canoes. As a consequence they were carried over the falls. So unrelenting was the assault and pursuit that it is believed three hundred of the savages were slain, the whites losing but a single man.

But Captain Turner made the mistake that had been made scores of times before, and has been made hundreds of times since. A large party of Indians in the neighborhood heard the firing and hastened to the spot. Captain Turner was surprised in turn, and the rumor that Philip himself was among the assailants threw the whites into such a panic that they

became easy victims to the atrocity of the Indians. Captain Turner and a third of his men were killed.

Philip's attack on Hadley was defeated, as was a second attack made by the chieftain. Massachusetts passed laws for the impressment of soldiers, forbade all trade with the Indians, and sternly enforced such severe measures that the scene of hostilities shifted to the south, and the neighboring settlements in Connecticut and Rhode Island were thrown into a panic.

The intrepid Church, having recovered from his severe wounds, again took the field and did excellent service. On the 1st of August, he swooped down on the chieftain's headquarters, killed and captured one hundred and thirty, and came within a hair of securing the leader himself. He fled in such haste that he left all his wampum behind. Soon after Church made captives of Philip's son and wife. Sad to say, this youth was afterward sold into slavery. In this, however, the lad only shared the fate of many of his fellow-prisoners.

For a time it was impossible to run Philip down. He cut off his long black hair, which doubtless saved him from recognition and death more than once. His uncle was shot by his side, when, had the chieftain's identity been suspected, he would have received the bullet. As his fortunes waned, his followers fell away from him, until at last he became a fugitive, flitting from place to place, ever on the alert to escape the bloodhounds on his trail. One of his warriors approached him with the advice to surrender, but Philip gave him scarce time to make his errand known when he brained him. The brother of the victim, knowing he was in danger of sharing the same fate, made his way to Captain Church, told him where Philip was hidden, and offered to guide him to the spot.

Early on the morning of August 12, Church arrived at the swamp where Philip was encamped, and, before the chieftain knew of his danger, the place was surrounded. Only one small avenue was left unguarded. Church ordered Captain Roger Golden to rush into the swamp and fall upon Philip's camp. Before he could reach the spot, Philip bounded to his feet and was off.

Running with all speed, he emerged at a point where an Englishman and Indian were waiting for him. Bringing his gun to a level, he pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire. Alderman, the Indian, raised his musket, which was loaded with two balls, and "sent one through his heart and another not above two inches from it. He fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him."

With Philip were killed five of his most trusted followers, one of them the Indian who fired the first gun at the beginning of the war. The chief was beheaded and quartered by an old Indian executioner at the bidding

of Church, and the head, being sent to Plymouth, was exposed upon a gibbet for twenty years. One of the hands was on exhibition for a long time in Boston, and his mangled remains were denied the right of burial.

Several months passed before hostilities ceased. When the war was finally ended, thirteen towns had been destroyed, more than five hundred buildings burned, and upward of six hundred lives sacrificed. But the



DEATH OF PHILIP.

power of the red men in southern New England had received its death blow.

Meanwhile, New Hampshire did not escape the horrors of Indian war. As is the rule, the settlers often had only themselves to blame for the outrages they suffered. It is said that one day a party of sailors were debating whether an Indian could swim on the first trial as quadrupeds can. To settle the dispute, they overturned a canoe, containing the wife of the sachem Squando. She saved the babe from drowning, but it afterward died from the shock.

When the settlers around the Kennebec heard of Philip's doings, they

ordered the Indians to surrender their arms. They refused, and soon thereafter a settler and his family at Falmouth were killed. At Saco, the savages tried the same tactics as at Brookfield and also failed, though not exactly from the same cause. Twice they attempted to back a wagon filled with burning combustibles against the house. The first time one of the wheels sank into a deep hole, lurching so heavily that the Indians pushing it were exposed to the fire of the defenders and had to scamper for their lives.

On the second attempt the vehicle was mired, and the united efforts of the savages could not move it.

At Berwick a young servant girl saw a party of Indians approaching the house of a neighbor. She bounded in ahead of them and had barely time to slam the door in their faces. She bravely held it against their assaults until the fifteen women and children within had time to leave by the rear and start for the blockhouse. Just then the Indians smashed in the door, struck down the girl with a tomahawk, and, making after the fugitives, killed two of the children while they were climbing a fence. We are glad to say that the servant girl fully recovered and lived to be an old woman.

Massachusetts, knowing the extremity of New Hampshire's peril, sent a hundred and thirty men to Dover in the summer of 1676 as a reinforcement to Major Waldron, who commanded there. Having received orders to arrest every Indian guilty of murder, Waldron invited all those willing to make peace to visit him under a flag of truce. A large number accepted the invitation. When they came together, the Massachusetts soldiers recognized several of Philip's warriors among them. They insisted that the whole party should be taken into custody. Waldron was willing, but thought bloodshed could be saved by strategy. He invited them to take part in a sham battle. By this means he entrapped two hundred. This treachery was not only without palliation, but was rendered the more heinous because the innocent were captured with the guilty and sent to Boston, where they were sold as slaves and sent abroad.

The other savages were incensed and retaliated with characteristic ferocity. Several attempts were made to chastise the savages, but nothing was accomplished, and desultory fighting continued a long time. The people of Portsmouth were so alarmed that the government sent Major Waldron with a strong force of English and Natick Indians to the Kennebec and Pemaquid. During an interview with some hostiles the soldiers observed that they had firearms with them, contrary to agreement. This precipitated a wrangle, in which several warriors were killed, and fighting went on with the old time vigor.

An attack on Black Point was repulsed, but a few days later a party of soldiers were ambushed at the same place and sixteen of them killed.

Nearly every night the skies were lit up by the flames from the burning cabins of the settlers.

The general court of Massachusetts opened a fire in the rear of their dusky foes, by sending agents among the Mohawks to kindle their enmity against their old foes. The mission was quite successful, and the hostiles found they had their hands more than full in fighting the Iroquois and white people at the same time.

In April, 1678, a treaty of peace was made, which it was hoped would be permanent, inasmuch as the leading chiefs took part, but trouble came from an unexpected quarter. A number of Indians whom Major Waldron had treacherously seized and sent to Boston to be made slaves, escaped and returned. They quickly made trouble.

In the little town of Dover were five blockhouses, inclosed by high palisades and capable of strong defense. The guards were careless, and

when someone told Major Waldron that the Indians were acting suspiciously, he laughed and advised his friends to feel no alarm.

On the night of June 27, ten squaws presented themselves in couples, at each of the block houses, and asked the privilege of staying all night. The only thing noticeable in this was that the different requests were made at



the same time. It was refused at one place, but the squaws were allowed to enter the dwelling of Major Waldron under the escort of a chief.

The officer was in a gracious mood, and explained to the women how to undo the fastenings of the gates in case they should want to go outside during the night. Then he bade them good-evening and withdrew to his own dwelling.

Acting as though there was nothing on their minds, the squaws did not retire, but remained on watch until near midnight. At that hour they heard a slight noise outside. It was the signal agreed upon. Silently and swiftly they withdrew the bars of the gate, and a number of shadowy figures glided into the dwelling. They were after Major Waldron, and it took but a short time to find him.

THE TREACHEROUS ENTRANCE.

The veteran was eighty years old, but the moment he heard the intruders in his apartment, he leaped to his feet, caught up his sword and drove them out. He was knocked senseless a moment later by the blow from a tomahawk. Then, with tantalizing reproaches, they mangled his body, pillaged and burned the house. In another dwelling all the men were killed, the women set apart for captivity, and the house also given to the flames. A dog gave the alarm at a third, just in time for the soldiers to rally and drive back the Indians. The fourth was pillaged. Twenty-three in all were killed and twenty-nine taken to Canada and sold to the French.

Captain Church was sent to New Hampshire and did as effective service as in Massachusetts, but it was not until peace was made between the French and English that the former restrained the savages from hostilities.

Where the hatred between the two races was so bitter and the war continued so long, strange escapes and thrilling adventures were almost without number. These will be found embalmed in the local histories and traditions as they have been handed down for more than two centuries, from those who were actors in the stirring times.

One of the strangest experiences was that which befell Mrs. Dunston, near the close of King Philip's war. Her husband was working in the field near his home at Haverhill, when he observed a party of Indians approaching his house. Leaping upon his horse, he put him to a dead run and shouted to his family to flee to the nearest garrison. His wife was lying in bed with an infant but a week old, and was attended by a nurse, while seven children were playing about the house. They scattered like a covey of quail for the woods. The husband intended to lift his wife upon the horse with him, but the Indians were too close, and seeing no hope of helping her, he galloped after his children, calling on them to run as fast as they could through the briars and undergrowth. The terrified ones obeyed, the elder ones helping the younger, who toddled bravely forward, while the father kept sharp watch of the Indians.

They were after him the next moment, when he wheeled and leveled his rifle at the foremost. Instantly they dodged behind the trees to screen themselves. Dunston could have brought one of them down, but he dared not fire, since they would have been upon him before he could reload his weapon.

All the time he kept urging his children to go faster, when the little ones were doing their utmost. Waiting until they had advanced a few rods, he started his horse after them. The Indians whisked from shelter and were upon them again. Up went the silent rifle as before, and again they dodged to cover.

This curious performance was repeated several times, but fortunately the nearest garrison was not far, and all the children reached there in safety, where they were soon joined by their father.

The Indians now turned back and wreaked their vengeance on the household that was left. The infant was killed at the side of the mother, the house was burned, and Mrs. Dunston, her nurse, and a boy were made captives. To escape pursuit, the hapless prisoners were forced to travel as fast as they could, their captors intending to take them to a rendezvous beyond Penacook and there compel them to run the gauntlet.

Mrs. Dunston was a worthy mate for a pioneer. She told her companions that if the chance presented itself, she meant to kill her captors. Her scheme was a wild one, but they favored it, since certain death awaited them in running the gauntlet. She persuaded the boy to ask an Indian to explain how his people were able to kill a foe at a single blow. The warrior had no more sense than to teach the art, giving instruction at the same time in the right way of taking a scalp.

The night was far along, when Mrs. Dunston stealthily arose and signified to her wakeful companions to do the same. The Indians felt so secure that they had stationed no sentinels and all were asleep. It is said that every one of the ten Indians was killed as he lay sunk in slumber on the ground. The memory of their brutality to her infant so incensed the mother that, when she saw them all dead, she deliberately scalped them. Then she and her companions hurriedly made their way to the Merrimac, where they entered a canoe and floated down to the settlements, and then were beyond danger.

The exploit of Mrs. Dunston and her friends made them famous. It excited so much admiration that the general assembly voted them fifty pounds, and many persons sent them presents.*

Memorial Hall, in the little town of Deerfield, Mass., in the Connecticut Valley, contains hundreds of interesting relics of the perilous early days of its history. In 1704 it was the frontier town on the Connecticut River. In the early part of that year two hundred French and one hundred and forty-two Indians were sent from Canada against the place. The weather was frightfully cold, and snow covered the ground to the depth of several feet, but the formidable force reached the elevated pine woods, now known as Petty's Plain, two miles to the north, on the evening of February 29, 1704. There they hid themselves in the forest until midnight. It was found that the crust on the snow was strong enough to bear their weight, and, laying

* This is the legend that comes down to us, wrapped in the mold of two centuries. To a person, however, in the possession of his senses, the statement that ten Indian warriors lay quiescent, each awaiting his turn, while two women and a boy made the circuit and chopped them to death, is incredible. We would like to believe the story, but it is impossible, even with the termination of the lady returning to scalp the whole ten, by way of an ornamental winding up of the tragedy.

aside their snow-shoes and packs, they pushed on, crossing the Deerfield meadows a little before daylight. They were afraid their approach would be heard, and with Indian cunning, they adopted the artifice of resting a few minutes, and then rushing forward with great swiftness. This was done to imitate the soughing of the wind.



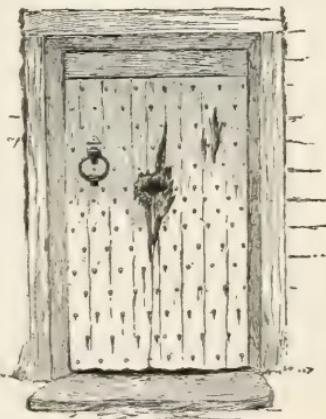
THE OLD INDIAN HOUSE AT DEERFIELD, MASS.,
TAKEN DOWN IN 1848.

ously assaulted, doors smashed inward, people dragged from their beds, and tomahawked or made prisoners. Hearing the terrible yells, Rev. John Williams leaped up, and, grasping a pistol, leveled it at an Indian as he dashed into his room, and pulled the trigger. It missed fire and he was instantly made prisoner.

He was compelled to dress with one arm tied to his side, and the same precaution was adopted with his wife and children. The cruel Indians dragged his two youngest children to the door and tomahawked both. A negro girl was served in the same manner, and when it was found that Mrs. Williams, because of recent illness, was unable to travel, she, too, was put to death.

The clergyman and his five children were taken to Canada. The total number of captives carried off was 112, besides 47 killed. In the following April Deerfield had only 280 inhabitants. But, though taken utterly by surprise, there had been some hand fighting within the palisades, where more than forty of the enemy were slain.

The most imposing dwelling in Deerfield was that of Captain John



Door of the Indian House through which Hannah Stebbins was shot in the attack by French and Indians in 1704.

Sheldon, afterward known as the Old Indian House. It was built in 1686, of wood, the walls being lined with brick. The upper story projected over the lower, and was pierced with loop-holes. The door was made of two thicknesses of planks, battened and held firmly together by two courses of rivets, crossing each other diagonally about three inches apart.

This powerful door resisted the attack for a long time. After repeated efforts the assailants succeeded in cutting a hole in the middle, large enough to permit them to shove through the muzzle of a gun. They fired blindly and as rapidly as the weapons could be discharged and withdrawn. Hannah Stebbins, who had been sleeping in an adjoining room, became terrified, and started from her bed to seek refuge elsewhere. At

this moment the musket was discharged, and the bullet passed through her body and buried itself deep in the wall beyond.

In the Deerfield Museum may be seen this door, excellently preserved, and showing the work of the tomahawks as distinctly as if it all took place yesterday. Several dark stains on the woodwork are believed to have been made by the blood of the captives in front of it.

In a small box, screwed against the side of the door, is the bullet which did its fatal work nearly two hundred years ago.

At the time of the attack Captain Sheldon was absent, but his son and wife were sleeping in one of the rooms. When they heard the yells of the assailants, they sprang out of bed, hastily donned their clothing, and leaped out of the window into the snow. The husband escaped,

but the wife sprained her ankle and was made prisoner.

The Old Indian House stood until 1848, when it was taken apart to make room for a more modern structure. The savages at last effected an entrance, plundered the building, and used it as a depot for the prisoners that were secured during the attack. Every other house within the palisades was burned.

Captain Sheldon was among the first to reach Deerfield after the massacre and flight of the French and Indians. He made several journeys to Canada to secure his children. The dilapidated snow-shoes which he used on one of his laborious trips may still be seen. This is the way they look.

Two years afterward, fifty-seven of the cap-



The bullet that killed Hannah Stebbins in 1704, and the powder horn carried in the Meadow Fight of that year. Carried by Elisha Searle in 1723, and by Solomon Searle at the battle of Bennington, 1777.



Snow-shoes worn by Captain Sheldon on his several journeys to Canada.

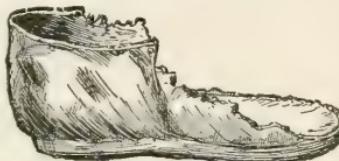
tives returned from Canada. Among them were Rev. Mr. Williams and his remaining children, with the exception of Eunice, ten years old. Despite his utmost efforts, he was obliged to leave her behind. As the girl grew older she adopted savage customs and ways, and finally married a warrior, by whom she had several children. They afterward visited Deerfield, dressed in aboriginal costume, and, as may be supposed, caused a profound sensation. Despite the most earnest entreaties of her relatives and friends, Eunice refused to stay with them, and, returning to Canada with her Indian husband, remained there until her death.

Fenimore Cooper's touching story, "Wept of the Wish Ton-Wish," was founded on this incident.

Eleazer Williams, believed by many to be the lost dauphin of France, (but he wasn't), was the grandson of Eunice Williams.

Among the relics, sketched during a recent hurried visit to the museum, was an old-fashioned powder horn, beautifully carved, and suspended by a string. One of the colonists carried this during the famous Meadow fight in 1704; it was later borne by Elisha Searle, the captive of 1723, and did duty for Solomon Searle in the battle of Bennington in 1777.

But here is a relic upon which few can look without a moistening of the eye. It is a small shoe, or rather the remains of one. Little Sarah Coleman, a sweet child of tender years, had it on one of her chubby feet, in September, 1676, when the Indians made her and some others prisoners. They were the first party of English captives taken to Canada by the Indians.



Shoe worn by little Sarah Coleman, one of the captives taken from Hatfield to Canada in September, 1676, that being the first party of English prisoners carried to Canada by Indians.

CHAPTER VI.

BACON'S REBELLION IN VIRGINIA, CAUSED BY TROUBLES WITH THE INDIANS.

IT was a notable coincidence that when the New England colonies were fighting and running King Philip to earth, Virginia was in the throes of another struggle with the Indians on her frontiers. The most famous civil war, except that of 1861-1865, known as Bacon's rebellion, was brought about by trouble with the red men.

The Indians became so threatening in 1675 that the forts were put in a condition of defense, and Sir Henry Chicheley, the lieutenant-governor, made his preparations, in the spring of that year, to lead a force of five hundred men into the country of the hostiles. Virginia contained forty thousand inhabitants and was in a highly prosperous condition, though there was deep dissatisfaction with their ruler, the bigoted governor, Sir William Berkeley, who thanked God that there were no free schools or printing presses in the province. From 1660 until 1676 the Assembly of Virginia prevented the election of any new members, preserving its own power of prorogation.

When everything was ready for chastising the troublesome Indians, Governor Berkeley sent an order disbanding the forces. The settlers were exasperated to the verge of revolt, and openly accused the governor of favoring the savages for the sake of the monopoly in the beaver trade. The soldiers disbanded and went to their homes, knowing that war was coming, and openly declaring that if Berkeley would not protect them they would protect themselves.

Some time later a party of settlers, on their way to church, found a wounded neighbor dying in front of his own door, while a friendly Indian lay dead a short distance away. The white man lived long enough to tell that a party of Doeg warriors was the cause of their death. The alarmed settlers spread the news, and in a short time thirty men were hot on the track of the murderers. Twenty miles above, at the crossing of the river, the trail divided and the pursuers separated into two parties. One of them speedily came in sight of a Doeg wigwam, which they attacked with such impetuosity that eleven Indians were killed. Among them, doubtless, were the slayers of the settler and friendly Indian.

About this time the other company of whites assailed a wigwam and slew fourteen of the inmates before learning that they were not Doeg, but

Susquehannocks. The white men went back to their homes, and the Doegs, Susquehannocks, Piscataways, and Senecas took the warpath.

The danger was so imminent that Virginia and Maryland put a force of a thousand men in the field, under Major Thomas Truman, of Maryland, and Colonel John Washington, of Virginia. The latter was the great-grandfather of the Father of his Country. This formidable body surrounded a strong fort on the Piscataway, in which the Susquehannocks had taken refuge with their women and children. Before the attack was made



THE ATTACK ON THE DOEG WIGWAM.

six of the chiefs were called out for a conference. They denied that their tribe had harmed any of the whites, declaring that the Senecas, who had fled northward, were the aggressors.

Major Truman accepted the explanation, but the Virginians told him he was too credulous. The following day the mangled bodies of a settler and his family were brought into camp. The soldiers were so infuriated that they seized five of the chiefs, who had come out for another conference, and put them to death.

This treachery caused great indignation in Maryland and Virginia. Truman was tried by the legislature of his province and found guilty of the death of the five Indians, contrary to the laws of God and nations. There is no record, however, that he suffered any punishment therefor. Governor Berkeley, in his opening address to the legislature of Virginia, gave Colonel Washington, who was a member, a pointed rebuke, and that was all.

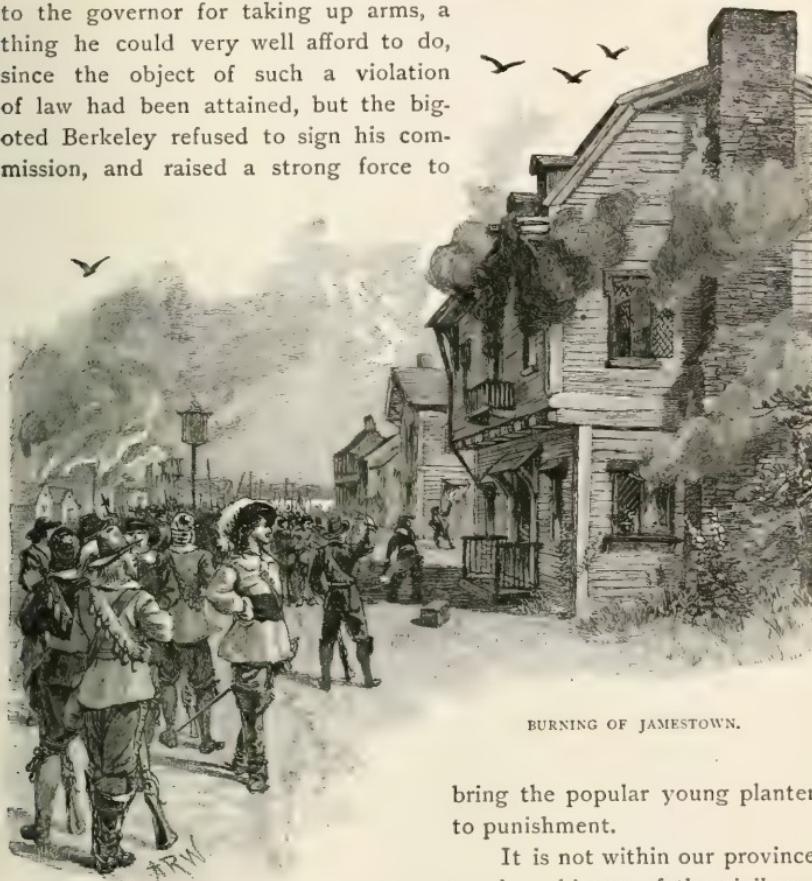
The enraged Indians spread death and devastation along the Rappahannock, James, and York rivers, slaying more than fifty during the following winter. It was the unexplainable course of Governor Berkeley at this crisis which caused the rebellion in the province. It is said that the Susquehannocks made overtures for peace, but he paid no heed to them, and was equally deaf to the appeals of his own people for protection. Nathaniel Bacon was a bright, energetic young planter, who owned several plantations on the James. He was a member of the council and captain of a company of the militia. He disliked Governor Berkeley as much as the governor disliked him, and declared that if another settler was harmed by the Indians, he would call out the militia, regardless of the governor's royal commission.

It was not long before Bacon was given the chance to prove his earnestness. The Indians raided one of his plantations near the falls of the James, killing a servant and his overseer. Bacon lost no time in gathering a force of several hundred brave backwoodsmen, ready to follow wherever he led. Before setting out to punish the hostiles, it is said Bacon sent a request to the governor for a commission, but it was refused.

Bacon set out, but had not gone far when he was overtaken by a messenger from the governor with an order for him to disperse his men at once. Bacon read the proclamation to his followers, and told them that all who chose to go back were free to do so. They were so frightened that when the flurry was over Bacon found himself at the head of only fifty-seven men.

Learning that these "rebels" were on their way to the Indian country, Berkeley summoned a troop of horse and set out in pursuit of them. Before he came up with the daring company, an insurrection broke out among the planters to the south. Thereupon the governor concluded to leave Bacon alone for the time, and give his attention to matters nearer home. Upon reaching Jamestown, everything was so topsy-turvy that he was obliged to yield to the demands of the citizens and grant the election which had been denied them for many years.

Meanwhile, Bacon was striking effective blows against the Indians. He captured and burned the Susquehannock fort, killing one hundred and fifty warriors, annihilating that tribe almost as utterly as the Pequots were wiped out of existence in New England. Bacon's course made him so popular that he was elected a member of the new assembly and appointed commander-in-chief of all the military forces in Virginia. Bacon apologized to the governor for taking up arms, a thing he could very well afford to do, since the object of such a violation of law had been attained, but the bigoted Berkeley refused to sign his commission, and raised a strong force to



BURNING OF JAMESTOWN.

bring the popular young planter to punishment.

It is not within our province to give a history of the civil war

that followed. During its progress Jamestown was burned, it being fired by the adherents of Bacon, many of whom owned fine homes in the place, in order to prevent it being used as a refuge by Berkeley and his followers. When Bacon was on the verge of triumph over the governor, he took a fever and died. Through the aid of his royal master at home, Berkeley was restored to power and brutally revenged himself on those that had opposed him. Twenty-two of the leading insurgents were hanged; three died in

prison and five, condemned to execution, escaped from imprisonment. Hansford, Milford, and Edmund Cheeseman, leading adherents of Bacon, were summarily tried by court-martial, insulted in the grossest manner during the proceedings, and all three hanged. When Drummond was brought into the presence of Berkeley, the governor made a mock salutation, and with a grim smile said: "I am more pleased to see you than any man in Virginia; you shall be hanged in half an hour."

Drummond's reply was calm and dignified. He was a brave man and met death unflinchingly three hours later. His widow and children were deprived of their property and forced to beg for bread. Had not the remains of Bacon been secretly buried, they would have been publicly exhibited in chains on a gibbet. Confiscations, fines, imprisonment, and banishment were inflicted at such a rate that even the supporters of Berkeley were shocked and protested that vengeance had gone far enough. When King Charles learned all that the tyrant had done, he exclaimed:

"The old fool has taken more lives in that naked country than I have done here for the murder of my father," and the king spoke the truth.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE FOR MASTERY IN THE NEW WORLD—THE PART TAKEN BY THE INDIANS.

As the settlement of America progressed the possessions and power of Spain and Holland decreased, while those of England and France increased, until, before the opening of the eighteenth century, the two great nations became powerful rivals in the development of the New World. They were frequently involved in wars across the Atlantic, and it inevitably followed that their colonies in this country were forced into hostilities against each other, and it was also equally inevitable that the Indians should take a part in the fight for supremacy.

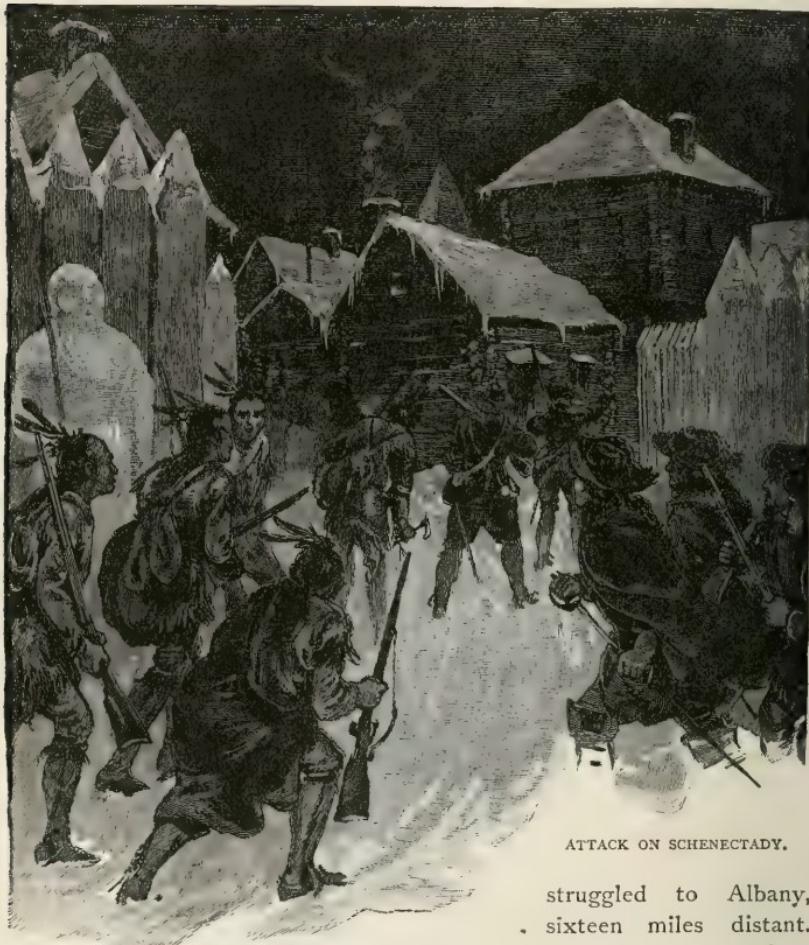
In 1688 a revolution broke out in England, and James II. saved his life by fleeing to France, where Louis XIV. gave him shelter. The two monarchs were Catholics, and Louis pledged himself to help James get back his throne. Parliament, however, crowned William of Orange, who found himself obliged to fight not only his rival, but the king of France. War, therefore, broke out in 1689, and the colonies were drawn into it.

The French showed greater wisdom than the English, by cultivating the friendship of the Indians, who gave them great aid in desolating the frontier settlements. The French were settled in Canada and along the St. Lawrence, so that they were the neighbors of the English in New York and northern New England, though they proved anything but desirable neighbors.

On the 27th of June, Dover, a small settlement on the northeastern frontier of New Hampshire, was attacked by a party of French and Indians, who killed more than a score of persons and carried off twenty-nine captives. Late in the same summer, a hundred Indians paddled out of the Penobscot in their canoes and fell upon the settlers at Pemaquid, now Bremen. The whites were surprised while at work in the fields, and the fort, after a brief siege, was captured, only a few of the defenders escaping to the woods.

In the depth of winter a large force of French and Indians set out from Montreal, and, pushing southward, crossed the Mohawk and drew near Schenectady, whose inhabitants had no suspicion of danger. The gates were unguarded, snow men doing duty as sentinels. In the depth of winter, with the snow lying heavy on the ground, surely the people were warranted in believing they were in no peril from the red men.

The enemy lay hidden in the woods all day. Then, late at night, they stole out from the gloom, passed unchallenged through the gates, and fell upon the inhabitants with the fury of wild beasts. Sixty people were tomahawked and scalped, the houses fired, while those who were fortunate enough to escape the savages rushed out half-clad into the snow and



ATTACK ON SCHENECTADY.

struggled to Albany,
sixteen miles distant.
It will be seen how

New Hampshire was exposed to attacks from Canada. The province was so weak that it could offer no effectual resistance to the incursions of her enemies, and, but for the help of New England, New Hampshire might have been wiped out of existence.

The Colonial Congress of New York decided upon an invasion of

Canada, but, although undertaken on a large scale, it proved a failure, and the war continued in a desultory way for several years.

In 1694 the village of Oyster River, now Durham, was destroyed by the French and Indians, and two years later Pemaquid was surrendered a second time to the enemy. Haverhill was attacked in the following March, and it was about this time that Mrs. Dunston, with her nurse and a boy, performed the wonderful exploit which has already been related. Finally the war was brought to an end, in 1697, by the treaty of Ryswick.

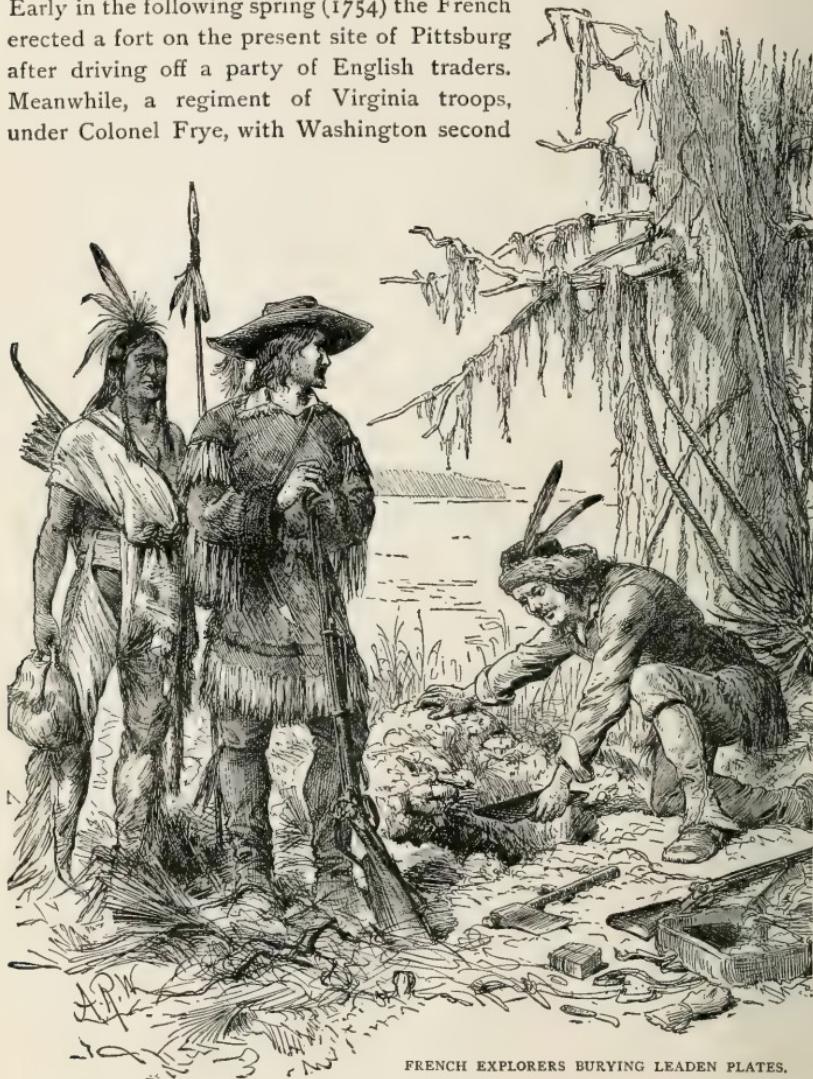
The peace which followed was a brief one. England, Holland, and Austria formed an alliance against France in 1700, and in 1702 Queen Anne's war broke out and lasted eleven years. The Iroquois, or Six Nations, whose hunting grounds lay between Canada and New York, made a treaty of neutrality with the English and French. The Indians in Maine did the same, but the French persuaded them to break their pledge, and they were active against the settlements. It was at this time that Deerfield, as told elsewhere, was attacked, and New Hampshire suffered from the ferocity of the red men. Peace was made between England and France in 1713 and lasted thirty-one years.

King George's war began in 1744 and continued two years. Its chief event was the capture of Louisburg, the "Gibraltar of America," mainly by the New England colonists, who, at the making of peace, enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the valuable fortress returned to the possession of the French. The peace which followed was only a truce. England and France had become the two mighty rivals for the possession of the New World, and the tremendous contest had to be waged until one or the other was vanquished.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the English occupied a narrow strip of settlements along the Atlantic coast, a thousand miles in extent, while the French held the territory from Quebec to New Orleans. Each nation claimed the country west of the Alleghany Mountains, along the Ohio River. The French had more than sixty military posts to guard this long line of possessions. They explored the Ohio Valley, burying at different points along the river plates of lead, bearing French inscriptions, as proof of the pre-emption of the territory.

The French seized the English surveyors along the Ohio and broke up a post on the Maumee. They further showed their earnestness by building a fort at Presque Isle, near the present town of Erie, Pa., at Fort le Bœuf, at the present town of Waterford, and a third at Venago, on French Creek. The colonists were alarmed by these encroachments, and Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent a message by young George Washington to the French commander of the forts, demanding their removal. It was a long, laborious, and perilous journey on which Wash-

ington engaged, but he acquitted himself admirably, and brought back the French commander's refusal to comply with the request. This meant war and the opening of the great struggle between France and England in America. Early in the following spring (1754) the French erected a fort on the present site of Pittsburg after driving off a party of English traders. Meanwhile, a regiment of Virginia troops, under Colonel Frye, with Washington second



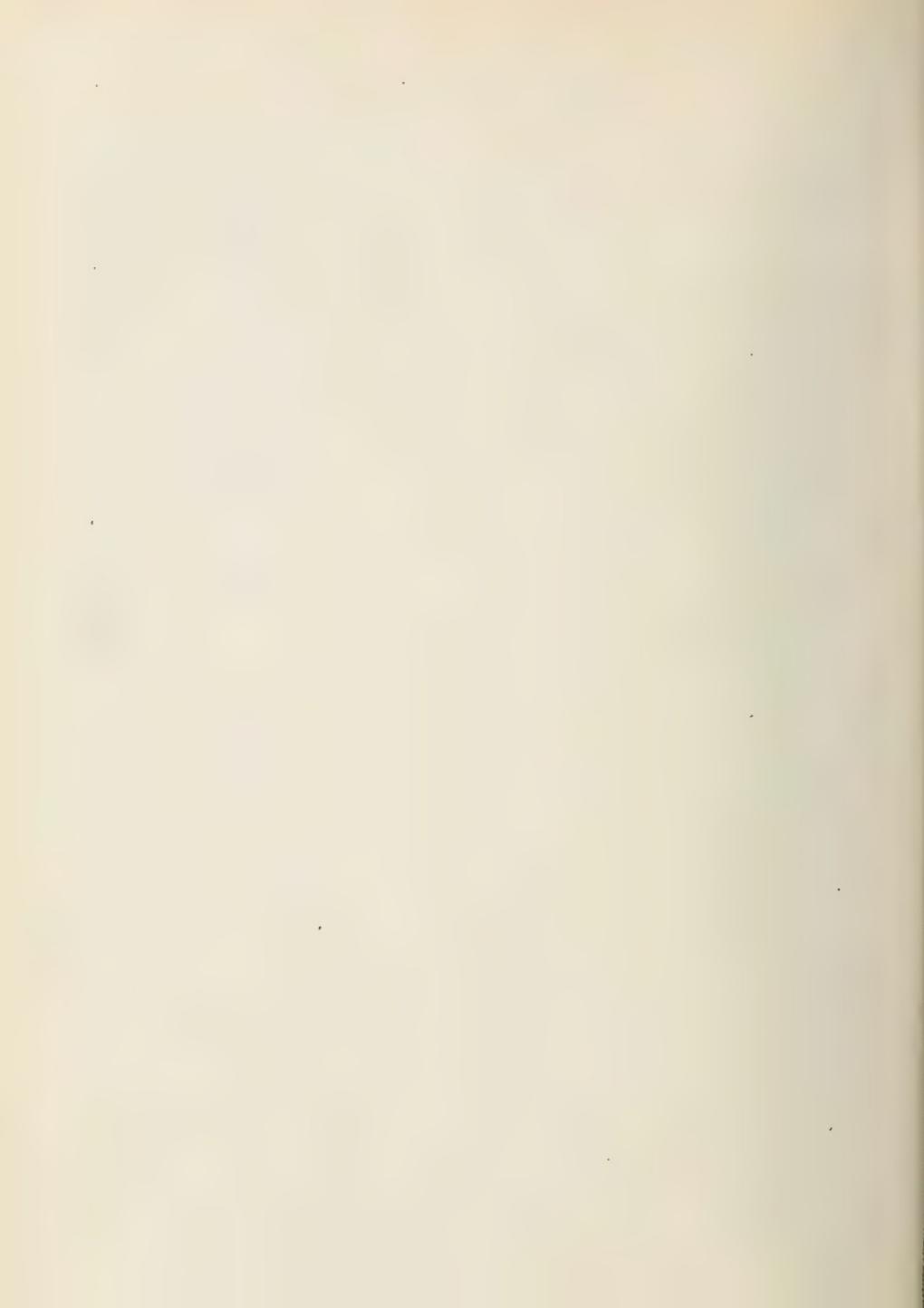
FRENCH EXPLORERS BURYING LEADEN PLATES.

in command, had been sent to occupy the point. Learning that the French were ahead of him, Washington hastened forward with a reconnoitering party. The French commander, who was hiding among



KENDRICK

WASHINGTON'S ATTACK ON THE FRENCH IN THE RAVINE.



the rocks with a detachment of troops, was surprised and killed. Colonel Frye was slain, and Washington assumed command. He collected his troops at Great Meadows, behind a rough stockade which he named Fort Necessity. He was soon attacked by a large force of French and Indians and compelled to capitulate.

In 1755 occurred the memorable Braddock massacre. Braddock set out with an expedition against Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg), with Washington acting as an aid-de-camp. Within ten miles of the fort the army was ambushed, and would have been annihilated but for Washington, who took command when Braddock fell, mortally wounded. Out of eighty-two officers, twenty-six were killed and thirty-seven wounded. Half of the men, numbering in all two thousand, were killed or disabled, while the French lost only three officers, thirty men killed, and about the same number wounded.

Three years later General Forbes conducted a second expedition against Fort Duquesne, Washington commanding the Virginia troops. He led the advance guard, and the garrison fled on his approach. The English flag floated over the wrecked ramparts; and the place received its present name of Pittsburg, in honor of the great English minister.

Previous to this the French forts at the head of the Bay of Fundy were taken, and all the region east of the Penobscot fell into the hands of the English. The closing event of the war was the capture of Quebec by General Wolfe, at which both he and the French commander, Montcalm, were slain. The surrender took place September 18, 1759, and ended French rule in America. From the Gulf of Mexico to the arctic zone the country was substantially that of Great Britain.

CHAPTER VIII.

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY—MAJOR ROGERS' EXPEDITION WESTWARD—MEETING WITH PONTIAC—THE PLOT—ITS BETRAYAL TO MAJOR GLADWYN—THE BAFFLED CHIEF THROWS THE MASK ASIDE—PONTIAC'S TREACHERY.

WE have summarized the leading events of the French and Indian war, in order to make clear the incidents connected with one of the most remarkable Indian uprisings that have ever occurred in our history. Prominent among such epochs must always stand the conspiracy of Pontiac.

The war was ended, and Canada, with all her dependencies, yielded to Great Britain. To carry out the full effects of the momentous treaty, it was necessary to take possession of the French posts in the Western wilderness, where the lilies of France still flew from the flagstaffs. The execution of this difficult and perilous task was committed to Major Robert Rogers of New Hampshire.

No better man could have been selected. He had commanded a body of provincial rangers, and had proven himself brave, discreet, and intelligent. He was the hero of more than one daring encounter with the Indians, whose nature he fully understood. The precipitous mountain known as Rogers' Slide, near the northern end of Lake George, was named in honor of him. During the French war, when hotly pursued by a party of Indians, he slid down the front of this mountain on snow-shoes for nearly a quarter of a mile, with arrowy swiftness. The exploit so amazed his pursuers that they believed him under the protection of the Great Spirit and gave up the pursuit.

In the month of September, 1760, Rogers was ordered by Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in the colonies, to ascend the lakes with a party of rangers and take possession, in the name of the British king, of Detroit, Michillimackinac and other Western posts included in the capitulation. He set out with two hundred rangers, in fifteen whale-boats. Skirting the northern shore of Lake Ontario and crossing its western end, they arrived at Fort Niagara at the beginning of October. The boats were carried over the portage and launched above the cataract, deliberately moving on, while Rogers, with several companions, hastened to Fort Pitt to deliver some dispatches for the French

commander, General Monkton. He then rejoined his command, and early in September they encamped on the present site of Cleveland.

While resting there, they were visited by a party of Indians and warriors, who told Rogers they were sent by Pontiac, ruler in that country. He forbade the English going any further until he had had a talk with them. Rogers replied that he would be glad to have a talk with such a mighty personage.

Before the close of that same day, Pontiac presented himself. He was as haughty as an emperor, whose rights it was dangerous to dispute. He demanded to know why Rogers and his men dared to enter his domain without his permission. The major told Pontiac the French were defeated, Canada had surrendered, and he was then on his way to take possession of Detroit, aiming to help to restore a general peace for the red, as well as the white men. Pontiac listened attentively to the statement, and informed the invaders that they must stay where they were till morning. Offering to furnish the company with anything they needed, he withdrew with his chiefs to his own encampment.

Rogers suspected treachery was intended, and kept close guard through the night, but he was not molested.

Pontiac came back in the morning, saying that he was willing to live at peace with the English and let them remain in the country, as long as they treated him with proper respect. The calumet was then smoked and everything looked well.

A chilling storm set in and held the rangers for several days in their encampment. Rogers had several more meetings with Pontiac, and formed a strong admiration for the head chief of the Ottawas. He was ambitious, shrewd, and one of the ablest representatives of the American race that ever lived.

The skies having cleared, Rogers moved forward and a few days later he reached the western extremity of Lake Erie. There he learned that a large force of Indians lay in ambush at the end of the river, intending to massacre him and his men. The intervention of Pontiac saved the party, which pushed on toward Detroit. The French commandant was indignant at the demand made upon him, but he had no choice except to obey. The French garrison marched out and laid down their arms, the cross of St. George was run up the flagstaff, and, as it whipped in the breeze, seven hundred Indians, the allies of France a short time before, greeted it with wild yells. Detroit came into the possession of the English, November 29, 1760.

The garrison were sent as prisoners down the lake, and the Canadian inhabitants were allowed to stay and retain their property, on swearing allegiance to the British crown. An officer was sent south to take possession of forts Miami and Ouatanon, guarding the communication between

Lake Erie and the Ohio; and Rogers, with a small party, took the opposite direction, to relieve the French garrison of Michillimackinac. Ice and severe weather drove them back, however, and the fort, with the posts of Ste. Marie, Green Bay, and St. Joseph, was not occupied until the following year.

Hardly had the transfer been made to England when mutterings of ill will were heard among the Indian tribes. While the change of possession could be readily made, it was impossible to remove from the hearts of the red men their deep-rooted hatred of the English. The French had cultivated the good will of the Indians, while the English showed them indifference and neglect. Now was the time for the conquerors to use tact and wisdom, and, as might have been anticipated, it was just the time when they did precisely the opposite.

A spirit of retrenchment led the English to withhold the presents to which the Indians had become accustomed from the French. Not only that, but needed supplies were kept back or appropriated by the officers and agents. Suffering and death were the consequences, in many instances, of this injustice.

Possibly all this might not have roused the red men to revolt, had not their new masters furnished more intolerable grievances. The English fur trader showed himself a thorough scoundrel, who not only swindled the Indians, but treated them with the grossest brutality. He kicked them from his path, and was guilty of profligacy and outrage to their families which richly merited death.

The officers of the fort, instead of inviting the red men to visit them freely, as the French had always done, soon let them know their presence was not wanted. If they were slow in taking a hint it was enforced by a kick, or a blow from the butt of a musket. The last feather was added to the burden by the persistent intrusion of white settlers upon the lands of the savages. The Delawares and Shawanoes were particularly incensed, and the Six Nations became hardly less angry than they. The Senecas were too far removed from Sir William Johnson to feel much of his restraining influence, while the Mohawks were alarmed at seeing their lands slipping from their grasp.

It was only natural that the French should view with complacency the growing discontent of the Indians. It was not in human nature that the vanquished should feel kindly toward those who had so bitterly humiliated them. It cannot be doubted that they did much to inflame the resentment of the Indians, and, aided by the shortsightedness of the English themselves, trouble was as certain to come as night is to follow day. The French declared to them that the king of France had fallen asleep; that he would soon awake and take possession again of the lands that had been given up;

that the Indians should receive their hunting grounds intact, and be rewarded for all they did in ridding the country of the hated invaders.

These cunning instigations soon bore fruit. In the summer of 1761 Captain Campbell, commanding at Detroit, learned that a deputation of Senecas had visited the Wyandot village near Detroit, and tried to persuade the latter to slay him and the garrison. Inquiry disclosed that the plot included Niagara, Fort Pitt, and other posts. Campbell took such prompt measures for warning these stations of their danger that the conspiracy was defeated before a blow could be struck.

During the following summer a similar plot was detected and suppressed. Then came the crowning conspiracy, the like of which has never been equaled in the history of the American race. This was a grand scheme for attacking every one of the English forts on the same day. The garrisons having been massacred, the frontiers were to be ravaged, the old dream of the Indians realized, and the English driven into the sea.

Pontiac was the moving spirit in this stupendous conspiracy. He was principal chief of the Ottawas, who were united into a loose confederacy with the Ojibwas and Pottawatomies. By the sheer power of his genius he held absolute sway over these three tribes, and was powerfully influential among all the Indians in the Illinois country, and from the sources of the Ohio to those of the Mississippi; and even beyond those far boundaries his name was held in awe.

The chieftain was about fifty years old, and in the prime of his magnificent mental and physical powers. Thoroughly imbued with his grand idea of a grand confederation of the different tribes in a war of extermination of the English, he sent out ambassadors during the latter part of 1762 to the various tribes. These visited the country of the Ohio and its tributaries, threaded their way through the wilderness to the region of the upper lakes and the dismal borders of the Ottawa, and far southward to the outlet of the Mississippi. The messengers of the mighty Pontiac were welcomed everywhere, and their words were listened to with eager attention.

The tribes thus leagued together comprised thousands of the bravest warriors, including even the Senecas, Wyandots, and a number of tribes on the lower Mississippi. The agreement was that at a certain time in May, 1763, as shown by the changes of the moon, the Indians were to rise simultaneously, kill the English garrison in the neighborhood, and then join in the general attack on the frontier settlements.

One of the extraordinary facts connected with this gigantic plot was that it was not discovered, when of necessity it must have been known to hundreds of Indians. It came near being revealed two months before the appointed time by a friendly Indian, who gave the commandant at Fort Miami some information that awakened his suspicion. He summoned the

suspected parties and demanded an explanation. The warriors lied with such ingenuity that the secret was kept, though the commandant sent word to Major Gladwyn, at Detroit, who in turn forwarded the information to Sir Jeffrey Amherst, adding that, in his opinion, the trouble would soon blow over. And so, while the volcano was rumbling beneath them, the people slept.

By the opening of spring, Pontiac's preparations were complete. His allies were ready to join in striking the blow, but he reserved to himself the right of naming the hour. To make this known he summoned his chiefs and warriors to meet him on the banks of the river Ecorces, near Detroit.

The meeting was held on the 27th of April, 1763. Pontiac addressed them in the impassioned tones of his race, and, with the genius of a genuine orator, roused their passions to the highest tension. Having brought them into the terrible mood he desired, he made known his plan. He told them that on the 2d of May he would gain admission to the fort, with a party of his warriors, under the pretense of giving the calumet dance before the garrison. During this performance he would learn all about the strength of the fortification, after which he would call another council to decide upon the mode of attack. Then the meeting dissolved, and the members scattered to their homes to prepare for the "Day of Jubilee."

On the 1st of May, Pontiac presented himself at the gate of the fort of Detroit, with the request that he and his men might be allowed to exhibit the calumet dance before the officers of the garrison. With some hesitation the band was admitted, and, going to the corner of the street, where stood Major Gladwyn's house, he and thirty of the warriors began the wild performance, which was watched with no little interest by the commandant and his officers.

While this was going on the other ten Ottawas strolled about the fort, apparently with only natural curiosity; but they noted everything. The dance being over they withdrew with the rest, and not a member of the garrison suspected the real meaning of what had taken place.

A few days later Pontiac summoned his second council. A hundred chiefs presented themselves, and to them he unfolded his plan.

He meant to demand of Major Gladwyn a council on matters of great importance. He was confident that he and his principal chiefs would meet with no difficulty in gaining admission. Each warrior was to have a loaded gun under his blanket. Pontiac would begin an address to the commandant, and at the right moment make a signal, on which the chiefs present would attack the officers and raise the war whoop. The other Indians, loitering outside, would join in the attack the instant they heard the signal, and the garrison would be cut down before they could recover from their surprise.

Pontiac's plan was eagerly adopted, and the chiefs withdrew to their respective villages once more, impatient for the opening of the great drama.

On the afternoon of the 5th of May, a Canadian woman, the wife of St. Aubin, one of the leading settlers, came over from the western side, and visited the Ottawa village in quest of some maple sugar and venison. She noticed a number of warriors engaged in filing off the barrels of their guns, so as to reduce the length to about a yard. When she returned home and told what she observed, one of her neighbors, a blacksmith of the village, said that the Indians were continually coming to his shop to borrow files, for some purpose which he could not imagine.

The majority of the Canadians had no wish to witness the shedding of blood, and, convinced that mischief was afoot, M. Gouin, one of the most prominent of these people, went to Major Gladwyn and begged him to be on his guard. The commandant replied that he was sure there was no cause for fear.

There was another, however, to whose words the officer paid heed. This was an Ojibwa girl, possessed of a certain rude beauty, between whom and the officer an attachment existed. On the day succeeding the discovery of the Canadian woman, she visited the fort, and, after much hesitation, told the alarming secret.

She said that the morrow had been fixed upon by Pontiac to attack the fort. He would present himself at the head of sixty chiefs, each of whom would have a short gun hidden under his blanket. At the close of his speech, Pontiac intended to offer a peace belt of wampum, presenting it in a reversed position. That was to be the signal for attack. The chiefs would whip out their guns and shoot the officers, and the Indians in the street, hearing the shouts and firing, would assail the garrison. The intention was to kill every Englishman, but not to harm any of the Frenchmen.

Although Major Gladwyn had treated lightly the warning of his friend M. Gouin, the day before, he could not disregard the words of the Ojibwa girl. Indeed, he was a skillful and intelligent officer, as he proved by his subsequent course. He thanked his faithful friend, told her she should be well rewarded, and, in order that no suspicion should be excited against her, urged her to go back to the village and mingle with her people.

As soon as she was gone Major Gladwyn summoned his officers and told them the momentous news, the truth of which was beyond question. There was cause for the gravest fear. The defenses were in a poor condition, and, among the Indian villages scattered around the place, were from one to two thousand Indians. If any impulse should precipitate the action of Pontiac, the fort could not be held against the attack.

Not a minute was lost. Every possible preparation was made. One-

half the garrison was ordered under arms, and the officers spent the whole night upon the ramparts. But an Indian understands the virtue of patience; and Pontiac, having fixed upon the time, and knowing nothing of his betrayal, adhered to his programme.

When the spring sun rose in an unclouded sky, the garrison observed a fleet of birch canoes crossing the river from the eastern shore, within cannon shot of the fort. Only one or two warriors were to be seen in each boat, but the experienced eyes that studied the craft noticed that they moved slowly and were low in the water, as though deeply laden. So they were—each canoe being filled with warriors, crouching flat that their numbers might not cause suspicion on the part of the English.

It was early when the open common behind the fort began swarming with squaws, warriors, and children, moving hither and thither as if about to engage in a game of ball. Among them stalked a number of silent figures with their blankets wrapped about them, while they cast furtive glances at the fort. Finally they moved toward the gate, as if with no particular purpose, and asked to be admitted. Gladwyn complied, his purpose being to show them that, though their plot was known to him, he held their hostility in contempt.

Pontiac having crossed to the shore with the canoes, gravely approached at the head of his three-score chiefs, all marching in Indian file. His advance was marked by a trifling but dramatic incident.

A Canadian settler, who had been at the fort, was on his way home when he met the party at a small bridge. He stepped aside to give the warriors room, glancing in the face of each, as the grim procession passed in review before him. He recognized the last man of the company as an old friend. The two nodded to each other, and the Indian, throwing back the fold of his blanket, showed his rifle with the muzzle filed off. As he did so he made a meaning gesture toward the fort, flapped back his blanket and silently passed on, without having fallen a step behind the rest.

That pantomime told the story.

It was about the middle of the forenoon when Pontiac reached the fort, whose gateway was crowded with savages. Each was wrapped to his chin in a colored blanket, his fluttering scalp-lock ornamented with gaudy feathers, and the countenances smeared with black, white, yellow and crimson paint, splashed over the features in fantastic fashion.

They were freely admitted, like the others. Those who were watching the face of the great chieftain saw him start, as he led the way, and learned at a glance that the plot was discovered, for on every hand the fullest preparations had been made. Great was the shock, and a furious chagrin must have filled his soul at this dashing of the cup, when pressing his very lips.

But the single start was the only sign of the tempestuous emotions of his soul. His followers were as stoical as he, and, crossing the little town, all entered the door of the council house. As they did so they confronted Gladwyn and several of his officers, seated and waiting for them. It could not have escaped the eyes of the visitors that every white man had a pair of pistols at his belt, and carried a sword at his side.

"Why," asked Pontiac through the interpreter, "do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?"

Gladwyn quietly replied that he had ordered them under arms for the sake of discipline and exercise. With many signs of distrust, and after more diplomatic conversation, the visitors seated themselves.

Pontiac rose to speak, holding the wampum belt in his hand. Every eye was fixed upon the painted countenance, for it was by no means certain that he would not give the signal, even though he knew the plot had been revealed. At one point in his address he seemed to make a preliminary motion, as if resolved to precipitate the tragedy, but, at the same moment, the vigilant Gladwyn carelessly raised his hand. Instantly a drum rolled, and the clash of arms sounded without.

If Pontiac meditated an attack, this stayed him. He could not hide his astonishment. He saw Major Gladwyn looking intently into his own eyes, and the chief sat down with considerable embarrassment of manner. It has been said by several writers that the commandant at this point pulled aside Pontiac's blanket, disclosing the gun, and accused him of treachery. Gladwin, in his letters, makes no mention of such an act, and it is altogether improbable. He had no wish to bring about a collision, and such a proceeding would have been almost certain to drive the chieftain and his warriors into instant attack.

The commandant made a sensible reply, assuring Pontiac of the friendship and protection of the English, as long as they deserved it, but warning him that the first act of aggression would be visited with severe punishment. The council soon broke up, and, with more protestations of friendship, Pontiac and his chiefs withdrew. The only censure made upon the course of the English officer was his failure to detain the chief and his companions as hostages for the good conduct of their followers. The concealed weapons under the blankets of the visitors would have justified this, and probably averted what soon took place. But on the other hand, such action would have been condemned in many quarters as dishonorable, and might have precipitated the attack. Furthermore Gladwyn, as he afterward declared, had no knowledge of the extent of the conspiracy.

Though baffled in his design, the enraged chief did not give up his

far-reaching scheme. Had he known who it was that revealed his purpose to the commandant, he would have visited fearful vengeance upon her.

He accepted the course of Gladwyn as proof of timidity on his part. He visited him again the next day, protesting more earnestly his friendship. He proffered the sacred pipe of peace to the commandant, the most solemn pledge that an Indian can give, and, on his departure, presented the token to Major Campbell, the second in command. Then he went to the Pottawatomies' village, and consulted with their chiefs and those of the Wyandots as to the best means of destroying the English. Such was the nature of this great Ottawa chieftain, who was capable, under certain circumstances, of displaying some of the noblest attributes of humanity.

On the following morning, just before noon, Pontiac advanced from among the throng of Indians on the common and approached the gate. When he attempted to enter he found it fastened against him. He shouted to the sentinels, and demanded to know what it meant. Major Gladwyn himself replied with some forcible words, telling him that he might enter alone, but he wanted no more of his rabble and would not be annoyed with them.

Pontiac saw it was useless to wear the mask any longer. He strode back to his waiting warriors, most of whom were lying on the ground beyond earshot. As he joined them, they sprang to their feet, and, with defiant yells, made off.

The soldiers, who were watching through the loopholes, saw them run toward the house of an old Englishwoman, who lived with her family on the further part of the common. A minute later their dismal scalp-yell told the fate of the hapless inmates.

Another party paddled to the Isle au Cochon, where a former English sergeant of the regulars lived. He was dragged out from his hiding place and killed and scalped. Pontiac took no part in these bloody deeds, but walked toward the shore, his bosom so filled with wrath that no one dared approach him while the terrible mood lasted. Finally he entered a canoe and paddled furiously to the Ottawa village on the further shore. Before he landed he shouted so savagely that all the inmates of the lodges came rushing out to learn his wishes. Pointing to the bank he had left, he ordered them to move their camp thither, that the river should not interpose between them and the Englishmen whom he had determined to destroy. His commands were carried out before the rising of the morrow's sun.

Dolorous news was brought to the fort that evening by a Canadian, who told that Sir Robert Davers and Captain Robertson, two English officers, had been waylaid and murdered by the Indians, above Lake St.

Clair. He said, further, that Pontiac had just been joined by a powerful band of Ojibways, from Saginaw Bay. Major Gladwyn was so apprehensive of an attack that every Englishman in the fort, whether civilian or soldier, was ordered under arms, and the commandant himself walked the ramparts the entire night.

Generally, the favorite hour for the American Indian to strike is just before dawn. So it proved in this case. The still air was rent with the cries of the savages, who, including Ottawas, Wyandots, Pottawatomies, and Ojibways, swarmed out of the woods and opened a fusillade against the palisades. The garrison was on the alert to gain a good sight of them before firing, but the assailants took care to use every protection. They screened themselves behind barns, small buildings, and fences, and, where these were lacking, lay flat in hollows and dodged nimbly about, with a view of confusing the aim of the defenders.

Near the palisades was a cluster of small buildings, behind which many Indians found shelter, while their bullets pattered incessantly against the defenses. A cannon was loaded with red-hot spikes and fired at this screen. The flames caught and the savages scattered with such ludicrous haste that the soldiers broke into uproarious laughter.

The attack lasted for six hours, when the assailants, having accomplished nothing, drew off. Only five of the garrison had been wounded, and the Indians suffered slight loss.

Gladwyn still believed the outbreak was only a spasmodic ebullition, which would soon expend itself. He was in sore want of food, and decided to open negotiations with the Indians, with a view of obtaining supplies. La Butte, the interpreter, who might be considered a neutral, was sent to Pontiac to demand the reason for his action, and to assure him that the commandant was still ready to hear and redress any real complaints. Two old Canadians, Chapeton and Godefroy, anxious to help the English, volunteered to accompany the interpreter. As they passed out of the gates numbers of others went with them, giving as a reason that they did not wish to stay and see the massacre of the English.

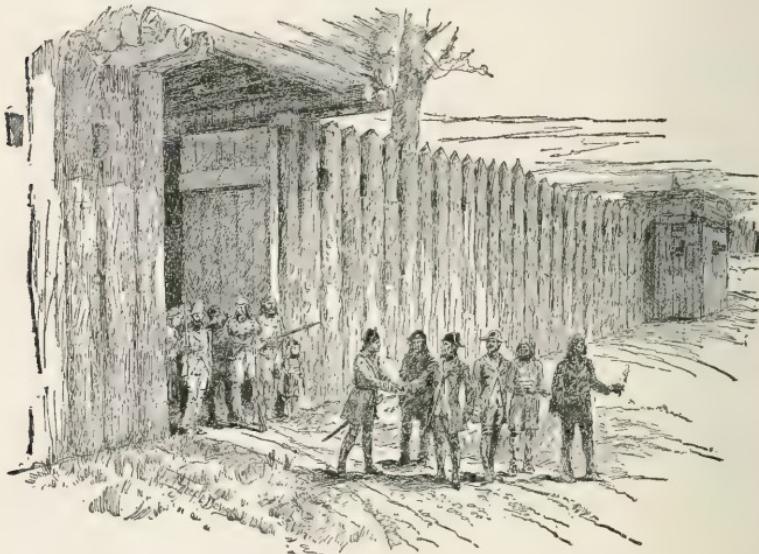
La Butte and his companions were received with courtesy by Pontiac, who listened to the Canadians in their attempt to dissuade the chief from continuing hostilities. He gave so many expressions of agreement that the visitors were deceived. Pontiac, however, after some parleying, asked that Major Campbell should visit him, in order that he might hold council with the English fathers themselves. This request sounded reasonable, for Major Campbell, by his kindness and just course toward the Indians, had long had their confidence.

Major Gladwyn suspected treachery, but Campbell was so confident of the good faith of the chieftain, and his power of doing effective service for

his people, that he begged permission to comply with Pontiac's request. Major Gladwyn finally consented, though with reluctance and misgiving.

Major Campbell left the fort in high spirits, accompanied by La Butte, the interpreter, Lieutenant M'Dougal, and several Canadians.

Meanwhile M. Gouin, the old friend of the garrison, had visited the Indian camp to learn what was going on. He heard and saw enough to convince him that treachery was intended. He hurried off two messengers to warn the party not to visit Pontiac under any circumstances. They met



LEAVING THE FORT.

the officers as they were leaving the gates, but they refused to be dissuaded, and pushed on to the camp of the hostiles.

Their reception was anything but reassuring. After Major Campbell's speech, Pontiac informed him he would sleep in the lodges of the red men that night. This convinced the officer that he and his companion were betrayed.

Many of the Indians favored putting the visitors to death at once, but Pontiac was not ready to carry his treachery to that extent. Besides, Major Gladwyn had two Indians in his custody, arrested some days before for a slight offense. The chief protected the officers from insult, and, conducting them to a house near Parent's Creek, kept them there for a time in safe custody, without allowing any harm to come to them.

CHAPTER IX.

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY (CONTINUED)—A REMARKABLE MAN—LOSS OF THE CONVOY—FALL OF THE FOREST GARRISONS.

THE Jesuit priests had persuaded a part of the Wyandots to keep out of the alliance Pontiac formed, but the chieftain gave them the choice of joining him or being killed, and it need not be said what alternative they adopted. They were among the bravest and best fighters enlisted by him during the war.

Having secured these allies, Pontiac pushed hostilities not only with vigor, but with a skill, foresight, and completeness of detail, and a readiness of resource which stamped him as one of the most remarkable members of his race that ever lived.

He placed some of the Pottawatomies so as to lie in wait along the river bank below the fort, while others were concealed in the woods to prevent any friends approaching the English by land or water. Still others were hidden within gunshot of the fort, with orders to shoot down anyone who chanced to expose himself. The place being surrounded, the Indians resumed firing upon the fort on the 12th of May.

Major Gladwyn, appreciating the gravity of his situation, called his officers together that evening for consultation. It is said that the commandant was the only one who favored defending the post to the last. The rest advocated embarking and sailing for Niagara. The desperation of the situation will be understood when it is stated that, with the closest economy and care, the provisions would hardly last the garrison three weeks. Still further, the buildings were of such inflammable material that the danger of their being set on fire at any time was imminent. A more disturbing fear was that the Indians would make a general attack, and cut or burn their way through the pickets; in which case nothing could save the garrison. A Canadian, however, in the fort, removed this dread by assuring Major Gladwyn that such a method of attack was so opposite to the policy of the Indians that it would never be adopted. While one of their leaders may be personally brave, he never willingly engages in a contest in which he knows he must pay for his victory by the loss of a number of his warriors. He prefers the stealthy, more tedious method, with less prospect of losing his men. Such an attack as the one named could not succeed, without a number of the Indians being killed; that being evident to Pontiac, he would not adopt it.

Days and weeks now dragged by without any special incident. The watch of the Indians was sleepless, until their war whoops and the crack of their rifles became so familiar that they lost much of their terror. Now and then, parties of volunteers sallied out, hastily cut down the trees, and burned the outbuildings that gave shelter to their enemies. In this way the ground was soon cleared of the screens of which the enemy had made such good use.

The two vessels in the river were able to sweep the northern and southern curtains of the works, and, by preventing the Indians from approaching those points, did good service. No precaution, however, could prevent the warriors from stealing through the grass and launching their arrows, tipped with burning tow, at the houses. But the defenders kept tanks of water filled, and were so vigilant in extinguishing the fires thus kindled that all the attempts came to naught.

Pontiac shortly after the regular siege opened, summoned Major Gladwyn to surrender, with the assurance that if he complied, he and the garrison could leave on one of the vessels, but if he persisted in the defense he would receive no quarter. The commandant replied that he cared nothing for such threats, and the attacks were pressed with more vigor, as the chieftain continued to receive reinforcements. He asked the French to teach him the civilized methods of attacking a fortified place, by regular approaches. Those of the Canadians who knew anything about the subject pretended to be as ignorant as he, but it is more than likely their ignorance was genuine.

The distress from the lack of provisions increased, and, but for the friendship of several Canadians, Major Gladwyn would have been compelled through starvation to abandon the post. Under cover of the darkness, a number of friends on the other side of the river brought over cattle, hogs, and other supplies for a long time, without any of the Indians learning what was going on.

The enemy began to suffer from the same cause. They had expected to capture Detroit by a single dash, and neglected to provide themselves with food. They fell to plundering the French, who protested to Pontiac. In meeting this complaint, the chieftain displayed a forecast which must excite admiration.

He stopped at once all outrages upon the French. He next visited the various houses, inspected the supplies, and assigned to each the share of provisions which the owners must furnish to the Indians. These levies were gathered in one building, whence the supplies were regularly issued, as needed, to the different camps. Having no means of paying for them, and anxious to retain the good will of the French, Pontiac gave his promissory notes in payment. They were drawn upon birch bark and signed with the

figure of an otter, the totem to which he belonged. This we believe is the only instance known of an American Indian providing the "sinews of war" in this manner. What is almost equally surprising is that Pontiac redeemed all his "paper" at its face value.

General Gage, who succeeded General Amherst, as commander-in-chief, renders the following tribute to this remarkable man: "From a paragraph of M. D'Abbadie's letter there is reason to judge of Pontiac, not only as a savage possessed of the most refined cunning and treachery natural to the Indians, but as a person of extraordinary abilities. He says that he keeps two secretaries, one to write for him, and the other to read the letters he receives, and he manages them so as to keep each of them ignorant of what is transacted by the other."

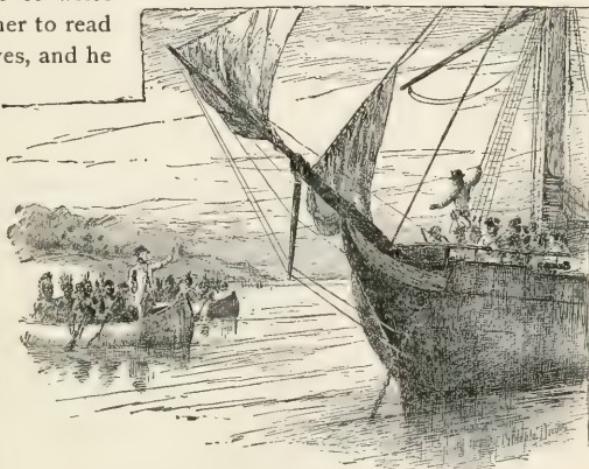
The British commander - in - chief at New York was ignorant as yet of the peril of Detroit. When spring was fairly opened, a strong detachment was sent up the lakes

with ammunition for that and the other Western posts. Major Gladwyn and the garrison, knowing of their approach, ordered one of the schooners in the river to Niagara to hasten the expected convoy. On the following day, while the vessel lay becalmed at the entrance to Lake Erie, a swarm of canoes shot out from the shores and made swiftly toward the motionless schooner.

In the prow of the foremost boat the Indians had placed Major Campbell, who, it will be remembered, was made a prisoner by Pontiac when he and Lieutenant M'Dougal visited the hostile camp on the invitation of the chief. Their purpose now was to use the officer as a screen against the fire from the vessel.

"Do your duty," called the brave old veteran, "and don't think of me."

Fortunately his friends were saved the painful alternative, for a brisk breeze just then filled the sails of the schooner and took her beyond reach of the canoes.



"DO YOUR DUTY!" CALLED THE BRAVE OLD VETERAN.

On the 30th of May, the garrison were thrilled by sight of the long-expected convoy. Below the fort and on the further side of the river, a line of boats was seen rounding the woody projection, with the flag of England flying from the stern of the leader. The joyous garrison felt that the end of their troubles had come, and broke into cheers, while a cannon from the bastion boomed its deep-throated welcome.

But look! In all the boats, dark, naked figures shot up to view, with grotesque gesture, and answered the cheers of the English with the dreaded war whoop. The Indians had captured the convoy and the troops had either been killed or made prisoners.

The woeful despair of the garrison was diverted by a thrilling incident which now took place under their very eyes.

There were eighteen boats, in each of which were two or more of the captured soldiers, who were compelled to act as rowers, while several armed Indians directed operations. Other warriors, for the sake of greater security, followed the boats along shore. It so came about that in the foremost were four soldiers guarded by only three Indians.

It will be remembered that one of the schooners belonging to Detroit had gone to Niagara. The larger still lay at anchor in the stream, within a stone's throw of the fort.

As the leading boat came opposite the vessel, the soldier acting as steersman said in English to his comrade:

"Seize that Indian in front of you and throw him overboard."

"He is a powerful fellow and I fear I am not strong enough," was the reply.

"Then change places with me and I'll do it. Act as though you are tired, and they won't suspect anything."

"Very well."

Nothing in the looks or manner of the two men indicated that their words had more than ordinary meaning. The soldier stepped forward to take the place of his comrade, who rose as if to change places with him. Like a flash, the braver one seized the unsuspecting Indian by his coarse black hair, and, with the other hand, gripped the girdle at his waist. Then, by main strength, he flung the wretch overboard; but as he went, he held fast to the clothing of the soldier, and, stabbing him repeatedly, dragged him into the river, where both sank, grappled in each other's arms.

The other two Indians were so terrified that they leaped out of the boat, whereupon the soldiers rowed with might and main toward the schooner, shouting for help. The other canoes darted in pursuit, firing as they went and wounding one of the soldiers. At the moment of despair, a cannon from the side of the vessel sent its ball ricochetting so near the

leading canoe, that the pursuers turned abruptly about and made for shore.

The men rescued by this narrow chance told the story of the disaster to the convoy. Lieutenant Cuyler had left Niagara on the 13th of May, embarking above the falls, with ninety-six men and an abundant supply of ammunition and provisions. He coasted for days along the lonely shore, seeing no living person. About two weeks later, he landed near the mouth of the Detroit River, drawing the boats up on the beach and making preparations for encamping.

While thus employed, a man and boy walked off some way to gather firewood, when an Indian bounded from among the trees and tomahawked and scalped the boy. The man ran back with the alarm. The lieutenant quickly formed his soldiers in a semi-circle in front of the boats, but had hardly done so, when a force of Indians rushed so impetuously from the woods that the center of the line gave way. The men flung down their guns and rushed for the boats.

A wild scene followed, but two of the craft succeeded in getting off, with less than half the men, among whom was Lieutenant Cuyler. They rowed along the south shore to Presque Isle and thence to Niagara, where Cuyler reported his loss to the commanding officer.

The Indians who were the actors in this daring affair were Wyandots, that were lying in ambush at the mouth of the river to intercept trading boats or those containing troops. The prisoners were subjected to horrible tortures and all put to death. In the words of Francis Parkman, Jr., the historian: "After night had set in, several Canadians came to the fort, bringing vague and awful reports of the scenes that had been enacted at the Indian camp. The soldiers gathered round them, and, frozen with horror, listened to the appalling narrative. A cloud of deep gloom sank down upon the garrison, and none could help reflecting how thin and frail a barrier protected them from a similar fate. On the following day, and for several succeeding days, they beheld frightful confirmation of the rumors they had heard. Naked corpses, gashed with knives and scorched with fire, floated down the pure waters of the Detroit, whose fish came up to nibble at the clotted blood that clung to their ghastly faces."

Dismal tidings continued. A messenger brought news of the fall of Fort Sandusky, which had been attacked by a band of Wyandots in the neighborhood, on the 16th of May. Ensign Pauly admitted seven Indians on that day with no suspicion of anything wrong. They successfully played the trick which Pontiac attempted, for the ensign had no friendly tongue to warn him of danger. Nearly all the garrison were murdered, and Ensign Pauly was carried, bound hand and foot, to Detroit, where it was intended to burn him at the stake. He was saved, however,

at the last moment by an old woman, whose husband had lately died, and who took the ensign as his representative. Thenceforth he was accepted as a genuine Ottawa warrior.

By this time, Pontiac had nearly a thousand warriors at his call. As these brought their families with them, the number of savages in the immediate neighborhood must have been between three and four thousand. The determination to bring the garrison to terms was as strong as ever in the breast of the great leader.

On the 15th of June, a party of Pottawatomies approached the gate of the fort, bringing with them four English captives, with the offer to exchange them for several warriors held prisoners by Major Gladwyn. The exchange was effected, and the new arrivals proved to be Ensign Schlosser, late commander at Fort Joseph, and three soldiers. The post named stood at the mouth of the St. Joseph River, near the head of Lake Michigan.

Ensign Schlosser had but fourteen men with him, and, when unsuspecting of danger, it was surrounded by a large force of Indians. He did his utmost, but with such a handful he was helpless. The sentinel at the gate was tomahawked, and, within ten minutes, eleven men were killed and the ensign, with three survivors, made prisoners.

Several days later, a Jesuit priest of the Ottawa mission near Michillimackinac came to the gate of the fort and delivered a letter to Major Gladwyn. It was from Captain Etherington, commandant at Michillimackinac, conveying the news that another calamity was to be added to the long list that had already overtaken the western posts. The interesting particulars of the fall of Michillimackinac are given elsewhere.

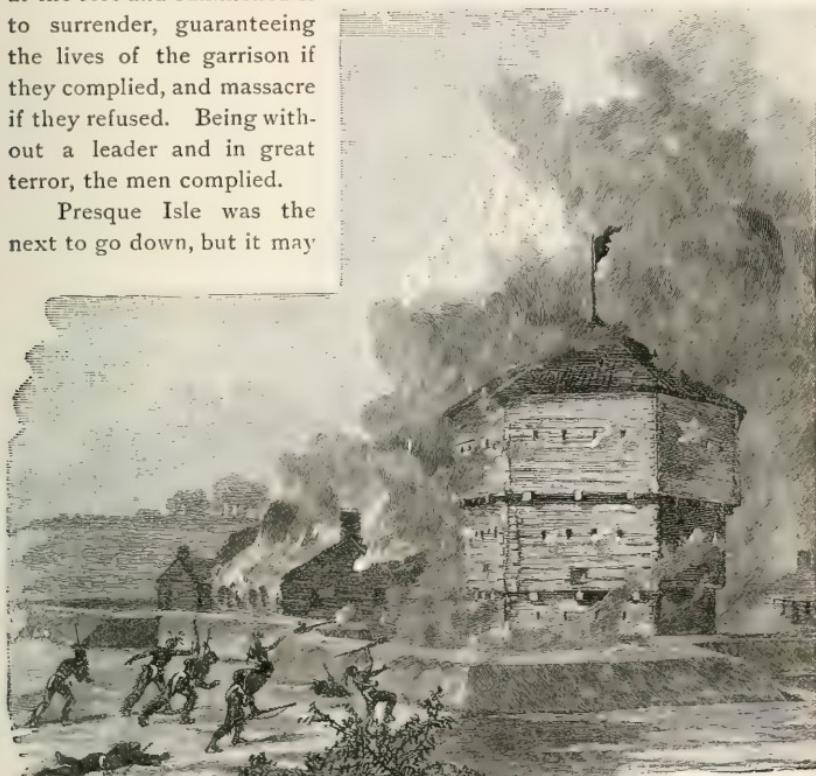
The next news was that of the capture of Fort Ouananon, on the Wabash, a short distance below the present city of Lafayette. Lieutenant Jenkins and several of his men were made prisoners on the 1st of June by a characteristic Indian strategem, whereupon the rest of the garrison surrendered. In making the capture, however, the Indians expressed their regret, saying they had acted contrary to their inclinations, but were compelled to the course by other tribes. They showed more consideration to the captives than was displayed elsewhere, and probably told the truth.

Fort Miami on the River Maumee was the next post from which disastrous tidings came. As Detroit was saved through the intervention of an Indian woman, Miami fell through the treachery of another dusky girl. Ensign Holmes was suspicious of trouble, but when a young Indian woman came to him on the 27th of May and urged him to go to the relief of a squaw, lying seriously ill in a wigwam near the fort, he obeyed the request.

He approached the wigwam without misgiving, but before he could enter it he was shot dead by two Indians. The reports were heard at the

fort, when the sergeant imprudently went out to learn the cause. He was instantly made prisoner. A few minutes later, three Canadians appeared at the fort and summoned it to surrender, guaranteeing the lives of the garrison if they complied, and massacre if they refused. Being without a leader and in great terror, the men complied.

Presque Isle was the next to go down, but it may



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PRESQUE ISL.



be said she sank with colors flying. This fort stood close by the present city of Erie, on the southern shore of the lake. It had a strong two-story block house at

one of its angles, with projecting upper stories, so as to permit the defenders to shoot down on the heads of their assailants below. The blockhouse

stood on a projecting point of land, between the lake and a small stream, whose bank rose in a high ridge within forty rods of the structure, which thus gave cover to an attacking party, while the bank of the lake offered a similar advantage on another side.

Before the break of day, on the 15th of June, the garrison of Presque Isle learned that the Indians were present. The rising sun disclosed two hundred warriors, mostly from the neighborhood of Detroit. Foreseeing a desperate fight, Ensign Christie, the commandant, withdrew the garrison to the blockhouse, determined to defend it to the last.

The Indians opened a hot fire, sending their bullets through the loopholes and every crevice that presented itself. In addition, they shot fire arrows upon the roof and hurled balls of burning pitch against the walls. The dry timbers quickly took fire, but the summit of the blockhouse contained an opening, partially protected by a wall of plank, through which the garrison could dash water upon the flames. This was done again and again, the fire being extinguished times without number.

The next move of the Indians was to roll logs to the top of the ridges from behind which they discharged their rifles and threw their fire-balls with greater effect. Near the fort was a ditch, which was so inviting that every few minutes an Indian or two made an attempt to dart across the short open space and reach it; but the watchful defenders had them under close range, and never failed to kill or wound everyone making the essay.

Ordinarily such a heroic defense would have caused the Indians to withdraw, but these red men were made of sterner stuff. It may be said that they had only begun to fight.

The next sight which greeted the defenders was a terrifying one, and might well cause despair. A heap of earth and stones began rapidly rising behind the breastworks, increasing in size so fast that there remained no doubt that the Indians were undermining the blockhouse.

Hardly had the garrison comprehended this new danger, when they were confronted by a more imminent one. The repeated extinguishment of the blaze kindled on the roof had well-nigh exhausted the supply of water. There was a well on the parade ground, but it was sure death to approach it. Only one thing could be done: that was to dig a new well within the blockhouse itself.

Not a moment was lost. The flooring was ripped up and the men worked desperately, their comrades firing the heated rifles from the loopholes in the hope of holding their enemies in check.

The weather was hot and the perspiration streamed from the grimy faces of the diggers, but they toiled furiously. Before there was the first sign of water the roof again broke into a blaze, for their enemies suspected

the dire extremity of the garrison. All of the precious supply that was left was dashed on the twist of flame, which went out.

The toilers relieved each other at the well, the dirt being flung upward in a continuous shower, as the workers sank below the surface. No sign of water, and again a soldier called out that one of the burning arrows had caught, and the roof was once more on fire, while not a drop of liquid remained to extinguish it.

Just then one of the garrison hastily crept out of the little inclosure at the crest of the roof, tore off the burning shingles amid a shower of bullets, and was back again without receiving a scratch.

The fighting had continued all day without intermission, and darkness closed upon the scene. But night brought no rest. The Indians kept up their firing until the sun rose again, while the defenders took turns in sleeping; but before that time the diggers of the well within the block-house had struck a generous flow of water.

This happy issue was their salvation for the time, for the Indians had tunneled their way to the house of the commanding officer, which they set on fire. It burned like tinder, and was so close to the larger structure that the inmates were in danger of being stifled by the overpowering heat. It was so close, indeed, that the outer wall was scorched and finally broke into flame. The defenders, drawing water from the well, poured it upon the blaze, which finally died out as the commander's house sank into a mass of glowing embers.

The interior of the blockhouse by this time had become like an oven, where, with the air pulsating and hot with gunpowder smoke, the men panted for breath. They were worn out, for the fighting and work had been so desperate that rest was impossible. Nevertheless, they kept up the defense through the second day and until the following midnight.

At the hour named someone called out in French from the Indian intrenchments, warning the garrison that further resistance could not help them since preparations were complete for setting fire to the blockhouse above and below at the same time. Ensign Christie, calling back, asked whether there was anyone among his assailants who spoke English. A man answered in that tongue, telling him that if he surrendered the lives of all would be spared, but if they continued to fight they would be burned alive.

The brave Christie, determined not to be entrapped, replied that he would give his answer in the morning. He did not mean to yield so long as any hope remained. His answer was accepted and the firing for the first time ceased, the exhausted garrison throwing themselves on the floor and sinking into a deep sleep, with a few on the watch against treachery.

When morning came Christie sent two of his men as if to treat with

the enemy. Their real business, however, was to learn whether what had been said about the preparations to burn the blockhouse was true. He instructed them to make a signal by which he would know the facts. Then he watched the couple as they climbed the breastwork. He saw them pause a moment, look around, and then came the dreaded signal. He knew that all hope of beating off his assailants was gone.

As directed, the soldiers demanded that two of the leading chiefs should meet Christie half-way between the breastworks and the blockhouse to receive his surrender. This was done, the ensign stipulating that the lives of the garrison should be spared and that they might withdraw unmolested to the nearest post.

It is a pleasure to record that, although the conditions of this agreement were violated by the Indians, yet it was not to the shocking extent which is common among those people. After the grimy, pale, and exhausted men gave up their weapons that had served them so well, they were surrounded and made prisoners. They were detained some time in the vicinity, and then sent as prisoners to Detroit. There Christie succeeded in making his escape and joined the garrison under Major Gladwyn.

CHAPTER X.

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY (CONTINUED)—ATTEMPTS TO DESTROY THE SCHOONER—ARRIVAL OF DALZELL—THE BATTLE AT BLOODY RUN—A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

IT will be remembered that one of the schooners attached to the fort at Detroit had gone down Lake Erie to hasten the coming of Lieutenant Cuyler, with his supplies. Reaching Niagara, she stayed until that officer came back with the news of the massacre of most of his men. He and the survivors he brought with him, together with a few of the troops that could be spared from Niagara, were ordered to embark on the schooner, which set out to return to Detroit with the needed provisions.

On the 23d of June, the garrison at Detroit noticed an unusual commotion among the Indians. That night a Canadian came in and told the commandant that the schooner was a short distance below and was trying to come up, while the Indians, to the number of more than eight hundred, were making ready to attack her. Gladwyn fired a couple of cannon to let his friends know that he still held out, and then, with an anxiety which perhaps can be imagined, awaited the result of the attack on the part of the schooner, with whose fate it may be said his own and that of his men was closely linked.

Late in the afternoon, the vessel, favored by a gentle breeze, began ascending the stream between the main shore and the lengthy margin of Fighting Island. She had sixty well-armed men on board, but the officer kept all but a dozen out of sight, hoping that the seeming weakness would tempt the Indians to attack him.

The schooner had not quite reached the narrowest part of the channel, when the wind died out and the anchor was dropped. The vessel was almost opposite to and within gunshot of a breastwork of logs which the Indians had erected on the shore of Turkey Island, hiding it so carefully with bushes that the crew had no suspicion of its existence. But they were on the alert.

The night wore slowly on, the only sounds breaking the impressive stillness being that of the current softly rippling about the bow of the schooner. The brooding silence was like that which had held reign in that spot centuries before the foot of a white man trod the pathless wilderness.

The night was far along when the lynx-eyed sentinel became certain that a number of dark objects were moving in the gloom along shore. He

could hear no sounds, but he knew the Indians were at mischief. This was what had been expected for hours, and the men waiting below received their whispered commands and, coming on deck, noiselessly took their places.

The warriors, stealing forward in their birch canoes, were now close at hand, exulting in the certainty that another rich prize was about to fall into their grasp. They saw no sign of life about the huge vessel, so soon to become their own, with all its plunder and the scalps of the crew.

Suddenly someone struck a smart blow on the mast with a hammer. Instantly the schooner flamed out, as if the magazine had exploded. Grape and musket shot came in a crimson tempest from her side, killing fourteen warriors, wounding many more, and sending the rest swimming, diving, and paddling in consternation for the shore.

As soon as the discomfited Indians could rally from this repulse, they began firing from their breastwork, whereupon anchor was lifted and the schooner dropped down stream out of range.

Waiting for a stronger favoring wind, the schooner repeated the attempt several days later. Though continually fired upon, not one of the crew was hurt, and, sending some grape into the Wyandot village as she passed and killing several warriors, she anchored beside the other schooner, where all danger was past.

No arrival could have been more welcome, for the vessel brought the much needed supply of ammunition and provisions. She brought, too, the important news that peace had been finally concluded between England and France. This was most disagreeable to the Canadians and French at the fort. They told Pontiac and his followers that the statement was a falsehood of Major Gladwyn, who had invented it for the purpose of frightening them. They assured the red men further that a powerful French army was at that very hour on its way to Detroit, and would soon make prisoners of all the English in the country. The chieftain and warriors implicitly believed this, and held no thought of "letting up" on the beleaguered garrison.

Pontiac was exasperated by the safe arrival of the vessel, for he knew what a godsend it must prove to the fort. In the hope of frightening Gladwyn into submission, he sent a summons for him to surrender, guaranteeing the lives of all his garrison and making the usual threat in the event of refusal. He added that he was certain to receive large re-enforcements shortly, and, when they came, he could not prevent their taking the scalp of every Englishman in the fort. The commandant returned a contemptuous reply to the demand.

The leader of the Ottawas was naturally anxious to secure the active support of the Canadians in the war. He now determined on a final



NIGHT ATTACK ON THE SCHOONER.

attempt. He, therefore, summoned them to a council, which was conducted with all the dignity and impressiveness of which he was so consummate a master. After several pipes had been passed around from hand to hand, Pontiac rose and threw down a war belt at the feet of the Canadians.

"My brothers," said he, "how long will you suffer this bad flesh to remain on your lands? I have told you before, and I now tell you again, that when I took up the hatchet, it was for your good. This year the English must all perish throughout Canada. The Master of Life commands it, and you, who know him better than we, wish to oppose his will. Until now I have said nothing on this matter. I have not urged you to take part with us in the war. It would have been enough had you been content to sit quiet on your mats, looking on, while we were fighting for you. But you have not done so. You call yourselves our friends, and yet you assist the English with your provisions, and go about as spies among our villages. This must not continue. You must be either wholly French, take up the war belt, and lift the hatchet with us; but if you are English, then we declare war upon you. My brothers, I know this is a hard thing. We are all alike children of our great father, the King of France, and it is hard to fight among brethren for the sake of dogs. But there is no choice. Look upon the belt, and let us hear your answer."

Among the Canadians was one who, suspecting the purpose of Pontiac, brought a copy of the capitulation of Montreal, with its dependencies, including Detroit. He exhibited this, declaring that while he and his friends sympathized with the red men, yet if they took up arms against the English it would be contrary to the commands of the King of France, who would punish them therefor. He asked Pontiac how that difficulty could be met. The chief was puzzled for the moment, but he received unexpected help. Some of the vagabonds among the Canadians declared their willingness to help Pontiac, and he and his followers gave them a right royal welcome. They, however, did him little service, and the bulk of the Canadians remained neutral as before.

That night a party of renegades and savages approached the fort, and, intrenching themselves, began firing upon the garrison at daybreak. Lieutenant Hay, with a small force, sallied out and scattered the party without difficulty. Among the English was a soldier who had spent so much time with the Indians that he was as much of a savage as they. He wrenched the scalp from the head of one of the fallen Indians and brandished it, with an exultant whoop, after the retreating savages.

The result of this shocking performance was more woeful than could have been anticipated. The brave, high-minded Major Campbell was still a prisoner among the Indians, though allowed to make his home in the house of one of the Canadians. The father of the warrior that had been

scalped was so enraged that he summoned a party, went to the dwelling where Major Campbell was confined, and inflicted a horrible death upon the brave old man. Lieutenant M'Dougal, his companion in captivity, had made his escape some time previous.

The two armed schooners opposite the fort were so obnoxious to Pontiac that he resolved to destroy them. They occasionally sent a cannon ball toward the savages, compelling them to make their camps beyond range. Now and then, too, they hoisted anchor and indulged in a short excursion, during which they gave their enemies unwelcome attention.

On the night of the 10th of July, the Indians tied together two boats, filled with burning pitch pine, bark, and other combustibles and set it afloat above the vessels. The raft burned fiercely, but providentially drifted by without inflicting harm to either of the schooners. On the following night the attempt was repeated, with a much larger raft, which threw its ghastly glow against the fort, the vessels, and the wooded shore, as that also floated harmlessly past.

Pontiac next began a raft of different construction, which promised success, but Gladwyn made such good preparations for defense that the Indians gave up the task.

The siege of Detroit had now lasted for nearly three months, and some of the warriors were beginning to weary of the prolonged contest, which resulted in such slight gain to them. The Wyandots and Pottawatomies showed a lukewarmness. They came to the fort and declared their wish to make peace with Major Gladwyn. The latter demanded that they should exchange the white prisoners whom he knew were in their hands. The Indians agreed, but attempted to deceive the commandant, who sharply rebuked them. The exchange was effected after considerable wrangling, during which the Indians were on the point of attacking Gladwyn, despite the certainty of their own swift punishment therefor.

Meanwhile, a strong force was on its way to the aid of Detroit. Captain Dalzell had left Niagara with twenty-two barges, bearing two hundred and eighty men, with a number of cannon and a supply of ammunition. They reached Sandusky on the 26th of July, and, marching inland to the village of the Wyandots, burned it to the ground, and destroyed the corn which was growing in the fields. Embarking again, Dalzell reached the mouth of the Detroit two nights later and cautiously made his way up the river. Fortunately, he was not seen by the Indians, who, had they known of his coming, would have massacred him and all his men.

The following morning, when midway between the villages of the Wyandots and Pottawatomies, they were attacked by the warriors of both, in the face of the treaty of peace they had made with Gladwyn only a

couple of weeks before. The Indians were repulsed, but not until fifteen of the English were killed or wounded.

Among the new arrivals was the veteran Indian fighter, Major Rogers, who had visited that region a couple of years before, with news of the cession of the western posts to England. He brought with him twenty of his famous rangers.

Captain Dalzell was a brave and competent officer, who had been a comrade of Putnam in some of his most stirring experiences. He urged upon Gladwyn that the time had come when a fatal blow could be dealt to Pontiac and his horde. He asked permission to march out at night and attack the Indian camp. Gladwyn replied that the risk was too great, but Dalzell was so persistent that the commandant yielded against his judgment.

Preparations were made for the attack on the afternoon of the 30th, but, through some appalling oversight, the project became known to several Canadians, who told Pontiac. The latter had lately removed his camp to a point several miles above the mouth of Parent's Creek, behind a large marsh.

In the gloomy stillness beyond midnight, two hundred and fifty men passed out of the gates like so many shadows, and began their march. They filed two deep along the road, while a couple of large bateaux, each with a swivel at its bow, rowed up the river abreast of them. The advance guard of twenty-five men was led by Lieutenant Brown, the center by Captain Gray, and the rear by Captain Grant.

It was a hot, still night, and the men were in light undress, as they tramped steadily forward, little dreaming that the Indian scouts were watching every step they took, and that Pontiac had made preparation for their overthrow.

A mile and a half from the fort, Parent's Creek, christened that night by the name of Bloody Run, wound through a rough hollow, entering the river past a rank growth of grass and sedge. Near its mouth it was crossed by a bridge, just beyond which the land rose in sharp ridges parallel with the creek. These summits contained rough intrenchments, thrown up by Pontiac to protect the camp when he first occupied the ground immediately beyond. There were piles of wood and picket fences, behind which crouched a multitude of warriors, with their fingers on the triggers of their guns.

The sky was cloudy and dark. The soldiers pushed onward with some misgivings, for there was something suspicious in the unnatural calm. Parkman thus graphically describes what followed:

"The advanced guard were half-way over the bridge and the main body just entering upon it, when a horrible burst of yell's rose in their

front, and the Indian guns blazed forth in a general discharge. Half the advanced party were shot down; the appalled survivors shrank back aghast. The confusion reached even the main body, and the whole recoiled together; but Dalzell raised his clear voice above the din, advanced to the front, rallied the men, and led them forward to the attack.

"Again the Indians poured in their volley, and again the English hesitated; but Dalzell shouted from the van, and, in the madness of mingled rage and fear, they charged at a run across the bridge and up the heights beyond. Not an Indian was there to oppose them. In vain the furious soldiers sought their enemy behind fences and intrenchments. The active savages had fled; yet still their guns flashed thick through the gloom, and their war cry rose with undiminished clamor. The English pushed forward amid the pitchy darkness, quite ignorant of their way, and soon became involved in a maze of outhouses and inclosures. At every pause they made the retiring enemy would gather to renew the attack, firing back hotly on the front and flanks. To advance further would be useless, and the only alternative was to withdraw and wait for daylight.

"Captain Grant, with his company, recrossed the bridge and took up his station on the road. The rest followed, a small party remaining to hold the enemy in check while the dead and wounded were placed on board the two bateaux, which had rowed up to the bridge during the action. The task was commenced amid a sharp fire from both sides, and before it was completed heavy volleys were heard from the rear, where Captain Grant was stationed. A great force of Indians had fired upon him from a large house and the neighboring orchards. Grant pushed up the hill and drove them from the orchards at the point of the bayonet—drove them also from the house, and, entering the latter, found two Canadians within. These men told him that the Indians were bent on cutting off the English from the fort, and that they had gone in great numbers to occupy the houses which commanded the road below.

"It was now evident that instant retreat was necessary; and the command being issued to that effect, the men fell back in marching order, and slowly began their retrograde movement. Grant was now in the van, and Dalzell at the rear. Some of the Indians followed, keeping up a scattering and distant fire; and from time to time the rear faced about, to throw back a volley of musketry at the pursuers.

"Having proceeded in this manner for half a mile, they reached a point where, close upon the right, were many barns and outhouses, with strong picket fences. Behind these, and in a newly dug cellar close at hand, lay concealed a great multitude of Indians. They suffered the advanced party to pass unmolested; but, when the center and rear came opposite their ambuscade, they raised a frightful yell, and poured a volley among them.

The men had well-nigh fallen into a panic. The river ran close on their left, and the only avenue of escape lay along the road in front. Breaking their ranks, they crowded upon one another in blind eagerness to escape the storm of bullets; and but for the presence of Dalzell, the retreat would have been turned into a flight. ‘The enemy,’ writes an officer who was in the fight, ‘marked him for his extraordinary bravery;’ and he had already received two severe wounds. Yet his exertions did not slacken for a moment. Some of the soldiers he rebuked, some he threatened, and some he beat with the flat of his sword; till at last order was partially restored, and the fire of the enemy returned with effect.

“Though it was near daybreak, the dawn was obscured by a thick fog, and little could be seen of the Indians except the incessant flashes of their guns amid the mist, while hundreds of voices, mingled in one appalling yell, confused the faculties of the men, and drowned the shout of command. The enemy had taken possession of a house, from the windows of which they fired down upon the English. Major Rogers, with some of his provincial rangers, burst the door with an ax, rushed in, and expelled them. Captain Gray was ordered to dislodge a party from behind some neighboring fences. He charged them with his company, but fell mortally wounded in the attempt. They gave way, however; and now, the fire of the Indians being much diminished, the retreat was resumed.

“No sooner had the men faced about, than the savages came darting through the mist upon their flank and rear, cutting down stragglers and scalping the fallen. At a little distance lay a sergeant helplessly wounded, raising himself on his hands, and gazing with a look of despair on his retiring comrades. The sight caught the eye of Dalzell. That gallant soldier, in the true spirit of heroism, ran out, amid the firing, to rescue the wounded man, when a shot struck him and he fell dead. Few observed his fate and none durst turn back to recover his body. The detachment pressed on, greatly harassed by the pursuing Indians. Their loss would have been much more severe, had not Major Rogers taken possession of another house, which commanded the road and covered the retreat of the party.”

This house was so large and strong that the cellar was crowded with women, who had rushed there for shelter. While the frantic men, who had swarmed after the major, were looking for refuge, they came upon a keg of whisky, of which they eagerly drank. Clothing, furniture, and indeed everything within reach, was piled against the windows to serve as a barricade, and from behind these the grimy, panting soldiers fired as they gained opportunity at the screeching assailants, who maintained an incessant fusillade.

The owner of the house, an old man, stood on a trapdoor to keep the soldiers from seeking shelter among the women in the cellar. His head

was grazed by a bullet, which buried itself in the wall, where it could be seen for many years afterward. The cursing of the men, some of whom were half drunken, the shrieks of the wounded, the smothered cries of the terrified women in the cellar, the whooping of the Indians, and the continual firing, both within and without, made up a pandemonium, amid which it was a long time before Rogers could secure a semblance of order.

Captain Grant, with the advance, had marched a half mile, when he found some defenses, where he paused to await the arrival of the center and rear. He sent men, as he could spare them, to occupy the houses below, and thus secured communication with the fort and effectually covered the retreat thither. An hour later all had arrived except Rogers and his men, who were so beset by several hundred Indians that their escape was impossible without help.

The two bateaux, having delivered their dead and wounded at the fort, now returned to a point opposite the beleaguered house, where they opened such an effective fire on the Indians that they scattered, and Rogers and his party emerging, hurried down the road to join Grant, who resumed his retreat on their arrival. Then they fell back in good order, being re-enforced in succession by the detachments left at the houses, until at last the fort was reached, and the survivors were safe.

In this bloody affray the English lost fifty-nine men, killed and wounded, that of the Indians probably being about one-third of that number. Pontiac and his horde were greatly elated by their success. The chieftain commanded at Bloody Run, the ambuscade being formed by the Ojibwas and Ottawas, though the Wyandots and Pottawatomies arrived in time to take part in the closing scenes.

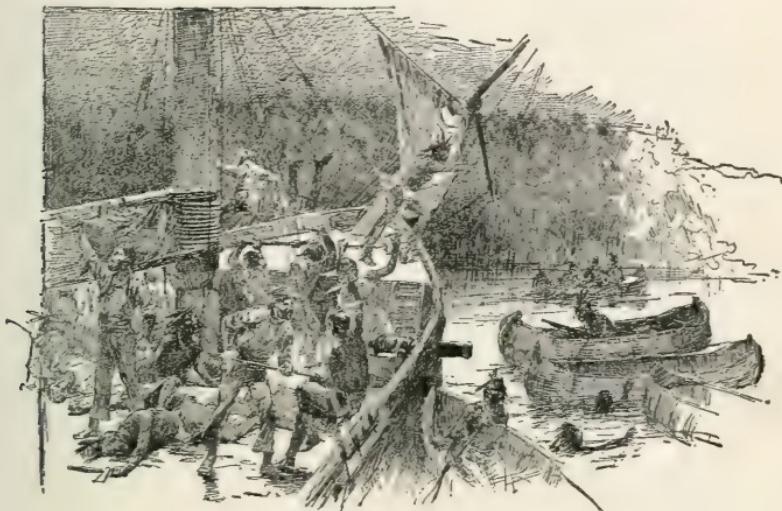
Pontiac sent out runners to make known to the neighboring tribes his great victory. Re-enforcements soon began arriving, until more than a thousand armed warriors were besieging Detroit. The English, however, were not in much fear, for the garrison had been increased, until it included more than three hundred effective men. They were well provisioned and supplied, and did not doubt that the siege would end in the discomfiture of the Indians.

The smaller schooner had been sent down to Niagara with dispatches. She was on her return with a master and crew, comprising twelve men, besides six Iroquois Indians, believed to be loyal to the English. Shortly after entering the Detroit River, the savages asked to be set ashore. The captain was thoughtless enough to grant their request, and doubtless they lost no time in hurrying to Pontiac, with news of the weakness of the vessel.

The latter moved slowly up the river until dark, when she anchored

about nine miles below the fort, the wind having fallen. The darkness was so profound that it was impossible to see the length of the vessel. The anxious crew kept unceasing watch, but their eyes were of little help amid such Egyptian gloom.

From out the impenetrable shadows along shore suddenly glided a fleet of birch canoes, containing fully three hundred and fifty warriors. They were schooled to such stealthy movements, and the listening ears of the sentinels failed to detect any sound that could give an inkling of what was



“BLOW HER UP !”

coming, though there was not one who did not feel they were in imminent peril.

All at once the dusky enemies were discerned, approaching so swiftly that there was only time to fire a single cannon shot, when they began swarming over the gunwales, holding their knives with their teeth. The crew fired their musketry as they rose to view, but without any perceptible effect. Throwing down their guns, they snatched up the hatchets and spears with which they had provided themselves, and assailed the Indians with such fury that in a few minutes they had killed twice their own number.

The redskins, however, literally overwhelmed them, bounding over the gunwales so swiftly that twice or three times the force of the crew could not have checked them. The master of the vessel was dead, others wounded, and the dusky figures came like a resistless mountain torrent.

“Blow her up !”

It was the mate who shouted this order and its effect was altogether different from what the officer anticipated. Among the assailants were a number of Wyandots, who knew enough of the English language to understand the meaning of the desperate command. They interpreted it on the instant to their companions, and in a twinkling all leaped into the water, swimming and diving frantically for shore, to escape the explosion which they believed was about to blow them all into their happy hunting grounds.

Two of the crew had been killed and four badly wounded, so that had the Indians renewed the attack, they would have had an easy task. The fighting had been of the hurricane order, for, in the few minutes that it lasted, seven Indians were killed, and twenty wounded, of whom eight were known to have died a few days later. The survivors of the crew were afterward deservedly rewarded for the bravery they displayed.

The little schooner renewed her ascent of the river the following morning and reached the fort without further molestation.

CHAPTER XI.

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY (CONTINUED)—THE FALL OF MICHILLIMACKINAC
—A TRADER'S ADVENTURES—GREEN BAY AND SAULT STE. MARIE—
LIEUTENANT GORELL'S TACT AND SUCCESS.

AT the time of Pontiac's great conspiracy, none of the British settlements extended beyond the Alleghenies. The German Flats on the Mohawk marked their extent in New York. Bedford, in Pennsylvania, was the extreme limit on the frontier, the settlements of Virginia extending to about the same distance. Through the intervening wilderness were the various military posts connecting the different points.

Parkman thus describes the country at that time: "One of the most important of these communicating lines passed through the country of the Six Nations, and guarded the route between the northern colonies and Lake Ontario. The communication was formed by the Hudson, the Mohawk, Wood Creek, the Oneida Lake, and the River Oswego. It was defended by Forts Stanwix, Brewerton, Oswego, and two or three smaller posts. Near the western extremity of Lake Ontario stood Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the river, whence it derived its name. It was a strong and extensive work, guarding the access to the whole interior country, both by way of the Oswego communication just mentioned, and by that of Canada and the St. Lawrence. From Fort Niagara the route lay by a portage past the great falls to Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, where the town of Erie now stands. Thence the traveler could pass, by a short overland passage, to Fort Le Bœuf, on a branch of the Allegheny; thence, by water, to Venango; and thence down the Allegheny to Fort Pitt. This last mentioned post stood on the present site of Pittsburgh, the point of land formed by the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela. Its position was as captivating to the eye of an artist as it was commanding in a military point of view. On the left the Monongahela descended through a woody valley of singular beauty; on the right flowed the Allegheny, beneath steep and lofty banks; and both united, in front, to form the broad Ohio, which, flanked by picturesque hills and declivities, began at this point its interminable progress toward the Mississippi. The place already had its historic associations, though, as yet, their roughness was unmellowed by the lapse of time. It was here that the French had erected Fort du Quesne. Within a few miles Braddock encountered his disastrous overthrow; and, on the hill behind the fort, Grant's Highlanders and Lewis' Virginians had

been surrounded and captured, though not without a stout resistance on the part of the latter."

Pontiac's war affected to a greater or less extent all the sections named. Reference has been made to the fall of Michillimackinac, standing on the southern shore of the Straits of Mackinaw, connecting Lakes Huron and Michigan.

Just beyond the fort, at the time mentioned, was a cluster of Canadian houses, roofed with bark and protected by strong fences of round pickets. Passing through the gate, the visitor came upon a large square area, surrounded by high palisades. A smaller square was formed within by numerous houses, barracks, and other buildings. The Jesuits had founded a mission on the spot nearly a hundred years before. The two other posts in this northern region were Green Bay and Sault Ste. Marie, each with a mission house, a fort, and a few Canadian dwellings.

Michillimackinac, more extensive than the two named, contained thirty families within the palisades of the fort and about the same number without. During the war, the settlers and garrison were cut off from the world. It will be remembered that it was a long distance to the other posts, and communication was so dangerous that many months passed without the first item of news reaching the people, and without anything being heard from them.

The Indians in the vicinity of Michillimackinac were Ojibwas and Ottawas. The principal village of the former, numbering a hundred warriors, stood on the island of Michillimakinac, or, as it is now known, Mackinaw. The same tribe had a smaller village near the head of Thunder Bay.

The Ottawas, comprising two hundred and fifty warriors, had their home some distance west of the fort, on the shore of Lake Michigan. They were more civilized than the Ojibwas, living in log houses and cultivating the ground to the extent of providing not only for their own wants, but they were able to carry on a thriving business by furnishing supplies to the garrison.

Both of these tribes hated the English, for most of them had fought on the side of the French. In the spring of 1763, Pontiac's messengers appeared among the Indians in the neighborhood and urged them to join in the war against the English. The seed thus sown fell upon soil ready for it. The warriors eagerly pledged themselves to do as the great chief-wish.

Before summer opened, news was brought that Pontiac had struck the English at Detroit, and the Ojibwas, whose numbers were much increased, determined to emulate the deeds of their brethren far to the south. Inspired by jealousy of the Ottawas, they resolved to make the attack without their aid.

The garrison at Michillimackinac at that time was composed of thirty-five men and officers. They had been warned by several Canadians of their danger, and Captain Etherington, the commandant, had been told of the scheme to destroy all the English on the Lakes. That officer was not the only person who has played the fool when placed in a similar situation. He not only refused to believe what was said, but threatened to arrest and send to Detroit the next one who alarmed the fort with such nonsense.

There was an English trader at Michillimackinac named Henry. He was uneasy because of what he saw and because of a distinct warning from a friendly Indian, who urged him to go away with him to the Sault Ste. Marie. But Henry admitted that he shared the infatuation of Captain Etherington, and paid no attention to the well-meant counsel of his friend.

On the morning of the 4th of June, a number of Indians came into the fort and invited the officers and soldiers to witness a game of ball between the Ojibwas and Sacs, the warriors of which tribe had only lately arrived. This contest was not what is known to-day as base ball, but approached more nearly that other lusty amusement—so conducive to broken heads and arms—called football. The Indians struggled for the fun of the thing, and without any special ambition to fly the championship pennant.

The day was warm and sultry. The invitation was accepted, for at those remote stations in the wilderness anything in the nature of entertainment was welcome. The gates were left wide open, and the soldiers gathered under the shadow of the palisades to watch the play. Few of the soldiers carried weapons, and mingling with them were many Canadians, while numerous squaws, wrapped in blankets, moved here and there in the crowd.

Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie stood near the gate and showed their interest in the game by good-natured betting. The amusement is known to the Ojibwas as *baggattaway*. Each player uses a bat, with which to drive the ball toward a pole erected at the further extremity of the grounds. His opponent makes equally strenuous effort to force the sphere to a similar pole at the other limit. The struggle was exciting to the highest degree. The players shouted, tumbled over each other, struck furiously and wrangled as though the life of each was at stake.

Suddenly, from the midst of this fierce swarm of desperately earnest players, the ball shot up in the air as if from the mouth of a mortar, and, curving over, dropped near the pickets of the fort. It looked like a chance shot, and so all the spectators believed it to be, but instead of that, it was the preconcerted signal for the massacre of the English garrison.

The swarm of players ran like so many wild deer in pursuit of the ball. At the moment of reaching it, the shouts turned into blood-curdling war whoops. The waiting squaws whipped out their hatchets from under their blankets, passed them to the warriors, and in an instant pandemonium reigned. Some of the savages assailed the spectators outside the stockades, while others rushed into the fort and struck right and left at their victims there.

Before Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie comprehended what was going on, they were seized and hurried into the woods. The trader Henry, already referred to, has left behind a graphic account of his remarkable experience. Wishing to prepare some letters, he did not attend the ball game. He was writing, when he heard the war cry and sounds of confusion. Springing from his chair, he hurried to the window, where he saw the Indians within the fort cutting down and scalping every Englishman in sight.

Henry seized a fowling piece charged with bird shot and waited several minutes, expecting to hear the drum beat to arms. During this trying interval, he saw more than one of his countrymen struggling between the knees of an Indian, who, holding him in this manner, scalped him while he was yet living.

Seeing that no resistance was to be made against the savages, and conscious of his own peril, Henry cast about for some means of saving himself. It did not escape his notice that many of the Canadian inhabitants stood calmly watching the massacre, taking no part and receiving no harm from the Indians. This suggested to the trader that possibly he might find refuge in one of their houses.

Between the rear of his own house and that of his next neighbor, who was a Canadian, was only a low fence, over which he hastily climbed. On entering, he saw the whole family at the front windows attentively observing the slaughter. Henry at once appealed to the head of the house, begging him to give him hiding until the massacre was over, for, if he did so, there was hope of the suppliant's life being saved.

The Canadian looked around, shrugged his shoulders, and replied he could do nothing for him. Then he faced the other way again and gave his attention to the horrifying scene going on in front of his house.

The poor fellow was in despair, but the next moment, a servant, a Pani (Pawnee) woman beckoned to him to follow her. She conducted him to a door and whispered:

"That leads to the garret; hide yourself there."

He could only murmur his gratitude, while she hurried him up the steps, following and not only closing the door behind him, but locking it and taking the key.

Safe for the moment, the trader hunted around for a small opening, through which he peered out upon the most appalling scene he had ever beheld. The sights which met his gaze were too horrible to be told. It was hard to believe that human beings could be transformed into such fiends, as were those who reveled in the slaying of the hapless soldiers of the fort.

It was only a few minutes before the cry was heard from the leading actors in this awful tragedy that their work was done. They were sorry that no more victims were left, so far as they knew, and looking eagerly



"THAT LEADS TO THE GARRET; HIDE YOURSELF THERE."

around in the hope, perchance, of catching sight of some poor fugitive cowering under partial shelter.

Perhaps the feelings of the trader in the garret may be imagined, when he heard a number of Indians enter the house in which he had taken refuge. The floor of the garret was the ceiling of the lower room, the boards being so thin, that he heard every word spoken.

The first inquiry of the Indians was whether there was any Englishman in the house. The owner answered that he did not know of any, and therein spoke the truth, for, in his absorption in the massacre, he had not noticed the action of the servant and the fugitive, and the woman kept the secret. The Canadian added that his visitors were welcome to search, and led them to the door of the stairs.

The absence of the key caused a slight delay, during which the trader looked around for some additional means of concealment. In one corner lay a heap of vessels, such as are used in making maple sugar. He crept into an opening, back and below this pile, having just time to do so, as he heard the feet of the Indians ascending the stairs.

Four warriors, armed with tomahawks and dripping with the blood of their numerous victims, entered the room. They walked about, looking here, there, and everywhere. The corner in which the fugitive was crouching was so far from the windows that it was in partial obscurity, and his clothing was of nearly the same color as the wooden implements that gave him shelter. His fear was that the beating of his heart would betray him, but he was not discovered. The visitors descended the steps, and the door was closed once more upon him, who ventured to breathe freely, though he could not believe that he would be spared much longer.

He was prostrated by the strain to which he had been subjected, and, throwing himself upon a feather bed on the floor, quickly fell asleep. He did not wake until he heard the door again opened. His visitor this time was the mistress of the house, who showed her astonishment when Henry raised his head and addressed her. She told him she thought the danger was over, and as long as he kept himself in hiding he was safe.

It was raining, and she had come up to stop a hole in the roof. At the request of the trader, who was suffering from the heat, she brought him a cup of water, and he dropped back again on the hot feather bed.

Lying thus, he naturally fell to speculating as to the possibility of escape. The first thought was that of flight to Detroit. But that post was four hundred miles away, and, to reach it, he must pass through a stretch of wilderness, where all the inhabitants were thirsting for the blood of his countrymen. He was without provisions and weapons with which to shoot game. There was no hope in that direction, while to stay where he was must inevitably result in discovery. With the great question unsolved, he once more fell asleep.

It was daylight when he was awakened by the sounds of the family stirring below. A few minutes later the voices of Indians were heard. They said that careful search had been made for the English trader, but his body had not been found, and it was certain, therefore, that he was hiding somewhere. The wife had told her husband about the poor fellow upstairs, and she now declared in French that she would not permit him to stay any longer in the house. The Indians were sure to discover him ere long, and would revenge themselves upon some members of the family.

The husband at first would not agree with her, but finally he came to her way of thinking. He told the Indians that he had learned that the trader was really in the house, but he had come there without his knowl-

edge, and he would deliver him into their hands. At the same time, he opened the door and led the way upstairs, they following at his heels.

Feeling that it was useless to try further to hide himself, Henry rose from the bed on which he lay, and stood up in full view of the Indians, as they entered the room. They were all under the influence of liquor, and uttered ejaculations of pleasure at finding their victim. One of them, a giant in stature, whose face was hideously painted, grasped Henry with one hand by the collar of his coat, and raised a huge knife to plunge it into his breast.

Holding his helpless victim thus for a few moments, all the while looking steadily into his eyes, he abruptly released him with the remark that he would not kill him. He had already secured many English scalps, but he had lost a brother, who resembled the white man in features. He would, therefore, spare the prisoner, and call him after the dead relative.

This altogether unexpected reprieve gave Henry another thrill of hope. But it almost departed, when he was ordered to go downstairs, to the Indian's cabin, where most of the other savages were gathered, and were so wild with liquor that they would be sure to fall upon the prisoner when he came in sight. Henry begged the Frenchman to represent this peril to his new brother, and he did so with such effect that he told the trader he might stay where he was until he came for him.

The Indian had not gone an hour, when another came to the house and ordered Henry to follow him to the Ojibwa camp. Henry recognized this savage as a debtor to him. Only a short time before, when asked by the trader to pay him, he made answer that he would do so very soon. The significance of this reply was now apparent, but the captive had no choice except to obey.

His captor led the way out of the gate, but, instead of going toward the camp, he walked rapidly in the direction of the sand hills and bushes behind the fort. Henry stopped short and refused to go further, saying that he knew the Ojibwa meant to kill him. The Indian admitted that such was his intention, and, seizing hold of one arm, raised his knife to bury it in his body. Henry warded off the blow, wrenched himself loose, and ran for life.

He reached the gate of the fort, and seeing the other Indian who spared him because of his resemblance to his brother, ran to him, and begged protection. The large warrior ordered the other to desist, but he was so infuriated that he kept up the pursuit, striking continually at the fugitive, who dodged through the door of the Frenchman's house, where he had first received shelter, skurried upstairs, and flung himself on the bed again, with the conviction that it was in the power of no Indian to harm him.

In the night, he was startled from sleep by the opening of the door and the entrance of several parties bearing a light. To his astonishment and joy, he saw in the room Captain Etherington, Lieutenant Leslie, a trader, and a Jesuit priest. They told him that the Indians had arranged for a deep debauch on the liquor they had obtained, and, knowing the danger to which the captives would be exposed during these revels, had placed them all in the fort in charge of the Canadians. The number that had thus escaped the massacre numbered only about twenty.

An earnest debate was now held among the prisoners. Most of them believed they could turn the tables on their captors. They were really in possession of the fort, the Indians having neglected to place even a guard within the palisades. They were crazy with liquor. It was an easy matter to close the gates and set the Indians at defiance.

This scheme, desperate, but not without a prospect of success, would have been attempted, but for the priest, who showed himself a true friend throughout all the occurrences. He was certain the Canadians would prove treacherous, in which event nothing could save the life of a single Englishman. His views prevailed and the scheme was given over.

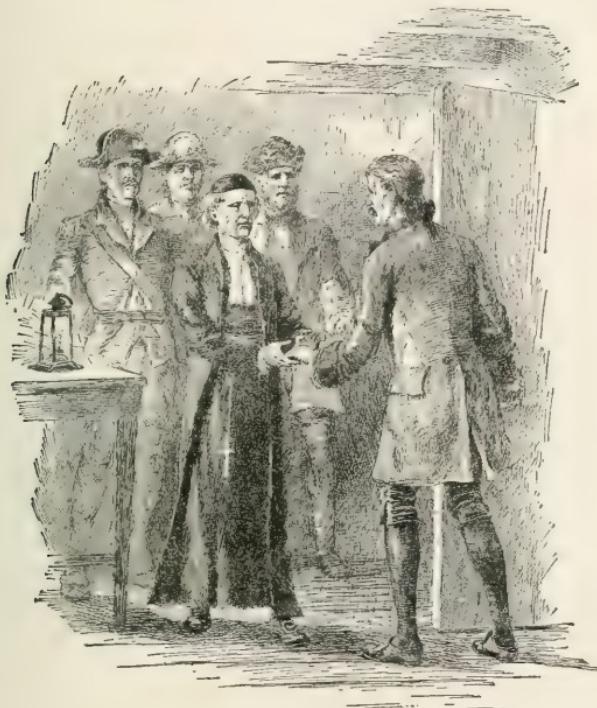
In the morning, a party of Indians came to the house and ordered Henry to follow them. The weather had now changed, and a cold storm set in. He was led to a dwelling where he found two traders and a soldier imprisoned. They were released and directed to follow the party, who were embarked in a canoe, guarded by seven Indians, the soldier being tied by the neck to the cross bars of the boat.

Through the cold dismal storm, the canoe progressed for eighteen miles, keeping close to land, when a hundred Ottawas suddenly rushed from the woods and took possession of the boat and prisoners, whom they brought ashore.

This curious act was prompted by jealousy of the Ojibwas, because they had captured the fort without giving the Ottawas a chance to share in the plunder. They were not so friendly as they professed to be to the white men. They told the latter that the Ojibwas intended to kill and eat them. The captives were then placed in an Ottawa canoe and carried back to Michillimackinac, where the angry Ottawas filed into the fort and took possession of it.

On the morning after their arrival, the Ojibwas made overtures to their rivals, gave them a portion of their plunder, and, in the course of the following day, the quarrel was settled. The Ottawas returned some of their prisoners, still retaining the officers and several of the soldiers, who were kindly treated, due mainly to the influence of the priest, who, as stated elsewhere, bore a letter to Detroit, from Captain Etherington, making known to Major Gladwyn all that had occurred.

The captives were still in great peril, but Henry seemed fated to undergo a series of marvelous escapes from dangers, such as would have caused despair in the heart of anyone. At the moment when his fate hung trembling in the balance, his old friend who had adopted him as a brother, appeared and plead that he should be given to him. As the Ojibwa was a valiant warrior, that had rendered good service to his people, his request



THE WARNING OF THE JESUIT PRIEST.

was granted, the savage was allowed to take him to his lodge, where he received kind treatment.

One day, while lying on his bed of furs in his new home, a loud noise caused him to peer through a crevice, when he saw the dead bodies of seven soldiers dragged out. A famous war chief, lately arrived, being anxious to attest his approval of what had been done, he entered the lodge where the prisoners were confined and deliberately dispatched seven of them.

By and by, the Indians were frightened by a fear of the consequences of their deeds. Rumors came of a powerful English force on its way to punish them for the massacre. Most of the warriors embarked in their canoes, with their families, and sought a more secure place against attack.

They fixed upon the island of Michillimackinac, eight miles away, where they landed and hastily threw up some rude fortifications.

The next day messengers arrived from Pontiac, urging them to go to his aid in the siege of Detroit. But the recipients of this request were less ardent than they had been. They thought more of their own safety than of aiding even so mighty a chieftain as Pontiac. None, therefore, went to Detroit.

Food soon became so scarce among the Indians that they were forced to cross to the northern shore of Lake Huron, where they stayed until the end of summer. Then they gradually dispersed, each family going to its winter hunting grounds. Henry, dressed and painted like an Indian, remained with his new brother through the dismal season, apparently as much of a savage as those among whom he was living.

Mention has been made of the smaller posts of Green Bay and Sault Ste. Marie. The latter was so injured by an accidental fire during the preceding winter that it was abandoned, the garrison withdrawing to Michillimackinac, where most of them perished in the massacre. Green Bay received an English garrison in 1761, consisting of seventeen men commanded by Lieutenant Gorell.

This young officer displayed admirable tact in his intercourse with the Indians. His task was most difficult, for he was surrounded by powerful tribes. The Menomonies dwelt close to the fort, at the mouth of Fox River; the Winnebagoes occupied several villages on the lake named for them; the Sacs and Foxes were on the Wisconsin River, while west of the Mississippi were the restless Sioux, who, it was claimed, could put thirty thousand braves on the warpath.

As representative of the British government, the commandant at Green Bay was in communication with all these tribes. He had power to regulate the fur trade, and must so conduct affairs as to preserve peace with these mighty forces of the wilderness, before whose wrath he and his handful of men would have been but as thistle down in the hurricane.

Gorell did his part, as we have said, with remarkable tact and success. He secured the friendship of the Menomonies, and his treatment of them produced a beneficial effect on the other tribes.

On the fifteenth of June, an Ottawa runner brought to Gorell a letter from Captain Etherington, informing him of the capture of that post eleven days before, and ordering him to bring his garrison and all the English traders he might have with him, to Michillimackinac.

On receipt of the letter, Gorell called the Menomonies to council, told them what the Ojibwas had done, and said that he and his soldiers were going to Michillimackinac to restore order. During their absence, he would commit the fort at Green Bay to their care.

The same words were uttered to the Winnebagoes, Sacs, and Foxes; but, though the majority were friendly to the whites, a considerable number were inclined to prevent their departure. At this critical juncture, a fortunate thing occurred. A Sioux chief presented himself and said that he had heard of the bad things done by the Ojibwas; he hoped the tribes at Green Bay would not follow their evil example, but protect the English garrison. To emphasize the views of his tribe in that respect, he told his brethren that if they didn't do so, the Sioux would swoop down on them and teach them a lesson they would never forget.

This opportune interference was not prompted by any love for the English, but rather by hatred of the Ojibwas. The Sioux made it an article of their faith never to take the same side of a dispute with the detested Ojibwas.

To prove their good will toward the white men, a number of the Indians offered to escort the English garrison on its way. On the 21st of June, Lieutenant Gorell set out, he and his men embarking in several bateaux, escorted by ninety Indians in canoes.

At the Ottawa village were found Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie, with eleven men, still prisoners, though kindly treated. The Ottawas wished to disarm Gorell and his party, but the young officer, in his impressive way, notified them that he would not submit to anything of the kind, and the attempt was not made.

After considerable parleying, the Ottawas released their prisoners, and the whole party arrived in Montreal on the thirteenth of August.

The trader named Henry, a portion of whose interesting adventures we have told, eventually found his way to the same city, where it is known he was living nearly fifty years after the massacre at Michillimackinac.

With the single exception of Detroit, not a British garrison now was left in the region of the Lakes.

CHAPTER XII.

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY (CONTINUED)—THE OLD FRONTIERS—INDIAN OUT-RAGES—FORT PITT—SINGULAR ESCAPE OF THE GARRISON OF FORT LE BŒUF—THRILLING INCIDENTS—BOUQUET'S EXPEDITION—THE BATTLE OF BUSHY RUN.

FORT PITT was built by General Stanwix in 1759, on the ruins of Fort Du Quesne. So remote was it in the dismal forest that it stood two hundred miles in advance of the eastern settlements. Two roads led from the fort to the latter, one cut by General Braddock on his fatal march across the mountains from Cumberland, while the other, passing Carlisle and Bedford, was the most frequented, and was made by General Forbes in 1758. Following the latter route eastward from Fort Pitt, a journey slightly greater than fifty miles brought one to the little post of Ligonier, which was somewhat more than half the distance of Fort Bedford from Fort Pitt. A hundred miles further east lay Carlisle, and then the cabins of the settlers began to appear more frequently. The Virginian frontiers bore a general resemblance to those of Pennsylvania.

As night was closing in, on the 27th of May, 1763, the garrison at Fort Pitt observed a party of Indians descending the banks of the Allegheny, with heavily loaded pack horses. They camped on the shore until the following morning, when they came over to the fort with a valuable lot of furs, which they exchanged for bullets, hatchets, and gunpowder. Their conduct was so peculiar that it was believed they came as spies or with some sinister design.

Shortly after their departure, news was brought to the fort that Colonel Clapham, and a number of men and women, had been killed and scalped near the fort, while an Indian town a short way up the Allegheny had been abandoned, as though the warriors were bent on mischief. A horseman was sent out to warn the little garrison at Venango, but hurriedly returned, having been fired on and badly wounded. A trader from the Indian village of Tuscaroras brought still more startling news. On the night of the 27th, several Indians had called at his cabin and begged him to leave at once, as they did not wish to see him murdered. They told him the Ottawas and Ojibwas had taken up the hatchet and captured Detroit, Sandusky, and all the forts in the interior. The Delawares and Shawanoes were doing the same, and were murdering all the whites within reach.

The trader and the thirteen men in his employ were greatly fright-

ened, and made haste to leave. The Indians required them to give up their guns, but furnished three warriors to guide them to Fort Pitt. These guides led them into an ambuscade, from which only the employer and two of his men emerged alive. It is stated that more than a hundred traders were murdered by the Indians.

The different forts were quick to take alarm, and made every possible preparation for attack. Fort Pitt was a strong defense, and was commanded by Captain Ecuyer, who had full confidence in his garrison of 330 soldiers, traders, and backwoodsmen. With these were about the same number of women and children, most of them belonging to the families of the settlers.

The Indians showed little concert in their movement against the settlements. No Pontiac was there; the outburst seemed to be the irrestrainable eagerness of the "young bucks" to go on the warpath. They kept things in an uncomfortable state for a time, so that it was dangerous for anyone to show his head above the rampart. On the afternoon of June 22d, a party drove off the horses grazing near the post and killed the cattle. A fire was opened on the fort, and two men killed. The garrison sent some shells among the Indians, who scattered in consternation.

The following morning, a number of warriors approached the fort, and pausing near the ditch, one of them addressed the garrison:

"My brothers, we that stand here are your friends; but we have bad news to tell you. Six great nations of Indians have taken up the hatchet and cut off all the English garrisons excepting yours. They are now on their way to destroy you, also."

"My brothers, we are your friends, and we wish to save your lives. What we desire you to do is this: You must leave this fort, with all your women and children, and go down to the English settlements, where you will be safe. There are many bad Indians already here; but we will protect you from them. You must go at once, because if you wait till the six great nations arrive here, you will all be killed, and we can do nothing to protect you."

Captain Ecuyer was not frightened by this threat. When it came to "drawing the long bow," in the way of story telling, he could do his part well.

"My brothers," said he solemnly, "we are very grateful for your kindness, though we are convinced you must be mistaken in what you have told us about the forts being captured. As for ourselves, we have plenty of provisions and we are able to keep the fort against all the nations of Indians that may dare to attack it. We are very well off in this place and mean to stay here."

"My brothers, as you have shown yourselves such true friends, we feel

bound in gratitude to inform you that an army of six thousand English will shortly arrive here, and that another army of three thousand is gone up the Lakes, to punish the Ottawas and Ojibwas. A third has gone to the frontiers of Virginia, where they will be joined by your enemies, the Cherokees and Catawbas, who are coming here to destroy you. Therefore, take pity on your women and children, and get out of the way as soon as possible. We have told you this in confidence, out of our great solicitude lest any of you should be hurt; and we hope you will not tell the other Indians, lest they should escape from our vengeance."

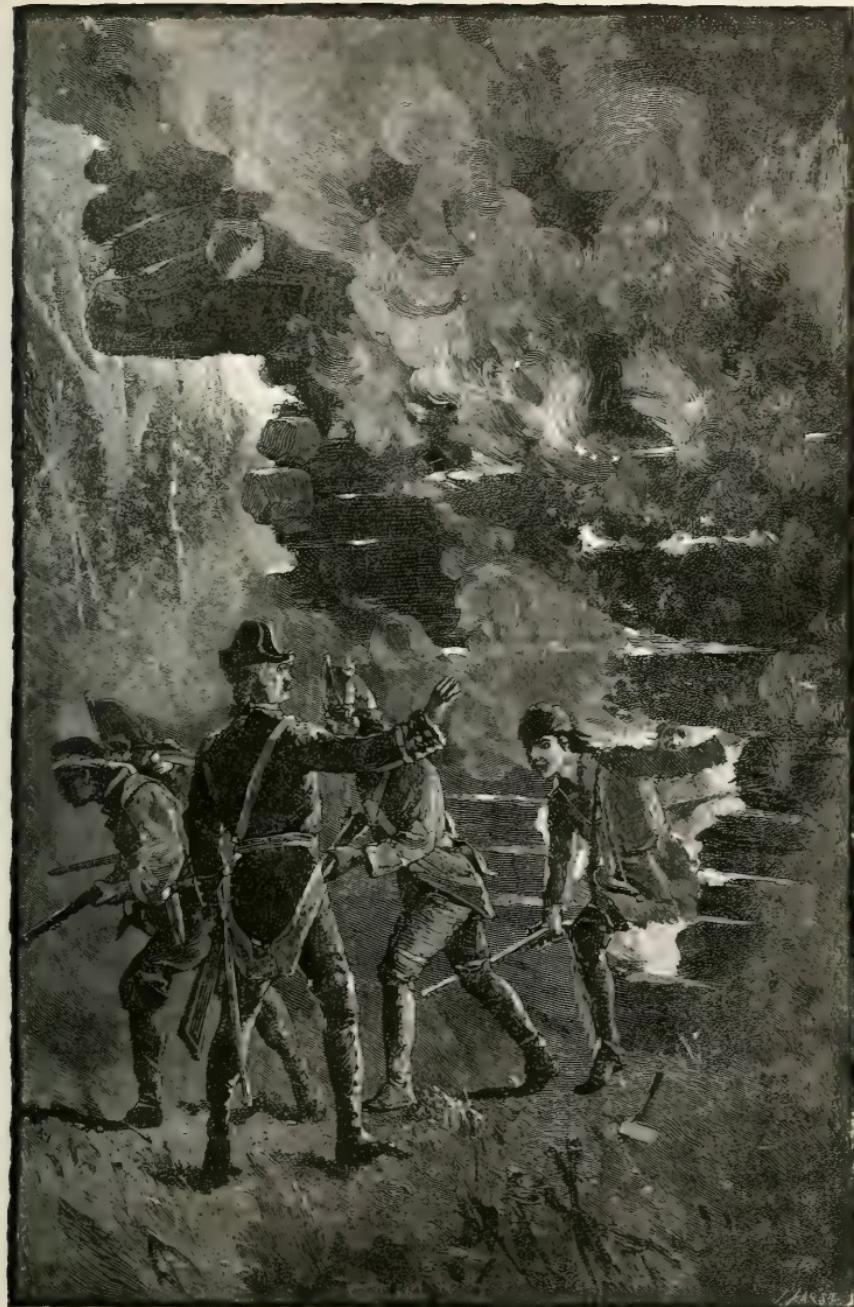
This announcement fairly took away the breath of the Indians. They looked at each other in silence and then turned about and walked off. Not only that, but they were so scared that they made haste to meet a large body of warriors advancing from the westward to attack the fort, and warned them to get out of the path of those terrible armies that were marching thither.

A few days later, one of the escaped soldiers from Presque Isle arrived with an exaggerated account of the capture of that post. He believed every one except himself had been killed. On his way he passed the ruins of the little forts of Le Bœuf and Venango. They were burned to the ground and he supposed none of the garrisons had escaped, but fortunately this was a mistake, for a few hours later, Ensign Price, the officer commanding at Le Bœuf, arrived with seven gaunt, famishing soldiers. He reported that on the evening of the 18th the single blockhouse was surrounded by an overwhelming number of Indians, who, despite everything the garrison could do, set fire to the building and eagerly awaited the appearance of the suffocating soldiers to put them to the tomahawk.

In desperation, Price and his men hewed a hole through the massive timbers at the rear of the blockhouse, and stole out into the woods, without a single person being detected. Expecting pursuit, they pushed on through the rest of the night, the following day, and until next midnight, when they came upon the ruins of Fort Venango, all of whose garrison had been massacred.

Six of the fugitives were so worn out that they were left behind in the woods, and the rest pushed on to Fort Pitt. One of those present at Venango afterward told Sir William Johnson that a party of Senecas gained entrance through a pretense of friendship, then closed the gates, overcame the garrison, massacred all except Lieutenant Gordon, whom they tortured over a slow fire for several nights until he expired. Then they set fire to the place and left.

Captain Ecuyer was too wise to repeat the blunder of so many of his associates. He drilled his men, strengthened his defenses, and maintained an unremitting watch for the attack that was liable to be made at any hour.



HEWING THE WAY TO FREEDOM.

In the latter part of July, a party of distinguished chiefs asked for and obtained admission. They repeated a boasting message, received from Pontiac, and warned the commandant that he must withdraw from the country to save himself and men from massacre. Of course, he refused, in terms which could not be mistaken. He told the chiefs he despised the Ottawas, and was surprised that the Delawares, to whom his visitors belonged, should dare bring such a message. The captain advised them to go home and take care of their families, and said if they showed themselves about the fort again, he would send a goodly number of bomb shells among them, and they would be pretty sure to suffer. They departed in a wrathful mood.

That night they surrounded the fort, many digging holes in the banks along the rivers running near, where they sheltered themselves from the fire of the garrison, while they sent a bullet or arrow whenever a target presented itself. Repeated attempts were made to burn the buildings by means of blazing missiles, and the timbers were often set on fire, but in every instance the flames were extinguished before doing much harm. One white man was killed and several wounded. Among the latter was Captain Ecuyer, whose leg was pierced by an arrow.

By this time, it may be said that the western frontiers of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland were afame. The machinations of Pontiac bore their fruit, and everywhere the painted savages were destroying harvests and slaughtering men, women, and children. Those of the pioneers that were wise in time, flocked to the forts and settlements, hurrying night and day to escape the merciless pursuers, who hung to their trail as long as there was a chance of securing a scalp. Carlisle and the other border towns swarmed with wretched fugitives, bringing with them such tales that the cheeks of the bravest men paled with horror.

The strong parties of borderers sent out to investigate some of these stories found them fully confirmed. The houses were smouldering ruins. Among the ashes would probably be found a horribly burned and scalped settler, still alive, but beyond help. It was asserted that a thousand families were driven from their homes, and, unless something was speedily done to check the havoc, the western part of Pennsylvania would be deserted.

At the same period, the settlers in the Mohawk Valley and some parts of the Hudson were threatened with destruction. Sir William Johnson held the powerful Six Nations neutral. Had those fierce hordes plunged into the general Indian war, the consequences would have been appalling to the last degree. As it was, the Senecas and a few of the Cayugas were the only members of the confederacy involved.

When Sir Jeffrey Amherst heard of the continued siege of Detroit, and

learned of the fall of one post after another before the savages, he was compelled to face the alarming truth that the Indians had risen in a general insurrection. The vast regions won from the French must be conquered a second time. While France was transferring the prize to England, the dusky hand reached out and snatched it away. The bloody fingers closed rigidly around the trophy and refused to be pried apart, except by the bayonets of the English.

But soldiers were scarce at the close of the French and Indian war. Such as could be collected were placed with the best judgment. A small re-enforcement was thrown into Niagara, and Captain Dalzell reached Detroit with an excellent body of men. The particulars of his disastrous night attack on Pontiac's camp has been given elsewhere.

An expedition had to be sent with supplies to Fort Pitt, for, despite the bold front assumed by Captain Ecuyer in his interviews with the Indians, his provisions were at a low ebb, and it was imperatively necessary that he should receive succor without delay. Accordingly, with the first news of hostilities, Colonel Bouquet, commanding at Philadelphia, was ordered to assemble as large a force as possible and cross the Alleghenies with a convoy of ammunition and provision. By great effort, five hundred men were collected for the service. Agents were sent to the frontier towns to gather horses, wagons, and supplies, and Bouquet following, reached Carlisle in the beginning of July.

The town was in a panic. Every house, barn, and hovel, was crowded with terrified fugitives from the wilderness. Their grawsome tales of the crimes of the dusky hordes filled the air, and among many, the belief was strong that the Indians would attack Carlisle itself. The general opinion, however, was that they would not venture thus far east, and that the fugitives were removed from danger.

On Sunday, the 3d of July, a soldier, riding express from Fort Pitt, galloped into town, and leaped from his horse to water him at the well in the center of the place. The people crowded around him to learn the news.

"News!" he repeated, as he remounted, to ride to the camp of Bouquet, "Presque Isle, Le Bœuf, and Venango have been captured by the Indians, and they will soon be here."

The people were thrown into consternation. Runners were sent out to warn the settlers that had not yet come in, and the scenes of horror on which they gazed made strong men faint. Those who were given time to flee, came panting into Carlisle not certain that they were safe even there.

Six men, gathered to reap the harvest, were seated at dinner at the house of a settler on the Juniata. While chatting and eating, the door

was suddenly burst in, and a party of Indians fired among them and beat down the survivors with the butts of their rifles. One of the young men sprang from his seat, seized a gun in the corner, and fired it into the breast of a warrior rushing upon him, leaped through an open window, and sped through the woods.

He was unusually fleet-footed, and reached a small settlement, where he told his story. It so impressed his hearers that a dozen young men volunteered to cross the mountain and warn the inhabitants of the neighboring Tuscarora valley. Entering the place, they found the destroyers had been there before them. Several houses were in flames, and the dead every-



"THE INDIANS WILL SOON BE HERE."

where. The party formed the perilous resolve of following the trail, which led through a deep pass of the Tuscarora.

Sad to say, the brave men were ambushed, and at the first fire five of their number dropped dead. The survivors paused long enough to discharge a wild volley, when they ran for life.

One of the fugitives, as he dashed through the bushes and undergrowth, heard a warrior at his heels. The young man poured a lot of powder down his gun barrel, flung in a bullet after it, and, without attempting to use the ram-rod, wheeled and let fly. The savage was almost touching the muzzle of the weapon, and dropped dead.

Not knowing how near other Indians were, the fugitive resumed his

flight, but a moment later heard some person call him by name. Turning to the spot, he found one of his comrades mortally wounded.

"Take my weapon," he said feebly, "and kill every Indian you can with it."

The friend accepted the gun, bade his comrade good-by, and managed to reach Carlisle. There his story caused such rage that several parties started out on a scalp-hunt and brought back a number of trophies.

Bouquet's march to Fort Pitt was delayed because of the general dismay along the border. His agents could not collect the supplies he needed, and he was so touched by the sufferings of the refugees, huddled in and around Carlisle, that he impoverished himself and men in relieving their wants. He accordingly applied to the settlements further eastward. Having at last secured his supplies, he started on his expedition, which a majority of his friends were certain would meet the same fate that overwhelmed Braddock, though Bouquet was one of the most competent officers ever placed in command of such an expedition. He was thoroughly brave, knew the Indian character intimately, and was held in the highest regard throughout the provinces.

Following up the beautiful Cumberland Valley, the troops reached Shippensburg, twenty miles away, where were found scores of starving fugitives, whom it was necessary to assist. Knowing the danger of Fort Ligonier, Bouquet sent thirty of his best men in advance, and they arrived in time to insure the safety of the post.

Advancing with characteristic caution, Bouquet reached Fort Bedford, which had been beleaguered for weeks by the Indians. He remained there several days, and, resuming his march on the 28th of July, was soon beyond signs of civilization, at Fort Ligonier, some fifty miles away. There he decided to leave the wagons and oxen behind, because they must prove cumbrous in the event of an attack by their enemies, who were swarming around them.

The small army, taking with them three hundred and fifty pack horses and a few cattle, camped at night near Ligonier. Not far off were the dangerous defiles of Turtle Creek, which offered so inviting an ambuscade that Bouquet decided to march the next day to Bushy Run, stay there till night, and then, by a forced march, cross Turtle Creek in the darkness.

Early in the afternoon of the following day, when within a half mile of Bushy Run, hot firing from the front told that the advanced guard was attacked. The two leading companies were sent forward to its support, but the firing became more rapid. Then the convoy was halted, the troops formed into line, and a general charge ordered. The screeching redskins were swept out of the path at the point of the bayonet.

At the moment when success seemed assured, the flanks were assailed, and the sounds from the rear showed that the convoy was also attacked. Hurling off their assailants, the soldiers formed a circle about the terrified horses. It was a trying movement, made under such a galling fire, but it was accomplished with perfect steadiness, under the direction of the cool-headed Bouquet himself, whose example was worth a regiment of men.

For seven hours this circle of troops withstood an attack that ordinarily would have stampeded three times their number. Here, there, everywhere, and on all sides in succession, the Indians rushed up with their yells and poured in their hot fire, desperately striving to break the circle. The



COLONEL BOUQUET WRITING WHAT HE BELIEVED TO
BE HIS LAST DISPATCH.

soldiers gave them volley for volley, and repeatedly followed it up with a bayonet charge, during which many a miscreant was spitted. Darkness finally put an end to the desperate struggle.

The situation of Bouquet and his little army was almost hopeless. Sixty soldiers, besides a number of officers, had been killed or disabled. With the woods alive with Indians, it was impossible to change the ground, and the troops were obliged to encamp upon the hill where the fight had taken place, and where it was impossible, on this hot summer night, to obtain a drop of water. Sentinels were stationed, and every preparation made to resist a night attack. Then Colonel Bouquet wrote a dispatch to Sir Jeffrey Amherst, relating all that had occurred, making wise suggestions

to Amherst, and, at the conclusion of his letter, calmly expressed his conviction that neither he nor one of his command would survive the conflict that was certain to open at daylight.

There were the best of reasons for this belief, for, during the night, the Indians were largely re-enforced, and at dawn of day renewed the attack with irrestrainable ferocity. Watching the fearful scene, Bouquet saw that it was simply a question of how long it would be before the Indians shot the last man. They had completely surrounded him, so that not the slightest opening for escape presented itself. They far outnumbered the soldiers and were invisible. In fact, the battle, if it may be called that, was an ideal one from an Indian point of view, for the savages could slaughter the whites, with no danger to themselves.

The soldiers were eager to charge their assailants, but it was useless, for, before reaching them they scattered like so many quail. A repetition of the Braddock massacre looked inevitable.

Bouquet ordered two companies of light infantry to fall back into the circle, which was the central point of defense. The troops opened on the right and left to receive them, and then closed up on the rear, as if to protect the retreat of the inner circle. Two other companies quickly drew up, as if to assist in the retreat. Fearing that their victims were about to escape, the Indians poured out of the woods in solid masses, and with wild shouts rushed after the soldiers.

This was precisely the thing for which Bouquet had maneuvered. He wanted to get his assailants where he could strike them. He succeeded in doing so and then he "made the fur fly."

Placing his troops with admirable skill, he launched a portion against the savages, using bullet and bayonet with resistless effect. Those that were not killed, fled in terror. As the Indian horde wheeled to run, two other companies assailed their flanks, and the bayonet thrusts were more terrific than ever. Rushing headlong toward the only point that promised escape, they ran directly against the remaining soldiers.

In truth, Bouquet had reversed the respective situations. It was the Indians who were now surrounded and they received one of the bitterest lessons ever taught to them. With the same generalship he had displayed from the first, Bouquet followed up the attack, utterly routing the Indians. They fled in the wildest panic, leaving sixty dead on the ground, including a number of prominent chiefs, not to mention the bodies that were carried away.

But the white men paid dearly for their victory, owing to the exposed situation they were obliged to hold for a long time. Eight officers and one hundred and fifteen men made up the frightful total.

Bouquet reached Fort Pitt on the 10th of August, where, as may be

believed, he received a joyous welcome. The garrison knew that he would do everything in his power for their relief, and they knew, too, the skill and valiant character of the officer. They were full of gloomy forebodings, however, for they were aware that the Indians besieging the fort had withdrawn and started eastward with the purpose of cutting off Colonel Bouquet and his brave little band. As the time passed without anything being heard of them, and with the same ominous stillness brooding through the surrounding woods, their fears grew into the belief that their friends had been ambushed and massacred, like many others under similar circumstances. The garrison listened for the triumphant shouts of the returning conquerors, whom they expected to see swarming back to the fort, there to complete their work. The joy, therefore, of Captain Ecuyer and his comrades may be imagined when, instead of their dreaded enemies, Colonel Bouquet and his soldiers filed out of the forest and marched into the fort.

Colonel Bouquet's victory caused joy throughout the provinces. The Pennsylvania assembly passed a vote of thanks, and, ere long, he received the additional honor of the formal thanks of the king. No one could envy the hero the honors he had won by his successful relief of Fort Pitt.

CHAPTER XIII.

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY (CONTINUED)—THE SIEGE OF DETROIT—DISCOURAGEMENT OF THE INDIANS—DISASTER TO MAJOR WILKINS' EXPEDITION—COLONEL BRADSTREET OUTWITTED—DEPARTURE OF PONTIAC—COLONEL BOUQUET'S BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

HAVING given a faint picture of the devastation that reigned along the frontier, we return to Pontiac and the siege of Detroit, which had now lasted from May until September.

Such pertinacity was unexampled on the part of the red men, who have their own ideas of conducting military operations. When a brief time passes without bringing success, they generally make a change of tactics.

It was impossible for Pontiac to keep his warriors keyed up to the desired pitch. They grew tired of constant waiting without substantial results. News reached them that Major Wilkins was on his way to Detroit with a large force. They were running short of ammunition, and the dullest of them could not fail to see the hopelessness of the siege. The majority concluded that the wiser course was to pretend to make peace, go to their wintering grounds, and renew the war in the spring.

In a line with this policy, the leading chief of the Mississaugas, a branch of the Ojibwas, came to the fort on the 12th of October, with the pipe of peace. His first announcement was the astounding one that he and his people had always been good friends of the English and always wanted to be. They were anxious to conclude a permanent peace.

The dusky orator added that he had been sent as a deputy by the Pottawatomies, Ojibwas, and Wyandots, who were sorry for what they had done and begged his forgiveness. Major Gladwyn was not deceived, but it was policy for him to pretend that he believed the falsehoods. His garrison by this time was threatened with starvation, and no food could be procured as long as the fort was invested. So he told the chieftain that he was glad to hear his words. It was not in his power to make a treaty of peace, but he would agree to a truce. The chief left with this answer, and Gladwyn used the lull so well, that in a short time, he had collected a fair supply for the winter.

The Ottawas, however, continued heart and soul with their indomitable leader. They refused to make peace, and kept up hostilities till the latter part of October, when the great chief received the severest blow that

had yet befallen him. French messengers arrived at Detroit, with a letter from M. Neyon, commandant of Fort Chartres, the chief post in the Illinois country. This letter was the one which General Amherst had insisted that Neyon should send to the different tribes. The French commandant could not refuse, though it can be understood that the task was a most unpleasant one.

The letter told Pontiac that he could expect no help from the French; that they were at peace with the English, whom they regarded as brothers; hostilities could bring no good result, and Pontiac was advised to abandon them without further delay.

The chief was filled with chagrin and wrath at what he regarded his base betrayal by those for whom he had been fighting so hard and long. With a number of his chiefs, he left Detroit and went to the river Maumee, with the design of stirring up the Indians in that section and renewing the war in the spring.

A fortnight after his departure, two friendly Wyandots, from the neighborhood of Quebec, came to Detroit and asked admission. When they had entered, one of them took out a false bottom from his powder horn, and removed a closely folded letter which he handed to Major Gladwyn. It was from Major Wilkins, and stated that the detachment under his command had been caught in a severe storm, many of the boats wrecked, seventy lives lost, all the stores and ammunition destroyed, and the survivors were forced to return to Niagara.

The campaign of 1763 had been a defensive one on the part of the English colonies, and no effective blow had been struck against the enemy. Preparations were made with the opening of spring for a more vigorous policy. While aiming at a conciliatory course toward the Indians, it was conceded that nothing could be accomplished with them until they were reduced to submission. It was, therefore, decided that they should be brought to terms, by sending two armies into the heart of their country, the advance being made from different points.

The command of the first was given to Colonel Bouquet, who was ordered to march to Fort Pitt and thence penetrate to the Delaware and Shawanoe settlements. The other force, under Colonel Bradstreet, was to go up the Lakes and bring the tribes of Detroit and the regions beyond to submission. The inducements to enlist in this enterprise were so slight, that only the refuse of the population was secured. When Colonel Bradstreet and Bouquet reached Fort Niagara, the little army amounted to barely twelve hundred men. There were assembled a great many Indians, who had been influenced by the efforts of Sir William Johnson to agree to a peace.

Many, however, held aloof. The Delawares and Shawanoes sent an in-

sulting message, that out of pity for the English they would make peace with them. At the very time this word reached Sir William Johnson, the tribe were renewing their outrages of the preceding year, on the borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Bradstreet was a vain, self-willed man, jealous of Bouquet, and not to be compared with him in ability. While on his way, he was met by a pretended embassy from the Delawares and Shawanoes. The fact that they brought only a single small belt of wampum was proof that their errand was fictitious. His officers knew it, but Bradstreet entered into a preliminary treaty with them, binding himself to refrain from attacking them within twenty-five days, on condition that the deputies should meet him again at Sandusky, in order to surrender their prisoners and conclude a regular treaty of peace.

The purpose of this trickery was to retard the advance of the army until the season was too late to prosecute the campaign. The Delawares and Shawanoes at that very hour were murdering and scalping along the frontier, and they kept it up until Bouquet checked them by his operations.

Bradstreet wound up his folly by sending a messenger to Colonel Bouquet, his superior officer, notifying him that he had brought the Delawares and Shawanoes to terms, and, since there was no call for Bouquet to advance further, he might withdraw his troops. The indignant Bouquet paid no attention to the impudent letter, and General Gage, who had succeeded Amherst in New York, severely censured Bradstreet for his course in the affair.

Having settled matters, as he supposed, Bradstreet resumed his progress westward. His orders were to attack the Wyandots, Ottawas, and Miamis, dwelling near Sandusky, but they averted the danger by sending a deputation which promised that, if he would not molest them, they would follow him to Detroit and there conclude the treaty. Bradstreet agreed to this, when he had the best chance conceivable for bringing about their submission at once. Before he left the vicinity, he sent Captain Morris, with several Canadians and friendly Indians, to the Illinois to try to persuade the savages in that region to make peace with the English. This mission was disastrous in every respect. Not only did Captain Morris fail to accomplish anything, but he was rebuffed, insulted, and came very near losing his life. He was glad enough finally to extricate himself from the country and make his way to Detroit.

It was on the 26th of August that Bradstreet reached the latter post, where he was received with great rejoicing. The place had been besieged for more than fifteen months, and though at times the surveillance was relaxed, yet the hostiles were always in the neighborhood, on the watch to pick off anyone that dared to venture outside the stockades.

The garrison which had borne this irksome situation so long was now relieved, and the new men took their places. Bradstreet next inquired into the conduct of the Canadian inhabitants. A few found guilty of helping the Indians were punished, but the more culpable fled on the approach of the army.

Pontiac was missing also. With the more determined of his followers, he had withdrawn to the banks of the Maumee, whence he sent a defiant message to the English commander.

Bradstreet, having concluded in his pompous way his treaties with the various tribes gathered around Detroit, set out for Sandusky to keep his engagement with the Delaware and Shawanoe deputies, who agreed to bring in their prisoners and conclude a definite treaty of peace.

The day fixed came and passed, and not a solitary chief presented himself. Some days later, several warriors showed up with a promise that if the commander would keep quiet and not attack the villages, the captives would be brought in shortly. Bradstreet agreed and continued to wait.

While thus engaged, a letter reached him from General Gage. The commander of the British forces in America condemned his conduct severely, ordered him to break the engagements he had made, and advance at once upon the enemy, selecting for his first object of attack the Indians living upon the plains of the Sciota.

Bradstreet was humiliated and filled with rage on receiving such a reproof, which was not decreased, when, about the same time, he learned of the total failure of Captain Morris' embassy to the country of the Illinois.

Bradstreet declared it impossible to reach the country of the Sciota plains so late in the season. He remained at Sandusky several days, and finally started homeward. Disaster seemed to have marked him for its own, for a storm on Lake Erie caused the loss of a number of his men, and others, who were obliged because of insufficient boats to tramp through the woods, perished miserably on the way. But, though the ill-conducted expedition exasperated the Iroquois allies, Detroit had been relieved and the hostiles were cowed into quiescence.

Meanwhile, Colonel Bouquet pushed his campaign with vigor and discretion. On the fifth of August, just one year after the fateful battle at Bushy Run, his army, consisting of five hundred regulars, a thousand Pennsylvanians, and a small force of Virginia riflemen, united at Carlisle, whence, after a brief delay, he advanced to Fort Loudon. There another delay was necessary, and it was while waiting at this post that Colonel Bouquet received the presumptuous letter from Bradstreet, to which he paid no attention. He reached Fort Pitt on the 17th of September, having lost only a few men, that were picked off by lurking Indians.

Some time later, a party of Delaware chiefs appeared, pretending to be deputies, sent by their people to talk with the English commander. Three of them hesitatingly presented themselves at the fort, where their conduct was so suspicious, that Bouquet held them as spies. Releasing one of them, he sent him back to his nation, with notice that the commander had received word from Colonel Bradstreet of their submission, but that they had violated their pledges. Bouquet added that he had come to punish them for their perfidy, but, before doing so, he would test their sincerity and give them a chance to save themselves and families from destruction.

The first requirement was that they should leave the path open for his expresses to Detroit. He was about to send two men with dispatches to Colonel Bradstreet, commanding the Lakes, and he demanded that the Delawares should furnish two of their people to bring them safely back with an answer. If the messengers received any injury going or coming, or if their letters were taken from them, he would instantly put to death the two prisoners whom he held, and show the tribe no mercy. Ten days were allowed to reach Detroit and the same time for the return.

The spy faithfully delivered this message to the Delawares and it produced a marked impression. They knew what sort of a man they now had to deal with, and those that had been the most clamorous for war were eager for peace, as the only means of saving themselves from ruin.

Before Bouquet was ready to march, two Iroquois warriors, pretending friendship, but desirous of holding back the expedition until the season was far advanced, came to the fort and did their best to convince the colonel of the insurmountable difficulties in his path, assuring him that, if he would tarry where he was, the hostile chiefs, who were already collecting their prisoners, would soon come in and make submission. Bouquet would not heed such talk, but told them to go at once to the Delawares and Shawanoes, and tell them that he was on his way to punish them, and they could escape only by ample and speedy atonement.

In accordance with what he had declared, Bouquet left Fort Pitt early and began his westward march, through a wilderness, thus penetrated for the first time by an army. Ten days later, the forces reached the Muskingum, near the Indian villages whose warriors had so long devastated the border. The savages were filled with dismay, for the invaders were too numerous and their leader was too skillful for them to hope to check him by any concentration of their warriors. Furthermore, they knew that Colonel Bradstreet was at Sandusky, ready to assail them in the rear. It may be said they were caught between the upper and nether millstones.

The two men sent from Fort Pitt with letters to Colonel Bradstreet had been seized in defiance of Bouquet's threats, and were held prisoners

by the Delawares. They now came forward from their captors, with the message that the chiefs would shortly arrive to hold a conference with the commander. The latter grimly pushed down the Valley of the Muskingum, until he reached a suitable spot, where he encamped, erected a small palisade work as a depot for his stores and baggage, and, as he anticipated, received a call from a deputation of chiefs, with the message that their warriors were encamped in vast numbers eight miles away, and asking him to name a time and place for the council. Bouquet ordered them to meet him next day at a point on the river, a little below the camp.

At this conference, the Indians delivered eighteen prisoners, promising to bring in the rest as soon as they could be collected, and sued for peace in humble terms. Bouquet's reply was a model in its way, breathing justice,



RETURNING THE CAPTIVES.

but stern and tactful, and carefully avoiding any expressions that could cause needless irritation. At the same time, he showed that he penetrated the falsehoods they uttered, and told them they deserved the severest punishment for their perfidy. But he gave them once more, and for the last time, the opportunity to prove their sincerity. He required them within twelve days to deliver into his hands every prisoner, without exception. They were to be furnished with clothing, provisions, and horses to take them to Fort Pitt. When this was done, Bouquet said he would let them know upon what conditions he would make peace.

The manner and looks of the brave officer impressed the chiefs as much as did his words. The Indians hurried away to comply with his demands. To keep their fears alive, the commander moved his army still nearer their villages, so as to be ready to strike when the time came to do so.

The Indians lost no time in bringing forward their captives, and, to

make the work thorough, Bouquet sent detachments of soldiers into each village, retaining a number of chiefs and hostages against their attack. The task was finished to perfection. The Shawanoes, among the most haughty and defiant of all the tribes, were brought into the negotiation, so that the submission of the most dangerous hostiles could not have been more abject.

Having fully accomplished his work, Bouquet withdrew from the Muskingum, arriving in Fort Pitt in the latter part of November. The restored captives, numbering several hundred, were sent to their respective homes in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the provincial troops were disbanded with warm acknowledgment of their services.

One of the first acts of the Pennsylvania Assembly was to pass a vote of thanks to Colonel Bouquet for his eminent services, and as due to his personal worth. Virginia did the same, and recommended him to the king for promotion. The last recommendation was not needed, for on the first news of his success he was appointed to the rank of brigadier, and given the command of the southern department. Three years later General Bouquet, while on duty in Pensacola, took fever and died, thus untimely closing the career of a brilliant soldier and most estimable man.

CHAPTER XIV.

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY (CONCLUDED)—THE COUNTRY OF THE ILLINOIS—
PONTIAC'S LAST RALLY—FAILURE OF HIS EMBASSY TO NEW ORLEANS
—CROGHAN'S MISSION—PONTIAC'S DESPAIR—HE MAKES PEACE—HIS
ASSASSINATION.

IN order fully to comprehend the extraordinary career of Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, a few words in explanation of the "Illinois country," as it was termed, are proper. This section was chiefly embraced within the present boundaries of the State of that name.

In 1680, La Salle built a fort in the country of the Illinois, when on his way to the Mississippi. Jesuit missionaries took up the work, and toiled hard with great self-sacrifice among the dusky inhabitants. They established missions at Kaskaskia and Cahokia, and labored with a faithfulness which must command the admiration of the most bigoted of other faiths.

Soldiers and fur traders followed in the footsteps of the missionaries. Military posts dotted the vast wilderness at wide intervals, and here and there the smoke of the settler's cabin stained the clear atmosphere. The new colonists were mostly emigrants from Canada or disbanded soldiers of French regiments. They mingled with the Indians and the two races became boon companions. They cared naught for the outside world, and the military commandant at Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi, ruled all with absolute sway. The total population of the colony, exclusive of the few negroes, did not exceed two thousand souls, distributed among several small settlements.

The Illinois Indians were a debauched horde composed of remnants of the Kaskaskias, Cahokias, Peorias, Mitchigamias, and Tamaronas, a miserable and sorry lot, all of them. About the Wabash and its branches, to the eastward of the Illinois, were the Miamis, the Piankishaws, and a portion of the Kickapoos. They were more warlike and less corrupt than the Illinois. Another settlement of the Miamis was on the Maumee River, still further east. These were the Indians whom Captain Morris visited by orders of Colonel Bradstreet, and from whom he was thankful to escape with his life.

This country of course was included among the possessions ceded to Great Britain by France in 1763. The hostilities prevailing among the red men prevented its transfer at the time specified, and the inhabitants received the news of their surrender with wrath and execration. In the summer of

1764, the military commandant, Neyon, whom General Amherst forced to send letters to the various tribes, as told elsewhere, left the country in disgust and went to New Orleans, followed by many who shared his sentiments. His successor was St. Ange de Bellerive, a veteran Canadian officer, with whom remained about forty soldiers. Fort Chartres, however, was a strong post, with stone ramparts and a score of cannon.

It was to this remote country that the emissaries of Pontiac went when that chieftain was deserted by most of his allies. It furnished him the only recruiting ground left, for there the flag of France still floated, only awaiting, however, the coming of the conqueror to be lowered forever before that of King George.

Pontiac received aid from the French fur traders, who dreaded the rivalry of the English. They repeated the old falsehood, that the nations had not made peace, and that the French king would soon send an army to drive out the intruders. It was Pontiac's last rallying point, and he wrought with desperate energy to bring the inhabitants to the point of revolt.

It was believed that the English would soon advance into the Illinois country to take possession. They must do so either by the Mississippi from the south, or descend from the east, by way of Fort Pitt and the Ohio. Pontiac's purpose was to meet and drive them back.

It will be remembered that the chieftain withdrew to the Maumee on the approach of Bradstreet's army, and his runners kept him apprised of the continuous triumph of his enemies. Late in the autumn, he left his encampment with four hundred warriors, and moved westward, visiting the different tribes and gaining their promise to aid in his plans for final defense. Quoting from Parkman's admirable history of the Ottawa chieftain: "Crossing over the Wabash, he passed from village to village, among the Kickapoos, the Piankishaws, and the three tribes of the Miamis, rousing them by his imperious eloquence, and breathing into them his own fierce spirit of resistance. Thence, by rapid marches through forests and over prairies, he reached the banks of the Mississippi, and summoned the four tribes of the Illinois to a general meeting. But these degenerate savages, beaten by the surrounding tribes for many a generation past, had lost their warlike spirit, and, though abundantly noisy and boastful, showed no zeal for fight, and entered with no zest into the schemes of the Ottawa war-chief. Pontiac had his own way of dealing with such spirits.

"If you hesitate," he exclaimed, frowning on the cowering assembly, "I will consume your tribes as the fire consumes the dry grass on the prairie."

"The doubts of the Illinois vanished like a mist, and with marvelous alacrity they declared their concurrence in the views of the orator.



THE CROWNING EVIL.



"Having secured these allies, such as they were, Pontiac departed, and hastened to Fort Chartres. St. Ange, so long tormented with embassy after embassy and mob after mob, thought that the crowning evil was come at last, when he saw the arch-demon Pontiac enter at the gate, with four hundred warriors at his back.

"Arrived at the council-house, Pontiac addressed the commandant in a tone of high courtesy: 'Father, we have long wished to see you, to shake hands with you, and, whilst smoking the calumet of peace, to recall the battles in which we fought together against the misguided Indians and the English dogs. I love the French, and I have come hither with my warriors to avenge their wrongs.'

"Then followed a demand for arms, ammunition, and troops, to act in concert with the Indian warriors. St. Ange was forced to decline rendering the expected aid; but he sweetened his denial with soothing compliments, and added a few gifts to remove any lingering bitterness. Pontiac would not be appeased. He angrily complained of such lukewarm friendship, where he had looked for ready sympathy and support. His warriors pitched their lodges about the fort, and threatening symptoms of an approaching rupture began to alarm the French.

"In the meantime, Pontiac had caused the squaws to construct a belt of wampum of extraordinary size, six feet in length, and four inches in width. It was wrought from end to end with the symbols of the various tribes and villages, forty-seven in number, still leagued together in his alliance. He consigned it to an embassy of chosen warriors, directing them to carry it down the Mississippi, displaying it, in turn, at every Indian village along its banks, and exhorting the inhabitants, in his name, to watch the movements of the English, and repel any attempt they might make to ascend the river. This done, they were to repair to New Orleans, and demand from the governor, M. D'Abbadie, the aid which St. Ange had refused. The bark canoes of the embassy put out from the shore, and whirled down the current like floating leaves in autumn."

Open rupture was prevented at this juncture by tidings of the utter failure of an English body of troops, that had attempted to ascend the Mississippi to take possession of Fort Chartres. It was fired into from both shores by Indians, and compelled to turn back, no expedition succeeding in reaching the post until the latter part of 1765.

The ambassadors sent out by Pontiac did their work faithfully, penetrating as far south as the tribes of Southern Louisiana, to whom the name of the mighty Ottawa chieftain was well known. Then they went to New Orleans and demanded audience with D'Abbadie. The governor was in such feeble health that he died before the council came to an end. His

successor, M. Aubrey, gave them no encouragement, and they took their departure, scowling and enraged with disappointment.

General Gage, commander-in-chief of the English forces in America, had determined to send a force westward to take possession of the Illinois country. To prepare the way for the passage of his troops, he sent George Croghan, the deputy of Sir William Johnson, to go in advance, making presents to the various tribes, explaining the situation to them, exposing the falsehoods of the French, and doing his utmost to smooth the path for the army of occupation. Croghan was well fitted for this delicate mission, and executed it with excellent tact and brilliant success. He left Fort Pitt in February, 1765, and reached his destination at about the same time that Pontiac's embassy entered New Orleans to hold conference with the French. Through discouragements and dangers he persevered to the triumphant end.

Despite the genius Pontiac had displayed from the first inception of his gigantic conspiracy, he saw, in the face of his unsurpassable eloquence and herculean labors, his followers rapidly falling away from him. The crowning blow came when the failure of his embassy to New Orleans became known to him.

He then realized for the first time that all hope was gone. The dream of his life had melted into nothingness, and the terrible conspiracy was overwhelmed by irretrievable ruin. Not dismissing the vision altogether, he formed his resolution. He would make peace with his conquerors, and perhaps await the hour for striking a more fateful blow than ever.

In the pursuit of his mission, Croghan was approaching Fort Chartres by invitation of St. Ange, when he met Pontiac himself, with his numerous chiefs and warriors. The chieftain gave his hand to Croghan, and the two parties returned to Fort Ouananon, where was a vast assemblage of Indians, dark, scowling, and sullen, whom a single word might rouse into resistless violence.

At a meeting of the chiefs and warriors, Pontiac offered the calumet of peace, and uttered sentiments of good will toward the English. He accused the French of having deceived him, else he never would have dug up the hatchet against the English, whom he now regarded as brothers. At the same time, he reminded Croghan that the occupation of the country by his people did not give them the rights to the lands, since the French had been there only by the sufferance of the real owners.

This decisive interview completed Croghan's work and rendered it unnecessary for him to go further. Accordingly, he turned back toward Detroit, and, followed by Pontiac and many of the Indian chiefs, crossed over to Fort Miami and descended the Maumee, holding conferences at the different villages he passed on the way. He reached Detroit on the

17th of August, and found an immense gathering of Ottawas, Pottawatomies, and Ojibwas encamped about the fort, with others along the banks of the Rouge River. They readily responded to his invitation to a council.

All thoughts of hostility had long since vanished from the minds of the warriors. They had suffered much and were anxious for the full restoration of peace. They expressed sorrow for what they had done and begged forgiveness. Pontiac's speech is worthy of record :

" Father, we have all smoked out this pipe of peace. It is your children's pipe ; and as the war is all over, and the Great Spirit and Giver of Light, who has made the earth and everything therein, has brought us all together this day for our mutual good, I declare to all nations that I have settled my peace with you before I came here, and now deliver my pipe to be sent to Sir William Johnson, that he may know that I have made peace, and taken the King of England for my father, in presence of all the nations now assembled ; and whenever any of these nations go to visit him, they may smoke out of it with him in peace. Fathers, we are obliged to you for lighting up our old council fire for us, and desiring us to return to it ; but we are now settled on the Miami River, not far from hence ; whenever you want us you will find us there."

Croghan left Detroit for Niagara, and thence went eastward to report the result of his mission to the commander-in-chief. Before he left he secured Pontiac's promise to come in the spring to Oswego, and, in behalf of the tribes lately composing his league, conclude a treaty of peace with Sir William Johnson.

Pontiac kept his promise. The following spring he left his encampment on the Maumee, accompanied by his chiefs and by an Englishman dispatched by Johnson to look after the delegation. The journey was a long one, the canoes coasting along the shore of Lake Erie, past the portage at the outlet, thence out upon Lake Ontario, and finally they were welcomed by the booming cannon of Oswego.

Sir William Johnson was waiting to receive them, attended by the principal sachems of the Six Nations, present by invitation. The council occupied several days and was marked by all the pomp and ceremony of such gatherings. Johnson, whose perfect knowledge of the Indian character enabled him to do a most beneficent work among them, made a long conciliatory speech, covering every point that was necessary. Pontiac addressed the superintendent as follows :

" Father, we thank the Great Spirit for giving us so fine a day to meet upon such great affairs. I speak in the name of all the nations to the westward, of whom I am the master. It is the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet here to-day ; and before him I now take you by the

hand. I call him to witness that I speak from my heart; for since I took Colonel Croghan by the hand last year, I have never let go my hold, for I see that the Great Spirit will have us friends.

"Father, when our father of France was in this country, I held him fast by the hand. Now that he is gone, I take you, my English father, by the hand, in the name of all the nations, and promise to keep this covenant as long as I shall live."

Pontiac at this point handed a large belt of wampum to Sir William Johnson and continued:

"Father, when you address me, it is the same as if you addressed all the nations of the west. Father, this belt is to cover and strengthen our



DEATH OF PONTIAC.

chain of friendship and to show you that, if any nation shall lift the hatchet against our English brethren, we shall be the first to feel it and resent it."

Pontiac then took up the points of Sir William Johnson's speech and professed satisfaction with them all. He and his chiefs remained several days, perfecting the details of the various treaties, and, when they departed, they carried a good load of presents with them.

The chieftain spent the following winter with his family in the vicinity of the Maumee, conducting himself like an ordinary warrior. In the spring of 1767, there were mutterings of discontent among the Indians from the Lakes to the Potomac. These, a few years later, resulted in a brief but bloody war along the Virginia borders. There is no evidence that Pontiac

took any part in the hostilities. Neither record nor tradition tells aught of him, until April, 1769, when it is known he visited the Illinois. His errand was a secret, but it caused uneasiness among the few English there. Soon afterward, he went to St. Louis to visit his old acquaintance, St. Ange, then in command at that post. He remained several days, his chiefs and himself receiving marked attention.

While there, he learned that a large number of Indians were assembled at Cahokia, on the other side of the river, holding a carousal. He expressed his intention of going thither. St. Ange protested, warning him that he would be in great danger, as his visit was viewed with much disfavor by the English. Pontiac replied that he had no fear of them and left.

He joined in the revelry and drank deeply. When the feast was over, the chieftain strode down the street to the adjacent woods, where he was heard singing the medicine songs of his people.

An English trader named Williamson was in the village at that time. He hated the Ottawa, and bribed a vagabond Kaskaskia Indian, with a barrel of liquor, to kill him. The miscreant stole after Pontiac and, when he was unsuspecting of danger, buried his tomahawk in his brain. Thus, like Philip, leader of the Wampanoags, and afterward Sitting Bull, medicine man of the Sioux, the mighty chieftain of the Ottawas perished by the hand of one of his own race.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER WILLIAMSON.

AMONG the numerous stirring experiences connected with the French and Indian war, was that of Peter Williamson, a native of Scotland, who was kidnapped by a party of sailors when a boy and brought to America. He married while yet a young man, and received as a wedding-present from his father-in-law, a deed of a tract of land on the frontier of Pennsylvania, near the Forks of the Delaware. Thither the couple removed and prospered for a number of years. The Indians, however, gave the settlers much trouble, committing many outrages, burning homes and killing people. What befell Peter Williamson on October 20, 1754, is thus related by himself :

" My wife," says he, " that day left home, with the only servant resident in the house, on a visit to the farm of a neighbor, some five or six miles away. As I stayed up later than usual, expecting her return, none being in the house besides myself, how great was my surprise and terror when, about eleven o'clock at night, I heard the dismal war-whoop of the savages, and found that my house was beset by them ! "

" The door of my house was fastened. I flew to an upper window and looked out. The savages were twelve in number, standing in the moonlight. Having my gun loaded, I threatened them with death if they did not retire. I demanded what they wanted, but they immediately advanced to the door and tried to beat it open. Finding this more difficult than they looked for, one of them, who could speak English, threatened me in return that 'if I did not come out, they would burn me alive,' adding, however, that 'if I would come out and surrender myself prisoner, they would not kill me.' In such deplorable circumstances I chose to rely on their promises rather than meet death by rejecting them, and accordingly went out of the house with my gun in my hand, not knowing that I had it. Immediately on my approach they rushed on me like tigers, and instantly disarmed me. Having me thus in their power, they bound me to a tree, went into the house, plundered it of everything they could carry off, and then set fire to it and consumed what was left before my eyes. Not satisfied with this, they set fire to my barn, stable, and outhouses, wherein were about two hundred bushels of wheat, six cows, four horses, and five sheep, all of which were consumed to ashes.

" Having thus finished the execrable business about which they came,

one of the monsters came to me with a tomahawk, and threatened me with the worst of deaths, if I would not go with them. This I agreed to, and then they untied me—gave me a load to carry, under which I traveled all that night, full of the most terrible apprehensions lest my unhappy wife should likewise have fallen into their cruel power.

"At daybreak, my infernal masters ordered me to lay down my load; then, tying my hands again round a tree—forcing the blood out at my fingers' ends—they kindled a fire near the tree to which I was bound; the most dreadful agony seized me, for I concluded I was to be made a sacrifice to their barbarity.

"The fire being made, they for some time danced round me after their manner, whooping, hallooing, and shrieking in a frightful manner. Being satisfied with this sort of mirth, they proceeded in another manner; taking the burning coals, and sticks flaming with fire at the ends, holding them to my face, head, hands, and feet, and at the same time threatening to burn me entirely if I cried out. Thus, tortured as I was almost to death, I suffered their brutalities without being able to vent my anguish otherwise than by shedding silent tears; and these being observed, they took fresh coals and applied them near my eyes, telling me my face was wet, and that they would dry it for me, which indeed they cruelly did. How I underwent these tortures has been a matter of wonder to me, but God enabled me to wait with more than common patience for the deliverance I daily prayed.

"At length they sat down round the fire, and roasted the meat of which they had robbed my dwelling. When they had supped, they offered some to me. Though it may easily be imagined I had but little appetite to eat, after the tortures and miseries I had suffered, yet I was forced to seem pleased with what they offered me, lest by refusing it they should resume their hellish practices. What I could not eat I contrived to hide, they having unbound me till they imagined I had eaten all; but then they bound me as before, in which deplorable condition I was obliged to continue the whole day. When the sun was set, they put out the fire, and covered the ashes with leaves, as is their custom, that the white people might not discover any traces of their having been there.

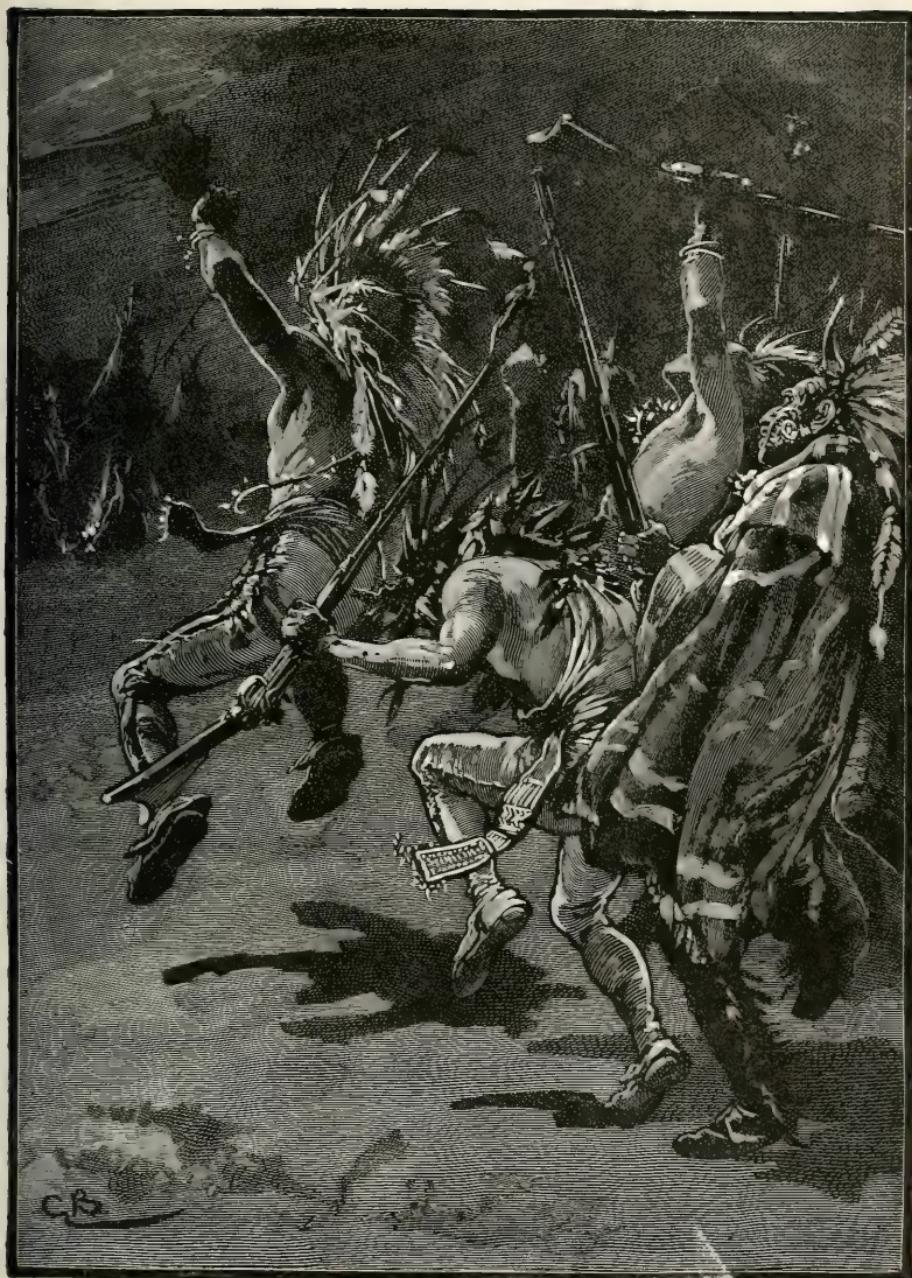
"Going from thence along the Susquehanna for the space of six miles, loaded as I was before, we arrived at a spot near the Appalachian Mountains, or Blue Hills, where they hid their plunder under logs of wood. From thence they proceeded to a neighboring house, occupied by one Jacob Snider and his unhappy family, consisting of his wife, five children, and a young man, his servant. They soon got admittance into the unfortunate man's house, where they immediately, without the least remorse, scalped both parents and children; nor could the tears, the shrieks, or cries

of poor innocent children prevent their horrible massacre. Having thus scalped them, and plundered the house of everything that was movable, they set fire to it, and left the distressed victims amid the flames.

"Thinking the young man belonging to this unhappy family would be of service to them in carrying part of their plunder, they spared his life, and loaded him and myself with what they had here got, and again marched to the Blue Hills, where they stowed their goods as before. My fellow-sufferer could not support the cruel treatment which we were obliged to suffer, and complained bitterly to me of his being unable to proceed any farther. I endeavored to animate him, but all in vain, for still he continued his moans and tears, which one of the savages perceiving, as we traveled along, came up to us, and with his tomahawk gave him a blow on the head which felled the unhappy youth to the ground, whom they immediately scalped and left.

"The suddenness of this murder shocked me to that degree that I was in a manner motionless, expecting that my fate would soon be the same. However, recovering my distracted thoughts, I dissembled my anguish as well as I could from the barbarians; but still such was my terror that for some time I scarce knew the days of the week, or what I did.

"They still kept on their course near the mountains, where they lay skulking for four or five days, rejoicing at the plunder they had got. When provisions became scarce, they made their way toward the Susquehanna, and passing another house, inhabited by an old man, whose name was John Adams, with his wife and four small children, and meeting with no resistance, they immediately scalped the mother and her children before the old man's eyes. Inhuman and horrid as this was, it did not satisfy them; for when they had murdered the poor woman and her children, they proceeded to mutilate the bodies in a most brutal manner. The unhappy Adams, not being able to avoid the sight, entreated them to put an end to his miserable being; but they were as deaf to the tears and entreaties of this venerable sufferer as they had been to those of the others, and proceeded to burn and destroy the house, barn, corn, hay, and cattle, and everything the poor man a few hours before was master of. Having saved what they thought proper from the flames, they gave the old man, feeble, weak, and in the miserable condition he then was, as well as myself, burdens to carry, and loading themselves likewise with bread and meat, pursued their journey toward the Great Swamp. Here they lay for eight or nine days, diverting themselves at times with barbarous cruelties on the old man, sometimes they would strip him naked, and paint him all over with various sorts of colors; at other times they would pluck the white hairs from his head, and tauntingly tell him he was a fool for living so long, and that they would show him kindness in putting him out of the world. In vain were all his tears, for daily did they tire themselves with the various means they tried to torment him.



"TWENTY-FIVE OTHER INDIANS ARRIVED."

"One night, after he had as usual been tormented, while he and I were condoling each other at the miseries we daily suffered, twenty-five other Indians arrived, bringing with them twenty scalps and three prisoners, who had unhappily fallen into their hands in Conogocheague, a small town near the river Susquehanna, chiefly inhabited by the Irish. These prisoners gave us some shocking accounts of the murders and devastations committed in their parts.

"The three prisoners that were brought with these additional forces, constantly repining at their lot, and almost dead with their excessive hard treatment, contrived at last to make their escape; but being far from their own settlements, and not knowing the country, were soon after met by some others of the tribes or nations at war with us, and brought back. The poor creatures, almost famished for want of sustenance, having had none during the time of their escape, were no sooner in the power of the barbarians than they were put to death, in a most cruel manner. And after their death, it was my task to dig their graves, which, feeble and terrified as I was, the dread of suffering the same fate enabled me to do.

"A great snow now falling, the barbarians were fearful lest the white people should, by their tracks, find out their skulking retreats, which obliged them to make the best of their way to their winter quarters, about two hundred miles farther from any plantations or inhabitants. After a long and painful journey, being almost starved, I arrived with this dreadful band at Alamingo. There I found a number of wigwams full of their women and children. Dancing, singing, and shouting were their general amusements. And in all their festivals and dances they relate what successes they have had, and what damages they have sustained in their expeditions, in which I now unhappily became a part of their theme. The severity of the cold increasing, they stripped me of my clothes for their own use, and gave me such as they usually wore themselves, being a piece of blanket, and a pair of moccasins or shoes, with a yard of coarse cloth to put round me instead of breeches.

"At Alamingo I remained near two months, till the snow was off the ground. Whatever thoughts I might have had of making my escape, to carry them into execution was impracticable, being so far from any plantations or white people, and the severe weather rendering my limbs in a manner quite still and motionless. However, I contrived to defend myself against the inclemency of the weather as well as I could by making myself a little wigwam with the bark of the trees, covering it with earth, which made it resemble a cave; and to prevent the ill effects of the cold, I kept a good fire always near the door. My liberty of going about was, indeed, more than I could have expected, but they well knew the impracticability of my escaping from them. Seeing me outwardly easy and submissive, they

would sometimes give me a little meat; but my chief food was Indian corn. At length the time came when they were preparing themselves for another expedition against the planters and white people; but before they set out, they were joined by many other Indians.

"As soon as the snow was quite gone, they set forth on their journey toward the back parts of the province of Pennsylvania, all leaving their wives and children behind in their wigwams. They were now a formidable body, amounting to near one hundred and fifty. My business was to carry what they thought proper to load me with, but they never trusted me with a gun. We marched on several days without anything particular occurring, almost famished for want of provisions; for my part, I had nothing but a few stalks of Indian corn, which I was glad to eat dry. Nor did the Indians themselves fare much better; for as we drew near the plantations, they were afraid to kill any game lest the noise of their guns should alarm the inhabitants.

"When we again arrived at the Blue Hills, about thirty miles from the Irish settlements before mentioned, we encamped for three days, though God knows we had neither tents nor anything else to defend us from the inclemency of the weather, having nothing to lie on by night but the grass; their usual method of lodging, pitching or encamping by night being in parcels of ten or twelve men to a fire, where they lie upon the grass or brush wrapped up in a blanket, with their feet to the fire.

"During our stay here, a sort of council of war was held, when it was agreed to divide themselves into companies of about twenty men each, after which every chief marched with his party where he thought proper. I still belonged to my old masters, but was left behind on the mountains with ten Indians, to stay till the rest should return, not thinking it proper to carry me nearer Conogocheague or the other plantations.

"Here I began to meditate an escape; and though I knew the country round extremely well, yet I was very cautious of giving the least suspicion of any such intention. However, the third day after the grand body left, my companions thought proper to traverse the mountains in search of game for their sustenance, leaving me behind in such a manner that I could not escape. At night, when they returned, having unbound me, we all sat down together to supper on what they had killed, and soon after, being greatly fatigued with their day's excursion, they composed themselves to rest as usual. I now tried various ways to discover whether it was a scheme to prove my intentions or not; but after making a noise and walking about, sometimes touching them with my feet, I found there was no fallacy.

"Then I resolved, if possible, to get one of their guns, and, if discovered, to die in my defense rather than be taken. For that purpose, I

made various efforts to get one from under their heads, where they always secured them, but in vain. Disappointed in this, I began to despair of carrying my design into execution; yet, after a little recollection, and trusting myself to the Divine protection, I set forward, naked and defenseless as I was.

" Such was my terror, however, that in going from them I halted and paused every four or five yards, looking fearfully toward the spot where I had left them, lest they should awake and miss me; but when I was two hundred yards from them, I mended my pace, and made as much haste as I possibly could to the foot of the mountains, when, on a sudden, I was struck with the greatest terror at hearing the wood-cry, as it is called, which the savages I had left were making upon missing their charge.

" The more my terror increased, the faster I rushed on, and, scarce knowing where I trod, drove through the woods with the utmost precipitation, sometimes falling and bruising myself, cutting my feet and legs against the stones in a miserable manner. But faint and maimed as I was, I continued my flight till day-break, when, without having anything to sustain nature but a little corn left, I crept into a hollow tree, where I lay very snug, and returned my prayers and thanks to the Divine Being, who had thus far favored my escape. But my repose was in a few hours destroyed at hearing the voices of the savages near the place where I was hid, threatening and talking how they would use me if they got me again. However, they at last left the spot where I heard them, and I remained in my apartment all that day without further molestation.

" At night I ventured forward again, frightened, thinking each twig that touched me a savage. The third day I concealed myself in like manner as before, and at night traveled, keeping off the main road as much as possible, which lengthened my journey many miles. But how shall I describe the terror I felt on the fourth night, when, by the rustling I made among the leaves, a party of Indians that lay around a small fire, which I did not perceive, started from the ground, and, seizing their arms, ran from the fire among the woods? Whether to move forward or rest where I was I knew not, when, to my great surprise and joy, I was relieved by a parcel of swine that made toward the place where I guessed the savages to be, who, on seeing them, very merrily returned to the fire, and lay down again to sleep. Bruised, crippled, and terrified as I was, I pursued my journey till break of day, when, thinking myself safe, I lay down under a great log, and slept till about noon. Before evening, I reached the summit of a great hill, and looking out if I could spy any habitations of white people, to my inexpressible joy I saw some, which I guessed to be about ten miles distant.

" In the morning I continued my journey toward the nearest cleared lands I had seen the day before, and about four o'clock in the afternoon

arrived at the house of John Bell, an old acquaintance, where, knocking at the door, his wife, who opened it, seeing me in such a frightful condition, flew from me screaming into the house. This alarmed the whole family, who immediately fled to their arms, and I was soon accosted by the master with his gun in his hand. But on making myself known, for he before took me for an Indian, he immediately caressed me, as did all his

family, with extraordinary friendship, the report of my being murdered by the savages having reached them some months before.

"For two days and nights they very affectionately supplied me with all necessaries, and carefully attended me till my spirits and limbs were pretty well recovered, and I thought myself able to ride, when I borrowed of these good people, whose kindness merits my most grateful returns, a horse and some clothes, and set forward for my father-in-law's house in Chester County, about one hundred and forty miles from thence,

where I arrived on the

4th of January, 1755; but scarce one of the family could credit his eyes, for all believed that I had fallen a prey to the Indians, and had been burned in my house. They all embraced me affectionately, but, as I noticed, with some constraint. 'Where is Rose—my wife?' I asked; 'I am told she returned here.' They told me she had been dead two months—that her griefs had killed her within a week after she returned home."



"SHE FLEW FROM ME SCREAMING."

CHAPTER XVI.

EMIGRATION WESTWARD—THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

A TIDE of emigration westward set in after the close of the French and Indian war. Hundreds of settlers made their way into the vast territory beyond the Alleghenies, and founded homes in the present States of Ohio and Kentucky, where they cleared the land, built log cabins, and fought the wild Indians, who harassed them without cessation. Sometimes these attacks were so overwhelming that whole settlements were destroyed, and the wave of emigration was rolled backward.

But only for a time. The daring pioneers pushed steadily forward, and the development of the Great West continued in the face of obstacles that would have disheartened less brave and hardy men, until the Indians were driven from their ancient hunting grounds, and flourishing towns and cities rose in the region, which, a few years before, formed a portion of the primeval forest, where the foot of the Caucasian had never trod.

The famous hunter, Daniel Boone, roamed through the "Dark and Bloody Ground" for two years, charmed with the picturesque scenery and abundance of game. He met with many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes from the red men, finally establishing a fort at Boonesborough, whither he removed with his family in the early summer of 1775, thus forming the first permanent settlement in the State.

The Indians were not the people to remain neutral when the Revolution broke out. The powerful influence of Sir William Johnson held nearly all the Six Nations loyal to the mother country, but in other portions of the colonies they gave great trouble, due as much perhaps to their innate propensity for mischief, as to their sentiments toward those who had conquered the French, to whom, as has been shown, the aborigines manifested a strong attachment.

Joseph Brandt, the noted Mohawk chief, had received a fair English education, and his sister lived with Sir William Johnson, the superintendent of Indian affairs. The Six Nations had lost many of their warriors at Oriskany in 1777, and longed for a chance to retaliate on the Americans. Brandt was brave, cruel, and skillful, and the one to lead them on a marauding expedition against the patriots. The English governors at Detroit and Niagara used their utmost efforts to rouse the Indians to enmity toward the Americans.

In the summer of 1778, a band of Tories and Indians invaded the lovely

Wyoming Valley. The leader of the former was Colonel John Butler, while his cousin, Colonel Zebulon Butler, was the commander of the patriot forces. At that time, most of the men in the valley were absent, fighting the battles of their country against King George. Those that remained were mostly old men and boys, who, upon being mustered together to resist the invaders, were found to number between three and four hundred.



MONUMENT ERECTED AT WYOMING.

Driven out of the two forts they had built in the valley, the defenders took refuge in the remaining one, known as "Forty Fort."

It was on the 29th and 30th of June that Colonel John Butler, with about four hundred British provincials, partly composed of Tories, together with six or seven hundred Indians, entered the head of the valley and took possession unopposed of Fort Wintermoot. Colonel Zebulon Butler, knowing of the threatened peril, had obtained leave to visit the valley, and, by common consent, assumed the leadership of the little band of defenders. "Indian Butler," as he was called, summoned Forty Fort to surrender. A council of war was called on the 3d of July, and the leaders decided that the most prudent course was to secure delay, in the hope of the arrival of re-enforcements. A large majority, however, favored marching out and giving battle to the invaders. The sentiment was so strong

for such a course that Colonel Butler sprang upon his horse, saying : " We are going into great danger, but I will lead you."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon that the little band marched out of the fort, with drums beating and colors flying. They moved up the plain, with the river on the right and a marsh on the left, until they arrived at Fort Wintermoot, which had been set on fire to deceive the patriots into the belief that the invaders were withdrawing from the valley.

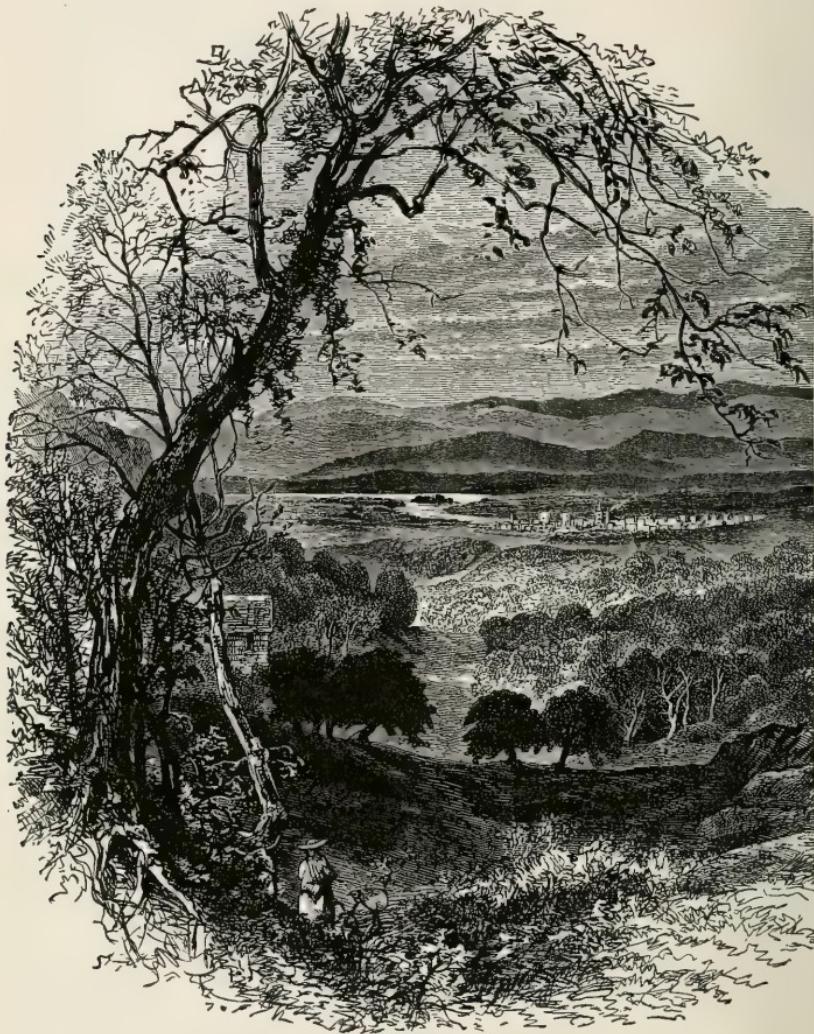
Miner's History says :

"Colonel Z. Butler, on approaching the enemy, sent forward Captains Ransom and Durkee, Lieutenants Ross and Wells, as officers whose skill he most relied on, to select the spot, and mark off the ground on which to form the order of battle. On coming up, the column displayed to the left, and under those officers every company took its station, and then advanced in line to the proper position, where it halted, the right resting on the steep bank noted, the left extending across the gravel flat to a morass, thick with timber and brush, that separated the bottom land from the mountain. Yellow and pitch-pine trees, with oak shrubs, were scattered all over the plain. On the American right was Captain Bidlack's company. Next was Captain Hewitt's, Daniel Gore being one of his lieutenants. On the extreme left was Captain Whittlesey's. Colonel Butler, supported by Major John Garrett, commanded the right wing. Colonel Denison, supported by Lieutenant Colonel George Dorrance, commanded the left. Such was the ground, and such was the order of battle. Everything was judiciously disposed, and constructed in a strictly military and prudent manner. Captains Durkee and Ransom, as experienced officers, in whom great confidence was placed, were stationed : Durkee, with Bidlack, on the right wing, Ransom, with Whittlesey, on the left. Colonel Butler made a very brief address just before he ordered the column to display. 'Men, yonder is the enemy. The fate of the Hardings tells us what we have to expect if defeated. We come out to fight, not only for liberty, but for life itself, and, what is dearer, to preserve our homes from conflagration, our women and children from the tomahawk. Stand firm the first shock, and the Indians will give way. Every man to his duty.'

"The column had marched up the road running near the bank on which our right rested. On its display, as Denison led off his men, he repeated the expression of Colonel Butler, 'Be firm ; everything depends on resisting the first shock.'

"About four in the afternoon the battle began. Colonel Z. Butler ordered his men to fire, and at each discharge to advance a step. Along the whole line the discharges were rapid and steady. It was evident that on the more open ground the Yankees were doing more execution. As

our men advanced, pouring in their platoon fires with great vivacity, the British line gave way, in spite of all their officers' efforts to prevent it. The Indian flanking party on our right kept up from their hiding places a



THE VALE OF WYOMING.

galling fire. Lieutenant Daniel Gore received a ball through the left arm. 'Captain Durkee,' said he, 'look sharp for the Indians in those bushes.' Captain Durkee stepped to the bank to look, preparatory to making a

charge to dislodge them, when he fell. On the British Butler's right, his Indian warriors were sharply engaged. They seemed to be divided into six bands, for a yell would be raised at one end of their line, taken up and carried through, six distinct bodies appearing at each time to repeat the cry. As the battle waxed warmer, that fearful yell was renewed again and again with more and more spirit. It appeared to be at once their animating shout and their signal of communication. As several fell near Colonel Dorrance, one of his men gave way: 'Stand to your work, sir,' said he firmly, but coolly, and the soldier resumed his place.

"For half an hour, a hot fire had been given and sustained, when the vastly superior numbers of the enemy began to develop their power. The Indians had thrown into the swamp a large force which now completely outflanked our left. It was impossible it should be otherwise: that wing was thrown into confusion. Colonel Denison gave orders that the company of Whittlesey should wheel back, so as to form an angle with the main line, and thus present his front instead of flank to the enemy. The difficulty of performing evolutions by the bravest militia on the field under a hot fire is well known. On the attempt, the savages rushed in with horrid yells. Some had mistaken the order to fall back as one to retreat, and that word—that fatal word—ran along the line. Utter confusion now prevailed on the left. Seeing the disorder, and his own men beginning to give way, Colonel Z. Butler threw himself between the fires of the opposing ranks and rode up and down the line in the most reckless exposure. 'Don't leave me, my children, and the victory is ours.' But it was too late.

"Every captain that led a company into action was slain, and in every instance fell on or near the line. As was said of Bidlack, so of Hewitt, Whittlesey, and the others; 'they died at the head of their men.' They fought bravely; every man and officer did his duty; but they were overpowered by threefold their force. In point of numbers the enemy was overwhelmingly superior."

This was the beginning of the massacre, which is one of the most famous in our history. More than two hundred patriots fell, while about one-fourth as many of the British and Indians were slain. Many were first made prisoners and then put to death. When the Indians saw that victory was theirs, numbers would fire at the retreating old men and boys, so as to wound them in the knee or hip. Then leaving them helpless on the ground, until they could return to finish them, they hurried after the other fugitives.

Colonels Butler and Denison, being mounted, were the first to appear at Forty Fort, with the fearful news. Sitting down in a cabin, they agreed upon the terms of capitulation to be offered the enemy. Then Colonel Butler crossed over to Wilkesbarre, and the following day threw a feather

bed across his horse, and, placing his wife behind him, left the valley. There was no way by which he could be of further use to the patriots, and he had done such good service against the enemy that he was only wise not to run the risk of falling into their hands.

The people of the Wilkesbarre fort, on the east side of the river, began their flight so early and in such haste the next morning, that they were unprovided with provisions for the long tramp before them. A great many took the old path toward the Delaware, and of these large numbers perished in the depths of a great pine forest, which is known to this day as the "Shades of Death."

On the morning of the 4th, Colonel John Butler summoned Colonel Denison to surrender Forty Fort, inviting him to his headquarters to agree upon the terms. These stipulated that the lives of the inhabitants should be preserved, that Colonel Butler would do his utmost to protect the property, and that the property taken from the Tories should be made good.

The surrender was made on the 5th. Butler presented the stacked arms to the Indians, who behaved quite well until the following day, when they began plundering the people. Colonel Denison protested repeatedly to Colonel Butler, who, after checking the savages several times, said he could not restrain them, and left the fort.

A couple of weeks later, it was reported that the Indians and Tories were again entering the valley with the intention of killing all that were left. This threw the miserable people into a panic, and they hastily fled, some going down the river in canoes, and others hurrying through the "Shades of Death" to Stroudsburg. Thus Wyoming was deserted by its inhabitants and became the abode of desolation and woe.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ESCAPE OF RUFUS BENNET—QUEEN ESTHER'S ROCK—THE EXPLOITS OF LEBBEUS HAMMOND AND JOSEPH ELLIOTT—SAVED BY A SPIDER'S WEB—THE FRATRICIDE.

IT may be doubted whether any episode in our history was attended by so many singular and almost unaccountable escapes as marked the massacre of Wyoming.

It may be said further that one cause of the defeat of the patriots on that fatal day was whisky. There was no intentional intoxication, but, before going out on the plain to give battle to the Tories and Indians, the defenders fortified themselves with stimulants, which was a very common thing to do in those times. In the excitement of the hour, a number imbibed too freely, with the result that it incapacitated them in some cases for the task they had assumed with such eager bravery.

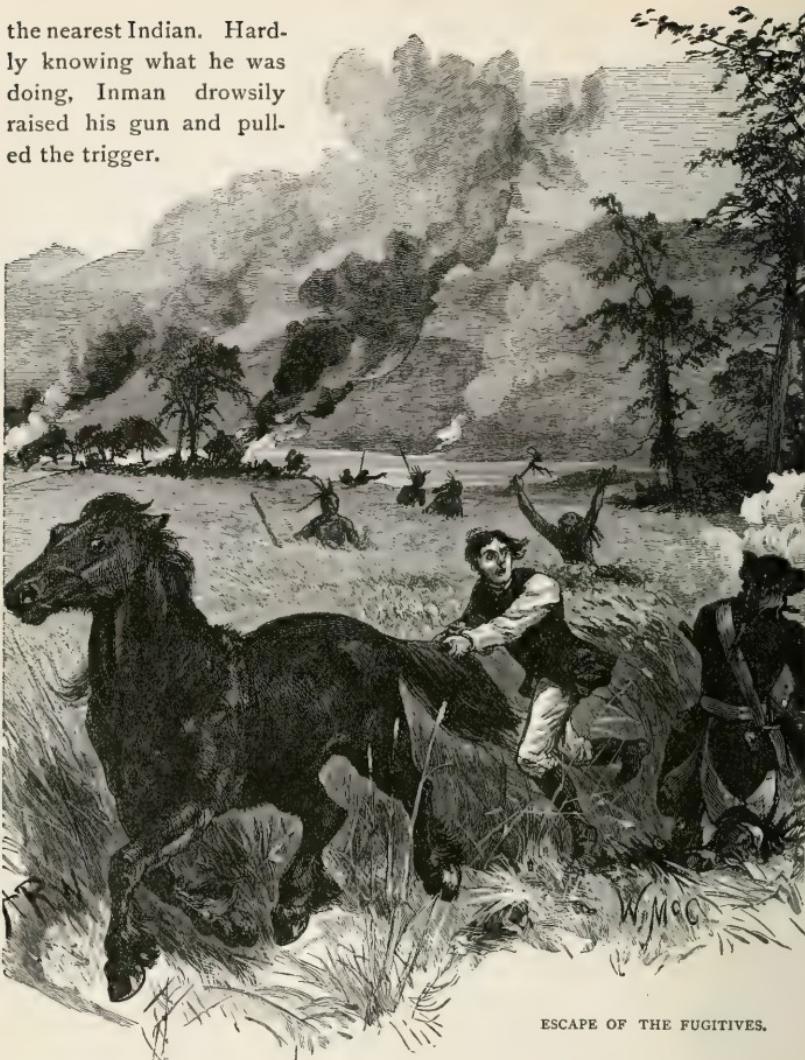
No special censure can be visited upon those who fell that day, for at most it was only a mistake, excusable, perhaps, under the circumstances, but that some of the defenders were intoxicated has been established beyond all question. To this fact was due one of the astonishing escapes to which we have referred.

In the headlong flight of the fugitives, after the defeat of the soldiers, and while the panic was at its height, Rufus Bennet, seventeen years old, made the startling discovery that two sinewy Indians had singled him out as their victim. The youth was tall and slender, and it need not be said that he ran as never before. But one of the savages was remarkably fleet, and, despite the utmost efforts of the boy, gained upon him.

At that critical moment, Colonel Butler galloped by. Young Bennet reached out and seized hold of the long, flowing tail of the horse. This helped him to draw slightly away from his pursuers, who, he hoped, would abandon the chase; but they, doubtless believing the odd flight could not be long maintained, continued the chase.

Bennet's hold was broken, and he believed it was all over with him. Just then, when the foremost pursuer, with tomahawk in hand, was close upon the panting fugitive, the latter caught sight of Richard Inman, an old friend. Inman was unmistakably drunk, and had lain down in the wheat field to sleep. The clatter of hoofs awoke him, and he raised partly up and began rubbing his eyes. Colonel Butler shouted to him to shoot

the nearest Indian. Hardly knowing what he was doing, Inman drowsily raised his gun and pulled the trigger.



ESCAPE OF THE FUGITIVES.

The Indian dropped dead, killed by one of those providential accidents which occasionally take place, and his companion, believing that more of the fugitives were in the wheat field, ready to fight to the last, wheeled about and made off, glad enough to escape with his life.

The multitude of visitors to Wyoming never fail to study, with strong interest, a boulder rising about a foot and a half above the ground, and

lying east of a straight line between the monument, since erected, and the site of Fort Wintermoot. This is the famous Queen Esther's Rock.

Catherine Montour, or Queen Esther, of the Seneca tribe, was a half-breed, who had been educated in Canada. At one time, she was a popular lady in Philadelphia, and mingled in the best society. She accompanied the Tories and Indians to Wyoming, where she had a son killed. She was an old woman at the time, but she was aroused to a pitch of indescribable fury by her affliction and the sight of blood.

On the night after the battle, sixteen prisoners were ranged round the rock referred to, while the aged fury prepared to take revenge upon the innocent ones for the death of her son. Armed with a death-mall and hatchet she began the terrible work. The captives, one after the other, were seated on the rock and securely held by two warriors, while the savage queen, chanting a dismal dirge, raised the death-mall with both hands and dashed out the brains of the helpless prisoner or sank her hatchet in his skull.

The sacrifice went on until eleven had been killed. Among those awaiting their turn were Lebbeus Hammond and Joseph Elliott, young, sinewy, and active. At the moment Hammond saw his brother placed upon the rock, he turned to Elliott and said in a low voice: "*Let's try it!*"

At the same instant, both bounded to their feet and were off like a couple of deer. They expected to be shot down before they could run fifty feet, but in the confusion the Indians refrained from firing and devoted themselves to pursuit.

The fugitives diverged as they ran, Hammond heading up the river and continually glancing over his shoulder. He saw the Indians were shaping their course so as to intercept the flight of the two in the direction of Forty Fort. This led him to turn more directly up the stream. He was running desperately, when his foot caught in a root and he fell headlong, rolling down the bank and coming to a halt amid the thick foliage of a fallen tree.

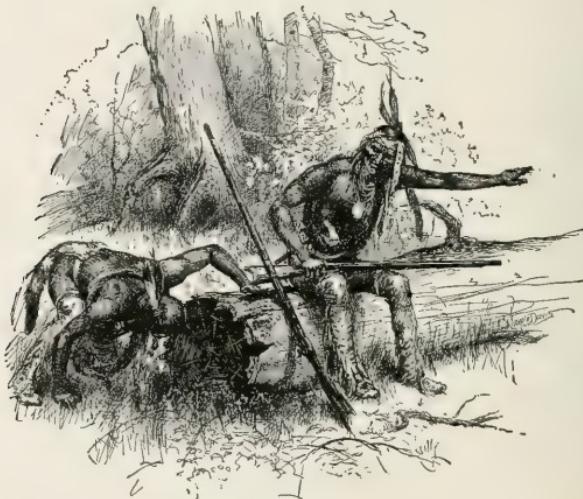
He was about to spring to his feet, when it occurred to him that it was safer to stay where he was. He did so, and soon heard the Indians all around him. They were so close and his heart throbbed so tumultuously that he was sure it would betray him. Time and again they seemed on the point of finding him, and he was in despair, but finally they left. He stayed where he was until dark, when he stole out, swam the river, and reached Wilkesbarre.

Meanwhile, Elliott was giving a good account of himself. Running at great speed, he plunged into the river and swam a long distance under water. When he came up to breathe he was fired upon and severely

wounded in the shoulder, but he persevered, and reaching the other side of the stream, found a wandering horse, which he mounted, using a hickory withe as a bridle, and galloped to Wilkesbarre, where his friend Hammond soon after joined him. Both men lived many years afterward.

Among the fugitives from Wyoming on that fateful summer day in 1778, was Noah Hopkins, a wealthy man from Dutchess County, New York. At the beginning of his flight he obtained such a good start that he was hopeful of escape. He was pretty nearly exhausted when he discovered, to his terror, that the Indians were on his track and must soon overtake him if he persisted in flight.

Casting about for some place in which to hide himself, he observed a large, hollow tree, extended on the ground. Into this he backed and



SAVED BY A SPIDER'S WEB.

anxiously awaited his fate. As he lay listening and watching, he saw an industrious spider weaving its web across the door of his retreat. He watched the creature, as it deftly toiled, though it is not to be supposed that he felt much interest in the operation.

Suddenly he heard the voices of Indians. They had reached the place, and, as if nothing was to be lacking in the intensity of his emotions, a couple sat down on the very log which sheltered him. Their voices were distinct, and he noticed even the bullets rattling in their pouches as they moved about.

The sight of the opening in the tree could not fail to attract the notice of the Indians. While watching the opening, the painted face of one

showed itself in front of it. The savage, stooping down, peered into the darkness, his features distinctly revealed to the terrified fugitive.

The Indian was about to explore further, for he could not fail to understand how inviting such a refuge would be to a wearied fugitive, when he saw the web spun across the opening. Such a thing is accepted the world over as evidence of age, and the warrior took it as proof that no one was in the log. He and his companions remained awhile longer, and then departed and were seen no more.

Hopkins stayed in the tree as long as he could, and then stole out. He wandered about for days, and suffered severe hardships before finding friends, but he, too, lived many years afterward to tell of his remarkable escape.

Among the Tories who devastated Wyoming Valley was John Pencil. Monocacy Island is a short distance below the battle ground. During the flight and pursuit, a number of the settlers swam to this island, where they hid themselves among the logs and brushwood. They had thrown away their weapons during the flight, and, therefore, were without any means of defending themselves.

Several of the Tories followed. On reaching the island they wiped their guns and reloaded them. A fugitive furtively watching them from his concealment, recognized one of them, John Pencil, as the brother of Henry Pencil, who was a patriot hiding near by.

The Tory, while closely searching, came upon his brother. The latter, on finding himself discovered, fell on his knees and begged that his life might be spared. The other raised his gun with an oath and blew out his brains. The fratricide would have returned to Wyoming, after the war, had he not learned that there was a witness of the deed, who had made it known. He, therefore, took up his abode in Canada.

It is said that when the Indians learned what John Pencil had done, they expressed their horror, for, savage though they were, none of them was capable of such a deed.

While living in the Canadian wilderness, Pencil was twice pressed so closely by wolves that he would have been killed, but for the Indians. The latter finally came to the belief that the Great Spirit was angry with him, and they determined to befriend him no more. The fatal third time came, when he was again beset with famishing wolves, who were allowed to rend him limb from limb.

But there is one story connected with the sad tragedy of Wyoming, so strangely touching, that we must devote a chapter to its relation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SINGULAR STORY OF FRANCES SLOCUM.

JONATHAN SLOCUM, a Quaker, removed from Rhode Island in 1777, and settled with his wife and nine children in Wyoming Valley. His son, despite the peace principles of his father, took part in the defense of the place in the following year, and to this fact was probably due the vengeance the red men took upon the family.

On the 2d of November, 1778, three Delaware Indians stole into Wyoming Valley, and made their way toward the Slocum dwelling. A Mr. Kingsley had been taken prisoner by the savages some time before, and his wife and two boys made their home with the Slocums. As the warriors approached, they saw the Kingsley boys grinding a knife near the door. The oldest one was shot.

Mrs. Slocum ran to the door and saw the Indians scalping the dead boy with the knife he had been sharpening. She hid herself, until one of the savages laid hold of her boy Ebenezer, who was lame. Then her mother's solicitude caused her to forget her own danger, and running to the Indian, she pointed down to the injured foot and said:

"The child can do no good to thee : he is lame."

Meanwhile, little Frances, about five years old, was hidden under the stairs, but was found by the Indians. One of them dropped the boy and caught up the girl. The mother begged piteously for them to spare her, but the savages paid no heed and left, carrying little Frances, who reached out her arms to her distracted mother and called "Mamma! mamma!" until they were out of sight. The Indians took also the other Kingsley boy and a colored girl with them.

The fort was about a hundred rods from the Slocum house and the alarm was quickly given. The brief start gained by the Indians, however, rendered all pursuit useless and nothing was ever learned of them.

Who shall picture the sorrow of that household, when the father and sons returned home and found that baby Frances had been carried off by the merciless red men? Their hearts were breaking, and the vision of the little one, with arms outstretched, piteously appealing to her mother, haunted her for years and weighed her down with a woe which time never removed.

A few weeks later, Mr. Slocum and his father-in-law were killed by Indians while at work in the fields, and the son of the former was

wounded. He escaped and gave the alarm, but, as before, the marauders fled ere any punishment could be inflicted. Husband and father were buried and the poignant grief of the stricken wife was gradually softened by time. She knew they had gone to their long rest and were at peace. But she never failed to mourn for little Frances, for she could not know



THE CAPTURE OF FRANCES SLOCUM.

her fate. Had she been assured that she, too, was dead, she would have been content; but, so long as there remained the possibility of her being alive, the mother could know no assuagement of her grief.

But the years wore on, and no tidings came to the sorrowing parent of the loved and lost one. Her sons grew to be prosperous business men. Peace having been made between Great Britain and the United States, the brothers decided to make a systematic effort to recover the stolen sister or to learn what had become of her. Accordingly, in 1784, two of them

visited Niagara, made inquiries and offered generous payment for any information concerning Frances Slocum.

This mission met with no success, and they came back almost convinced that she was dead. The mother would have been relieved could she have shared their belief, but she continued to mourn for the one that was and yet was not. Her hopes communicated themselves to the sons, and four years later they spent several months among the western Indians, where they offered five hundred dollars reward for information of the missing one, but were compelled again to return without the first clew.

In 1789, a large number of Indians met Colonel Proctor at Tioga Point, for the purpose of making a treaty. Many prisoners were brought in to be surrendered to their friends. Mrs. Slocum, now growing old, made a laborious journey thither and spent several weeks in examining the captives; but among them all she found none whose features were those of her beloved Frances.

The mother still clung to the belief that her child would be found, and her loving children did everything in their power to gain the knowledge she sought so longingly, and yet in vain. The four brothers spent almost the entire summer of 1797 traveling through the western wilderness, visiting the Indian settlements and hiring hunters and trappers, and indeed doing whatever promised to bring the slightest success, but as before, only disappointment rewarded all their efforts.

A gleam of hope appeared when a female captive, hearing of the rewards offered for the lost one, came to the sorrowing mother and told her that she was taken prisoner, somewhere on the Susquehanna, when a small child, and she was anxious to find her relatives and friends. She could not recall the name of her parents, nor did she know her own, but she hoped she might prove the lost one. The mother scanned her countenance and questioned her closely, but she was not the one for whom she sighed with an unappeasable yearning. She told the stranger she was welcome to stay with her so long as she chose. "Perhaps someone may extend the same kindness to Frances," she said. The young woman remained several months, but, finding herself an object of charity rather than affection, took her departure and nothing more was heard of her.

At last the weary, sorrowing, patient, but heart-broken mother lay down and died, without having obtained a glimpse of the face of the little Frances, who was carried away many long, long years before. Nor did she gain the most indistinct information of her fate. Mrs. Slocum died in 1807.

And yet the lost daughter Frances was alive, and time and again she and her mother were close to one another. The brothers, too, narrowly missed finding her. But it was fortunate that mother and child did not

meet in this life; for surely the heart of the parent would have died within her of grief.

In 1835, Colonel George W. Ewing, connected with the public service among the Indians, was benighted near "Deaf Man's Village," on the Missisinewa, a branch of the Wabash. He applied to an Indian dwelling



FROM CIVILIZATION TO BARBARISM.

and was made welcome. Not feeling well, Colonel Ewing lay down upon some skins in the corner of the room. By and by the family disappeared, with the exception of the venerable head of the household.

As Colonel Ewing lay on his primitive couch, watching the old lady, the color of her skin and hair led him to suspect that she was a white woman. After some questioning, she admitted that his suspicions were right. She said she was carried into captivity when a small child, and that her parents' name was Slocum. She had never told the secret before, through fear that her relatives would take her away. She would not have revealed it even then, but for the belief that she was close to death. She was a thorough Indian in every respect, except blood, and there can be little doubt that, while the mother was making her weary search for her, she, with the help of her dusky friends, studiously kept out of her way.

Had she been recognized by the parent, she never would have consented to go with her, and the disappointment would have been more than the mother could bear.

Colonel Ewing had never heard the story of Frances Slocum ; but believing that the information would prove of importance, he sent a letter to the postmaster of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, giving the particulars and asking him to make inquiry. The postmaster read the letter, but suspecting it to be a hoax, flung it aside. Two years later he died, and his widow, in overhauling his papers, found the letter.

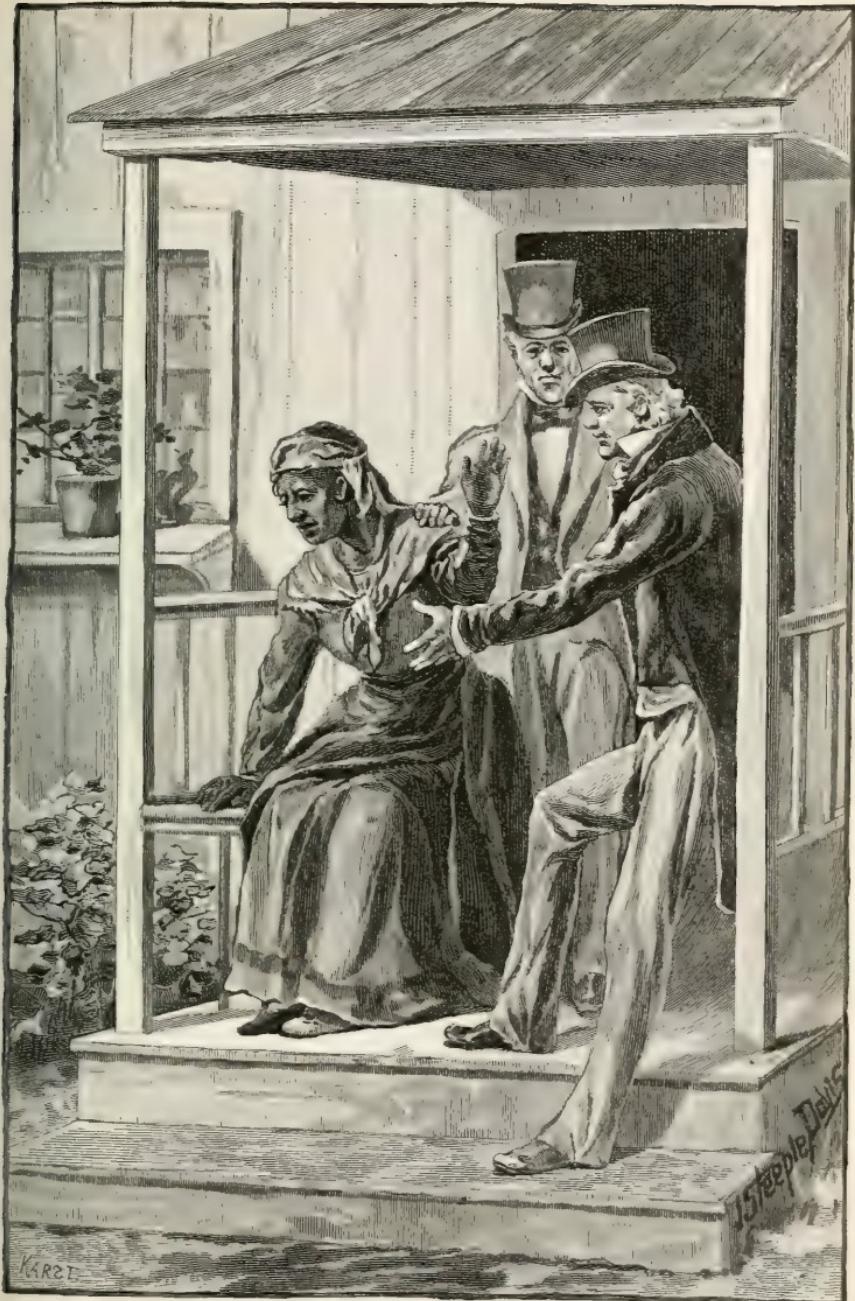
She was impressed by the strange story, and sent it to the *Lancaster Intelligencer*, which immediately published it. A copy fell into the hands of an acquaintance of the Slocum family, who mailed it to the brother of Frances at Wilkesbarre. The family and their friends were thrown into excitement. A correspondence was opened with Colonel Ewing, who replied that the old lady was still living near Logansport, and there could be no doubt that she was the relative whom they had sought so many years in vain.

Members of the family made their way thither and it proved to be the long-lost Frances, found after *fifty-nine* years !

Her recollection of her infancy, before she was taken away by the Indians, was vague and uncertain, but it revived under the questioning of her relatives, and she recognized them beyond all possibility of doubt. But, as has been stated, she was an Indian in sentiment and feeling, and kindly but firmly declined the urgent invitation to end her days with them. She, in turn, asked them to live with her. She was a widow, highly esteemed among the Indians, and possessed considerable means.

When our Government arranged to remove the Indians of Indiana west of the Mississippi, Mr. Slocum petitioned Congress in behalf of his sister, and enlisted strong support. Hon. B. A. Bidlack assumed charge of the bill, and John Quincy Adams made an eloquent appeal in its behalf. The bill, which became law, provided that one mile square of the reserve, embracing the house and improvements of Frances Slocum, should be granted in fee to her and her heirs forever. She never forgot the kindness of her good brother, by which her last days were made contented and happy.

Frances Slocum died March 9, 1847, and her grave was made on a beautiful knoll, near the union of the Missisinewa and the Wabash, by the side of her chief and children, but long since the spirits of mother and daughter have been reunited in the Beautiful Beyond.



A VAIN APPEAL.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MASSACRE AT CHERRY VALLEY—MAJOR CLARKE'S BRILLIANT EXPEDITION—A STRANGE SURRENDER—THE SIX OR FIVE NATIONS—SULLIVAN'S CRUSHING CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE INDIANS.

WHEN Lafayette was at Albany in 1777, preparing for an invasion of Canada, which was never made, he ordered the erection of a fort at Cherry Valley, N. Y. The post was placed in charge of Colonel Ichabod Alden, an able officer, who made the mistake of discrediting the warnings which reached him of a contemplated raid into the valley by a force of Tories and Indians. When appealed to by the villagers, he airily told them there was no cause for fear, and they would show their wisdom by staying at home and looking after their domestic affairs. Unfortunately, this advice was followed.

Colonel Alden had a startling awakening. One day, while outside of his fort, a war whoop sounded on his ears, and he saw an Indian warrior coming furiously toward him. The colonel dashed for the fort, drawing his pistol as he did so. His pursuer continued to gain and the officer leveled his weapon at him. He pulled the trigger, but the pistol missed fire. He tried it again and again, but something was the matter and it refused to go off. When only a few paces from his refuge the Indian buried his tomahawk in his brain.

The savages at this time were massacring the inhabitants right and left. Walter N. Butler, son of the Tory who devastated Wyoming, and Brandt, the Mohawk chief, were the leader of the Tories and Indians, who killed fifty persons, mostly women and children.

The Americans were prompt to adopt retaliatory measures. Several expeditions were sent against the Indians on the upper Susquehanna and in other directions. The most remarkable was that of Major George Rogers Clarke, a Kentucky pioneer, who was commissioned by Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, to lead a force against the Indians west of the Alleghenies.

In May, 1778, Major Clarke, with one hundred and fifty men, descended the Ohio, halting at Corn Island long enough to erect a block house and to receive some additions to his company. He left five men, who, after the departure of the command, crossed to the mainland, cleared off some timber, and put up several cabins. Gradually others were added until the important city of Louisville came into existence.

At the mouth of the Tennessee, Clarke left his boats and tramped through the swamps and woods to Kaskaskia, which belonged to Canada. The inhabitants had no thought of danger, and, when they found themselves confronted by the Kentuckians, they could do nothing less than surrender off hand. The governor was sent a prisoner to Virginia and the people declared their loyalty to the United States.

Clarke next captured Cahokia, farther up the river, where the inhabitants also avowed their allegiance. By this time the situation of the Kentuckians had become critical. They had penetrated far into the hostile country, warlike Indians were on every side, and they were liable to be overwhelmed at any hour. It was the rapid work of the invaders which gave the enemy no time to concentrate against them.

But there was no thought of turning back till the object of the expedition was accomplished. Vincennes was captured without difficulty, and they struck the Indian villages with such energy that the savages were terrified.

When Governor Hamilton of Detroit learned of the capture of Vincennes, he set out with eight hundred men to retake it. Major Clarke had passed on and was otherwise engaged, so there was no danger from him and his Kentuckians. Hastening to the fort, the governor sent a peremptory summons to Captain Helm to surrender. The captain as peremptorily refused to do so until assured of satisfactory terms. The governor replied guaranteeing to the captain and his men the honors of war. Captain Helm accepted the terms, and he and his garrison surrendered.

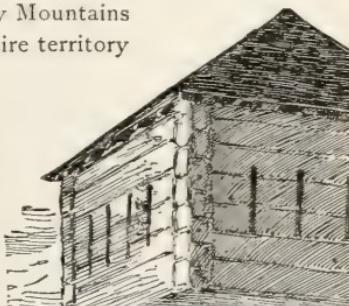
And then came the surprise of Governor Hamilton's life. The entire garrison of the fort consisted of Captain Helm and one solitary private. These two marched solemnly out and were received with the honors of war, while it is easy to believe that the governor and his officers laughed heartily at the scene.

While Major Clarke was at Kaskaskia, he found the written orders that had been sent to the governor from the government of Quebec, instructing him to make use of the Indians in the war against the Americans.

In the depth of winter Governor Hamilton advanced to Vincennes, determined to bring the audacious Kentuckians to terms. Major Clarke marched across a country which was a vast watery swamp, with ice not quite strong enough to bear the men's weight. They sank into the chilling water and mud to their waists, but pushed resolutely on, and again appearing unexpectedly before Vincennes, demanded its surrender. Hamilton was astounded, but was obliged to yield. He had incited the Indians to so many outrages against the settlers that the council of Virginia kept him a long time in irons.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of the services rendered by Major Clarke. It lay not in what he actually accomplished while on his brilliant march, but in the consequences of these exploits. He overturned Governor Hamilton's projects, and put an end to all danger in that section from Indians. It has been claimed with reason that but for Major Clarke, the boundary of the United States at the close of the Revolution would have been the Allegheny Mountains instead of the Mississippi River. The entire territory north of the Ohio was organized as the "County of Illinois," and Major Clarke and each of his men were publicly thanked by Virginia for their services, and were rewarded with two hundred acres of land apiece.

The most powerful league of Indians ever known on this continent was that



DEATH OF COLONEL ALDEN.

of the Five Nations, or, as they came latterly to be known, the Six Nations. They originally occupied most of the territory of the present State of New York. The English gave to them the name of Five Nations, because they constituted a confederacy of that number of distinct tribes. The French called them Iroquois; the Dutch, Maquas; the Virginia Indians, Massawomekes, and at home they were variously called Mingoes

and Aganuschion, or United People. It is said that the Mohawks were the oldest of the confederacy; next came the Oneidas, then the Onondagas, the Senecas, and the Cayugas. The Tuscaroras from Carolina joined them in 1712, but were not formally admitted until ten years later. It was this new member which gave the league the name of the Six Nations, though it will always be more generally known by the other title.

The ravages of the Indians on our northwestern frontiers became so intolerable that Washington determined to strike them a fatal blow. With the wisdom which always characterized that great man, he organized the expedition on a scale that insured success. It consisted of four thousand Continental troops, the militia from the State of New York, and a number of independent companies from Pennsylvania. The command of the expedition was offered to General Gates, but that vain officer, in his envy of the growing fame of Washington, refused it in an insolent letter. It was then assumed by Sullivan, who went to work like one who "meant business."

It was the summer following the massacre at Wyoming, to which point Sullivan moved his headquarters. He decided that the expedition should advance in three divisions. The left was to move from Pittsburgh, under Colonel Daniel Brodhead; the right from the Mohawk, under General James Clinton, while Sullivan was to lead the center from Wyoming.

Exasperating delays followed, and Sullivan protested so indignantly that he aroused considerable feeling against himself. He cared nothing for that, however, and kept on protesting until the authorities were compelled to pay attention to him and his wants.

General Clinton, with seventeen hundred men, reached Otsego Lake, the source of the Susquehanna. The stream being too small at that place to float his boats, the outlet was dammed until the accumulated waters raised the surface of the lake several feet. Then the dams were torn away, and the outrushing torrent carried with them two hundred and twenty boats filled with troops and supplies.

On arriving at the site of the present town of Union, Clinton was joined by Sullivan, the united forces numbering nearly five thousand men. On the 26th of August, this powerful body left Fort Sullivan, on Tioga Point (now the village of Athens, Pa.), and marched into the Indian country.

The Indians knew what was coming and sent out a deputation to meet Sullivan. At the Indian village of Newtown, where Elmira now stands, Sullivan found a force of twelve hundred, composed of British regulars, Tories, and Indians, under the command of Captain Macdonald, Colonel John Butler, his son, Walter N. Butler, and the ferocious Mohawk chief, Joseph Brandt.

This force was so much smaller than that of the Americans that it would not have ventured to make a stand, but for the hope of drawing the patriots into a trap, similar to that which resulted in the destruction of Braddock and his army. An American rifleman climbed a tree and discovered the scheme of the enemy. This enabled Sullivan to flank the forces, and he scattered the whole lot of them like so much chaff, inflicting a



AN IROQUOIS HOME.

heavy loss. The Indians were so panic stricken that nothing could induce them to make another stand.

The savages had caused such suffering on the frontiers that Sullivan refused to treat with them. He had been sent there to punish them, and he meant to do it so thoroughly that they would never forget the lesson.

The Indians had attained a surprising degree of civilization in the fertile country of the Senecas and Cayugas. They had towns and villages regularly laid out; framed houses, some of which were finely finished, painted, and provided with chimneys. They owned broad and productive fields, with orchards of apple, peach, and pear. A person traveling through the section would have found it hard to believe that there was the home of the fierce Iroquois, who, it is claimed, but for the coming of the white man, would have subjugated all the aborigines in America.

Into this region, as fair as a garden of the Lord, swept the avenging army. Forty of the villages were laid in ruins; the fruit trees were cut down and the harvests utterly destroyed. The winter which followed was

one of frightful severity. Hundreds of the impoverished Indians died of disease and want, and the blow, as has been said, was probably the most fearful ever received by the people.

It may seem cruel, and it unquestionably *was* cruel. But those savages deserved it. It was they who had helped to murder and torture the unoffending settlers at Cherry Valley and Wyoming, and the fiends deserved no sympathy. General Sullivan made certain, among the first things he did, of finding the home of Queen Esther, or Catherine Montour —she who had murdered more than a dozen captives about the rock at Wyoming, which will forever bear her name. Having found it, he left it in ashes, though the withered Hecate at the time was fully fourscore years of age.

Colonel Brodhead, leading the expedition from Pittsburgh, ascended the Allegheny with six hundred men. His purpose was to create a diversion that would help the general campaign. Beside doing that, he destroyed many villages and corn fields, and returned after a month's absence without the loss of a man.

The following spring some of the savages again took the warpath and attempted to harass the settlements, but their power was so effectually broken that it may be said comparative peace reigned on the frontier.

CHAPTER XX.

A WHITE MISCREANT—A DARK PAGE IN AMERICAN HISTORY— RETRIBUTION.

IT must not be supposed that atrocities were confined to the Indians on the frontier. The long continued hostilities between the races developed some of the most execrable white miscreants that ever lived.

While Colonel Brodhead was returning to Pittsburgh from his expedition into the Indian country, a warrior approached the side of the river opposite to the encampment, and called out that he wished to see the "big captain." Colonel Brodhead came forward and asked what he wanted, "To make peace," was the reply. Colonel Brodhead told him to send over some of his chiefs. The Indian asked whether they would be harmed. The colonel assured him they should not suffer the least injury.

Under this guarantee, one of the finest looking chiefs ever seen by Colonel Brodhead crossed the river, and began conversation with the officer. While thus engaged, a militiaman sneaked up behind the chief, whipped out a tomahawk he had concealed under his clothing, and clove the skull of the guest in twain. The name of this wretch was Wetzel, and he was never punished for his crime. The attempts to do so almost caused a revolution in a portion of the West, where the people regarded him as a hero. Since that day the miscreant has figured in unnumbered histories and romances as the ideal frontiersman, worthy only of admiration for his exploits.

One of the darkest pages in American history is that of the massacre of the Moravian Indians, in 1782. The self-sacrificing Moravian missionaries had toiled long and faithfully in the Western wilds, and had succeeded in establishing missions on the Tuscarawas, among the Delaware Indians. There were three stations on the river: Gnadenhutten, Shoenbrun, and Salem. All these villages were occupied by the red men who had become Christianized, and were engaged in the peaceful pursuits of civilization. The depredations of hostiles on the frontiers of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia led the inhabitants to retaliate, and a company of one hundred men was raised and placed under the command of Colonel Williamson, as a corps of volunteer militia. They marched to the Moravian towns on the Tuscarawas, arriving within a mile of Gnadenhutten on the night of the 5th of March.

On the following morning sixteen of Williamson's men crossed the river, two at a time, in a large sugar trough, to the west bank, where some Indians were at work in a corn field. The rest of the men went to the village, finding only an Indian and a squaw. They killed both.

The sixteen, on reaching the corn field, saw more Indians than they anticipated. They noted, too, that they had their guns with them for the purpose of killing game. The whites talked kindly, saying they had come to take them to a place of safety, and advised them to quit work and go to Fort Pitt. Some of the tribe had been to the fort the previous year and received pleasant treatment, returning with numerous presents. The unsuspecting Indians naturally believed what was told them, gave up their guns, and placed themselves under the protection of Williamson and his men.

An Indian messenger was sent to Salem to tell the brethren of the arrangement, and then both companies returned to Gnadenhutten. A number of mounted militia started for the Salem settlement, but before reaching it they met the Moravian Indians, who had left their corn fields and were on the way to join their brethren at Gnadenhutten. The Indians, already secured by treachery, had been bound and were confined in two houses under a strong guard. Those from Salem, whose arms had been given up, were also bound and imprisoned, the males in one house and females in another. The total of men, women, and children was between ninety and one hundred.

Colonel Williamson now put it to a vote whether the captives should suffer death or be taken to Fort Pitt in accordance with the pledge made them. Eighteen only out of the whole number of whites favored keeping the pledge. It was therefore decided by a large majority to put them to death.

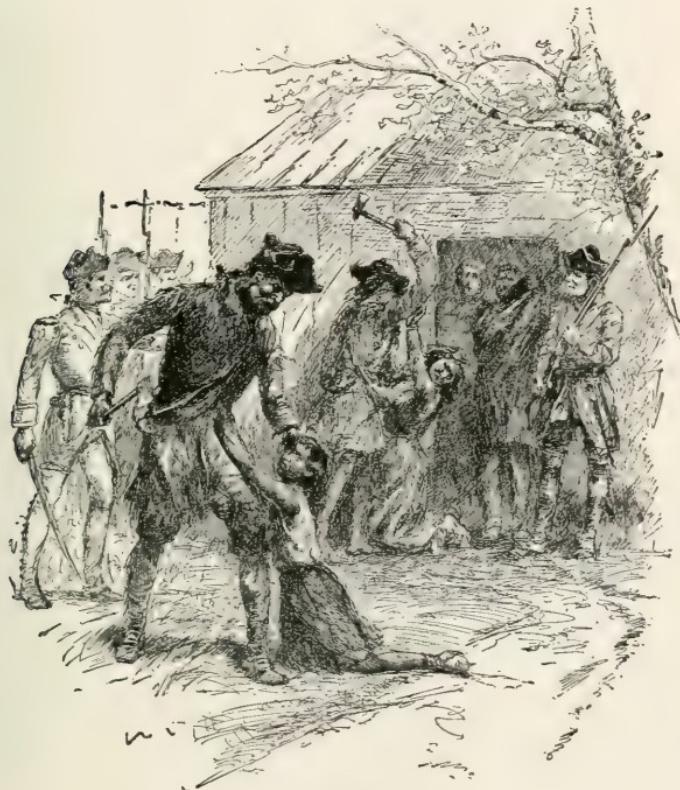
An Indian female, who spoke good English, fell on her knees before Williamson and begged that the lives of herself and friends might be spared, assuring him (what he already knew) that not one of them was guilty of any wrong toward the white people. His reply was an order for her to prepare for death.

The Indians had anticipated this answer. The entire night was spent in prayer and the singing of hymns. The scene of the morrow was too shocking to describe. A little girl, only twelve years old, when it came her turn to kneel to receive the fatal blow, pleaded for her life in such piteous accents, turning her dark eyes, swimming with tears, upward to her white executioners, and clasping her tiny hands, that several of the men turned away sick at heart. The innocent child died, as did every man, woman, and child of the Christian band. The massacre was as devoid of palliation as the butchery of the missionaries' families at Cawnpore by

Nana Sahib during the Sepoy mutiny, which caused a shudder of horror throughout the civilized world.

Revenge came very soon, though, alas, as is often the case, it did not fall upon the guilty perpetrators of the crime.

On the 22d of the following May, Colonel Crawford headed another expedition from Western Pennsylvania. His force consisted of four



A PITEOUS APPEAL.

hundred and fifty men. Passing the Moravian towns on their way, they were attacked by the Indians near the Upper Sandusky and overwhelmingly defeated. A hundred were killed and taken prisoners. Of the latter only two succeeded in escaping.

In the disorganized flight, Colonel Crawford's anxiety for his son and several relatives caused him to linger too long at the rear, and he, Dr. Knight, and several others, were captured by a party of Delawares and taken to the old Wyandot town. There the famous Delaware chief, Cap-

tain Pipe, painted Crawford and Knight black. The other prisoners were tomahawked.

They had halted a short distance from the town, and on their way thither were accompanied by the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, whose name is so infamously connected with the settlement of the West. He taunted them with the fate that awaited them and gloated over their coming torture.

In the village was a chief known as Wingenund, an old acquaintance and friend of Crawford. Not wishing to witness the dreadful scene, he withdrew to his cabin, but came forth at the earnest solicitation of Crawford.

"Don't you know me?" asked the despairing officer.

"Are you not Colonel Crawford?" inquired the chief in turn.

"I am."

"So! ah, yes, indeed," replied Wingenund with much embarrassment.

"You and I have long been friends; you have sat at my table and we have never had an unkind word: you have not forgotten all this?"

"No; I never could forget your kindness; an Indian always remembers such things."

"Then our friendship is still alive, is it not?"

"It would be if you were not here under such circumstances."

"And why not here? I hope you would not desert a friend in need. Now is the time to prove your friendship, as I would do were our situations reversed."

"Colonel Crawford," said the chief impressively, "you have put yourself and your friends in a situation where I can do nothing for you."

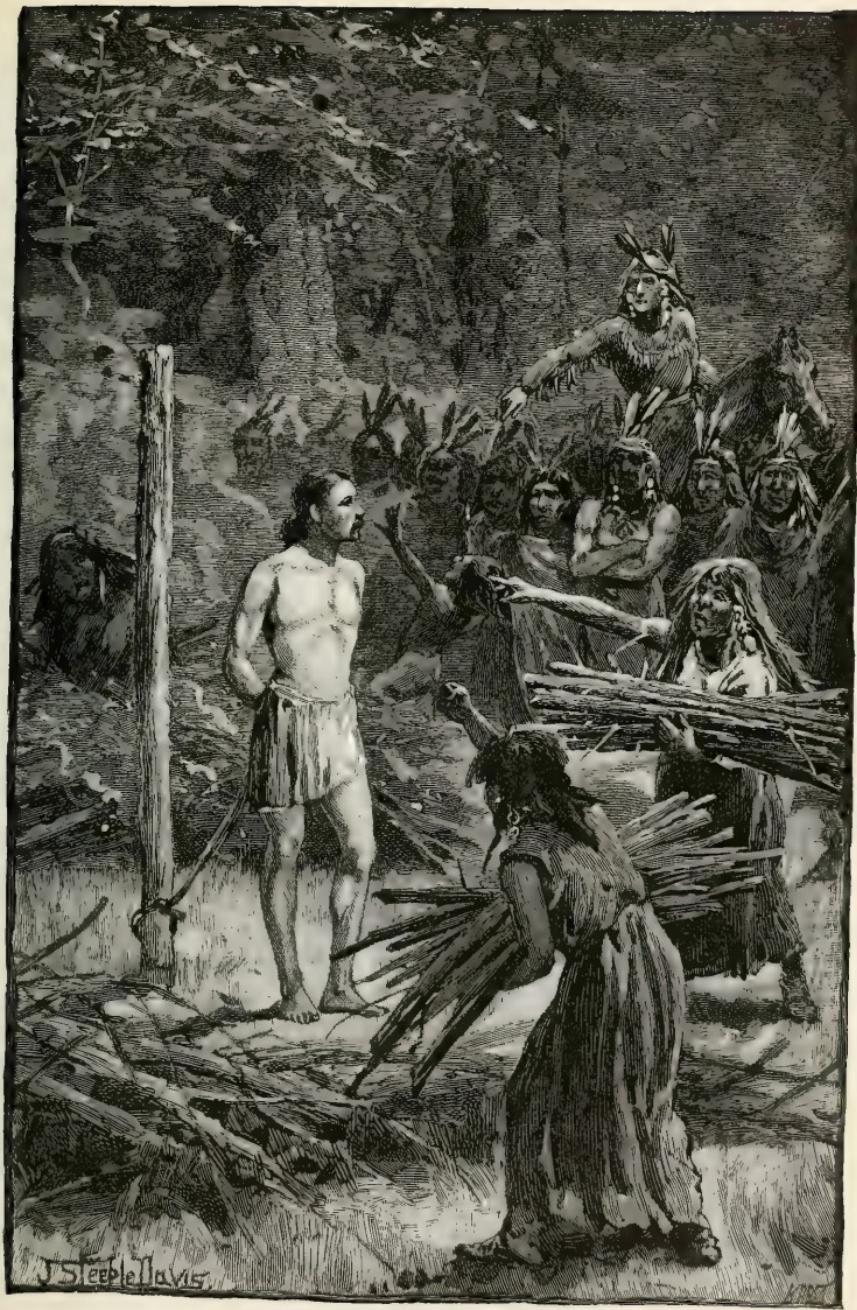
"How is that?"

"By joining yourself to that man Williamson, who but a short time ago murdered the Moravian Indians, knowing them to be his friends. He knew he ran no risk in killing men and women whose business is to pray and not to fight."

"I assure you, Wingenund, that had I been there, Williamson would never have been permitted to commit that crime. All good men everywhere condemn him, and none more than I."

The chief expressed his sympathy for his unfortunate friend, whom he would have willingly saved had it been in his power, but he repeated that he could do nothing, and sorrowfully bade him good-by, shedding tears, it is said, as he walked slowly away.

A large stake was driven into the ground and piles of wood heaped about it. Colonel Crawford's hands were tied behind his back, one end of a rope was fastened to the ligature at the wrists and the other to the bottom of the stake. The length of the rope permitted him to walk several



TORTURE OF COLONEL CRAWFORD.

times around the stake. Fire was then applied to the piles of wood, which lay six or seven yards from the stake.

Among the spectators of this awful scene was Girty, the renegade. He sat on a horse a few feet beyond the fire, and showed by his manner that he enjoyed the coming tragedy as much as the Indians. Colonel Crawford asked Girty whether the Indians intended to burn him. Receiving an affirmative reply, he said he would try to die like a man. He made no appeal to the miscreant, knowing it would only give him occasion to taunt him.

Colonel Crawford was burned at the stake, suffering every torture of which the mind can conceive. His ears were cut off, and charges of powder shot into his body as he ran back and forth around the stake in his frantic efforts to escape his tormentors; the squaws threw coals and hot ashes upon him, and he underwent still further suffering until nature at last succumbed, and he died.

It was intended that Dr. Knight should suffer the same fate as Crawford, but he succeeded in making his escape, and from him and some of the Indians that were present, the particulars of the unfortunate officer's death were obtained. His sorrowful fate was directly due to the atrocity of his own race, the instance being another of the innumerable ones in which, as already stated, the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SCRIMMAGE WITH THE DELAWARES—BRADY'S LEAP.

BEFORE giving an account of the several campaigns against the Western Indians after the Revolution, we will relate one or two incidents as typical of the times and the men who were involved by the continual warfare between the rival claimants for the soil.

We will let the hero himself tell the following story:

"I have been a trader among the red men for about twenty-five years; and in the course of these years I have managed to make a good many friends among the Delawares, Shawnees, and Wyandots. Also, I regret to say, I have made a few bitter enemies. You see, I was always noted for taking a decided course upon every occasion when the red men came into conflict with the whites. For I was no mere trader—a man willing to sacrifice his honor and conscience and race to fill his pocket. I never hesitated to tell the red men when they were wrong, and several times I have gone further and told them they ought to be punished. By this bold and open course of action I won the respect of most men with whom I was brought into contact. But there was one man, Custaloga, a chief of the Delawares, who bore an unconquerable hatred toward the whites and toward me in particular. Nor did he fail to persuade, in time, a considerable number of his tribe that I was their secret foe. It was intolerable, he persuaded them, that I should be allowed to come among the Delawares and accuse them of acting treacherously.

"For some time I feared this Custaloga's influence, and kept on the borders of the Delaware country. But the temptations of a very profitable trade, and the probabilities of evading injuries from my foes, determined me to visit the Delawares again in the year 1793.

"Accordingly, in the spring of that year, I set out from Fort Pitt, in company with another trader and a Wyandot named Hochela, who had long been an intimate friend and guide to me. We journeyed in safety, meeting many friendly Delawares and red men of other tribes, and arrived on the Muskingum, up which we intended to proceed till we reached the Delaware villages.

"One morning we were getting things ready to start from the place where we had camped the night before, when Hochela came running to us from a thick wood. He informed us that he had seen Custaloga and two

other Delawares advancing cautiously through the wood in the direction of our camping place.

"We instantly seized our rifles, but our foes were upon us before we expected them. They rushed straight at us out of the wood, yelling like fiends.

"Custaloga fired as he came, and the two other Delawares discharged their pieces immediately after. A ball passed through my wrist, but my friends were unhurt. My fire killed the Delaware who was nearest as they broke cover, and then the struggle began.

"Our camping place was close to the edge of a high bank, and the descent from it was almost perpendicular. Custaloga was a very powerful man, and my wound had disabled one of my arms. But I struck at him with my tomahawk. I received the stroke of his, however, upon my wounded arm, and rolled on the ground.

"The Wyandot at this instant came to my relief. He struck at Custaloga, who parried the blow, and, grappling with the Wyandot by neck and waist, threw him from the height. Meantime I arose, drew my knife, and stabbed the chief in the back.

"I drove the knife in with all my might, and the wound was mortal. Custaloga reeled round, struck at me with his knife, and fell from the height, uttering an awful scream.

"I had time, now, to look around for my friend Jones. I found him just giving the other Delaware a mortal blow in the throat. They had engaged in a desperate grapple, and Jones had been severely hacked by his opponent's knife.

"However, his foe fell, and the scalp was soon in his possession. I scalped the other Delaware whom I had shot. We then had breathing time. My arm was broken, and the wound in the wrist bled a great deal. Jones was cut on both arms, and slightly on the back. But we agreed to go round to a place where we could easily descend the bank and see what had become of the bodies of the two who had gone over the height.

"We found both lying in the shallow water at the foot. Hochela's head had struck against a projecting rock in his fall, and he was quite dead when we found him. Custaloga still clenched his knife, while his features were frightfully distorted. I managed to scalp him, and then we threw both bodies into deep water as the readiest grave. Returning to our camping place, we dressed each other's wounds after a fashion, secured our goods, and determined to hurry away from that part of the country.

"It was severe traveling with heavy packs in our condition; but we knew that if the death of Custaloga and his friends reached the ears of the people of their village our lives would be sought in revenge. So we

traveled hard till we reached Farmer's Castle, on the Ohio. There we were sure of protection.

"The Delawares found the bodies of their friends—that of Custaloga drifting ashore a short distance below the place where he was killed. For a while they were very much excited, and threatened us with the most horrible torture if we should fall into their hands. But the Major-Commandant at the Castle sent a friendly Wyandot to their principal chief to inform him of the true state of the affair, and to offer presents from us as marks of our esteem and friendship. The chief was fully satisfied that Custaloga had deserved his fate, and succeeded in convincing his relatives of the fact. At least they said they were convinced. Jones and I much doubted it, and kept away from the Delawares for more than a year afterward."

Captain Samuel Brady was a powerful man, possessing great activity and a daring that made him famous among the veteran frontiersmen around him. His home was on the banks of Chartier Creek, a dozen miles below Fort Pitt. He was the hero of many thrilling adventures and remarkable escapes from the Indians.

In 1780, when he had barely reached his majority, and while he was still living on Chartier Creek, it happened that a large band of Indian warriors from the Falls of Cuyahoga and the country round had made an incursion on the southern side of the Ohio River. The settlement attacked was known as "Catfish Camp," after an old Indian chief of that name, who had been living on the Monongahela River at the time when the white men first came to settle in the country. The spot where the settlement stood is now part of Washington County.

The Indians, coming on the place suddenly, had murdered several families, looted the settlement, and recrossed the Ohio with their spoil before word of the outrage came to Chartier Creek.

The news, however, acted on Brady as a trumpet-call. He at once started off, summoned a party together, and hastened on the track of the Indians. These, however, had a start of a couple of days and were well back on their way to their villages.

Brady, following their trail, found it divide close to the spot where now stands the town of Ravenna. One body of the Indians had traveled northward, the other to the west, toward the Falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady wished to lose nothing of his revenge, and therefore divided his company also in two. One part pursued the northern trail; the other, with Brady at its head, struck off toward the Indian village which lay in what afterward became the township of Northampton, in Portage County.

The village lay close to the river. The Indians there, being probably informed by spies that Brady was after them, were keeping a sharp look-



THE LEAP.

out. They had, moreover, managed to supplement their army, so that it outnumbered Brady's party by more than four to one. The consequence was that the whites, advancing with all caution, soon found they must retreat at once if they valued their lives; and that, before they set about retreating, the Indians were upon them.

Brady at once ordered his men to separate, and, scattering in all directions, to shift each man for himself. They did so; but so great was the Indians' thirst to avenge the innumerable punishments that this one man had inflicted on them, that they disregarded all the others and concentrated their pursuit on Brady alone.

He knew the country here as well as a man knows his own street, having hunted over the ground many scores of times. The Cuyahoga just at this point takes a long bend to the south and almost comes back upon itself, inclosing, in the loop thus formed, a peninsula of many square miles. Along this peninsula the Indians hunted Brady; and by stretching out their line to right and left, and outflanking him, forced him little by little to the bank of the river, or rather stream, where the rugged nature of the ground made running more difficult.

Brady saw the stratagem. He must cross the river: but to do so under the bullets of his enemies was almost certain death. They were in full cry behind him, but as yet forbore to shoot, as they wanted to capture him alive and torture him. Death from a rifle-bullet would be a very poor satisfaction to the hatred they nursed against this man. Brady knew well enough the reason why they did not fire: but he also knew very well that if he tried to cross the river he would be riddled with balls at once.

As a last resource, he collected all his energies for a spurt, and made for a spot well known to him, where the whole volume of the Cuyahoga is compressed between two precipices, but twenty-two feet apart at the top—a deep and gloomy chasm, at the foot of which the current boils impatiently, fifty feet down. A short way above, the stream is fifty yards wide at least, and widens again immediately below this rocky pass. The question which flashed across Brady's brain was, "Can I by any possibility leap across from one precipice to the other?"

It was better to fail and be dashed to pieces in the depths of the chasm than to be caught and burned alive. He made up his mind. Hitherto he had been running well, but husbanding his powers: but now he leaped ahead as if he were running a hundred yards' race. With one look over his shoulder he saw his enemies closing down upon him in a semicircle. This was the one spot of all others they would have wished him to run for. With his back to the precipice, they would take him alive, like a rat in a trap.

He, on the other hand, though expecting a swift death, exulted in

spirit. He did not care to measure the chasm with his eye. Whatever its width, he must leap. Within twenty yards of the lip he shortened his stride, hung back a moment, took a swift run, and spurning the edge, sprang forward in air over the swirling water.

The leap, as we have said, was twenty-two feet across, and the man was somewhat spent with running. Now twenty-two feet is a big jump even for a modern athlete who has been training for weeks and jumps in thin clothing and light shoes, on a carefully leveled ground.

Brady did not quite strike the opposite lip of the chasm. But it so happened that just below this lip a narrow ledge protruded, and into this the hunted man dropped, catching at the shrubs as he fell, to prevent his toppling backward. For a moment he hung, panting, against the wall of the cliff; then seizing the shrubs again, pulled himself up to the crest.

The Indians came by ones and twos to the brink and peered over. Amazement held them dumb, and before they recovered, Brady was half way up the hillside opposite. They sent a volley after him at length; and one ball struck him in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his running still.

The Indians looked at that mighty leap and turned back from it. It was lucky that they had to make a large circuit before they could get down to a safer place and cross the stream, for Brady's wound was telling on him. With the advantage he had gained, however, he managed to reach the shore of a small lake which still bears his name. Plunging down its bank, he dived, swam as far as he could under water, and came up again under the trunk of a gigantic oak that had fallen across the water.

The Indians followed his blood stains down to the pond, and searched all along the shore. They found nothing, however, though a couple of them came near enough to stand on the very tree under which Brady lurked. At last, concluding that he had sunk and was lying at the bottom of the lake, they went off extremely disappointed. The hunted man waited for an hour or two before creeping out, and reached his home in safety. All his followers had already returned.

CHAPTER XXII.

RAVAGES BY THE INDIANS—MAJOR DOUGHTY'S ENCOUNTER ON THE TENNESSEE—GENERAL HARMAR'S EXPEDITION—DEFEAT OF ST. CLAIR—GENERAL WAYNE'S SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN—THE TREATY OF FORT GREENVILLE.

INVESTIGATION proved that, between the year 1783 and the month of October, 1790, when our government began offensive operations against the Indians, they killed, wounded, and took prisoners fully fifteen hundred men, women and children, on the Ohio or the frontiers on the southern side, besides stealing upward of two thousand horses and other property, to the value of fifty thousand dollars.

It was high time that something was done to check this devastation, for the savages had become so bold as to attack detachments of troops. In April, 1790, Major Doughty was ordered to the friendly Chickasaws, on public business. While ascending the Tennessee River in a boat with fifteen men, he met a party of Indians in four canoes, consisting of Shawanoes and vagabond Cherokees. They displayed a white flag and were made welcome on the major's boat. They received a number of presents, stayed the better part of an hour, and then left with many expressions of good will.

They had hardly shoved off, however, when they turned and poured a murderous volley into the boat they had just left. The soldiers returned the fire as quickly as they could recover themselves, but when the conflict ended eleven out of the fifteen had been killed or wounded.

It being apparent that nothing but vigorous measures could check these outrages, President Washington, on the 30th of September, 1790, with the consent of Congress, despatched General Harmar, with three hundred Federal troops and eleven hundred and thirty-three militia, against the principal Indian villages.

General Harmar entered the country from Fort Washington, on the present site of Cincinnati, with Colonel Hardin and six hundred Kentucky militia, forming a reconnoitering party in advance. The Indians everywhere fled on their approach, burning their own villages and property. Determined to overtake them, Colonel Hardin placed himself at the head of two hundred and ten men, and pushed on with all haste. This scout was attacked by a comparatively weak force of Indians, when the raw militia broke and fled, leaving the brave regulars to their fate. Twenty-

three were killed and the rest succeeded, after much difficulty, in joining the main body.

General Harmar pushed on. Ten miles beyond the destroyed town of the Miamis he halted and detached between four and five hundred militia and sixty regular soldiers, under the command of Major Wileys and Colonel Hardin, who were ordered to march back to the town. A small number of Indians were seen, who fled, apparently in great fright, in different directions. Most of the militia followed them pell mell, leaving the small force of regulars, who shortly were attacked by overwhelming numbers.

The fight was a desperate one, some of the returning militia again showing the white feather. More than one hundred of them and fifty of the regulars were killed, including the brave Major Wileys, Fontaine, and Frothingham. Many Indians, too, fell, and General Harmar, in his official report, claimed a victory, because he was allowed to retire without molestation; but a few more victories like that would have ended him and his army.

Major General Arthur St. Clair succeeded Harmar in command of the forces in the West. Before he set out, Washington warned him in the most impressive manner against making the mistake of his predecessors.

"Beware of a surprise," said the President; "you know how the Indians fight, and I repeat, BEWARE OF A SURPRISE!"

St. Clair organized a force of two thousand men, with cavalry and artillery, with which he left Fort Washington, October 3, 1791. Advancing twenty miles to Fort Hamilton on the Miami, he turned north, building Forts St. Clair and Jefferson by the way. He lost so many men by desertions and detachments that only about fourteen hundred were left.

At the close of day, November 3, St. Clair reached a point nearly a hundred miles north of Fort Washington, and encamped on one of the upper tributaries of the Wabash. The following morning, just after the troops were dismissed from parade, the Indians assailed them with great fury. They were led by skillful chiefs, and among them was the renegade Simon Girty. The raw recruits, who received the first shock of attack, fell back in confusion, and threw the rest into a panic.

St. Clair, although quite feeble and ill, displayed great personal bravery, as did his officers and the regulars; but the savages fought with undaunted bravery, for they were protected by cover, as in the case of Braddock. A bayonet charge routed a large body, but as soon as the soldiers returned the fight was renewed with the same fierceness as at first. The left wing was broken and the artillerists killed almost to a man. The panic-stricken soldiers huddled together and were slaughtered like sheep. Nothing could be done, and St. Clair gave orders for a retreat. His men fled, closely followed by the Indians, who might have cut them all down had not their greed led them to stop and gather the rich plunder.

St. Clair himself had a narrow escape. Eight balls passed through his clothing and his tent was surrounded, but the Indians were driven back by the regulars at the point of the bayonet. The most valiant service was done by a Chickasaw, who, with a party of his people, was on his way to join the Americans, but the rest did not arrive in time. This single red man killed and scalped eleven of his countrymen, and was at work on the twelfth, when he succumbed, greatly mourned by his friends.

This was a woeful disaster. Of the Americans, six hundred and thirty-one were left dead on the field, of whom thirty-eight were officers; two



A PIONEER HOME.

hundred and sixty-three were wounded. The Indians reported a loss of sixty-five, but it was undoubtedly greater. They captured seven cannon, two hundred oxen, and many horses, but *took no prisoners*.

The Indians were about four thousand strong, and were led by a remarkable Indian—a chief of the Mississayo tribe. He had been in the British service during the Revolution, was six feet tall, and so morose that he was disliked by his brother chiefs; but they knew he understood the art of war better than any of them, and gave him full charge. He planned and conducted the attack, which was contrary to the advice of the rest, and checked the pursuit, saying they had killed enough Americans, and it was proper to gather in the plunder strewn along the way.

This strange individual must have formed a picturesque figure in the battle. He wore the Indian hose and moccasins, a blue petticoat that came half way down his thighs, and an European waistcoat and surtout. His head was bound with an Indian cap, reaching half way down his back, and almost filled with plain silver brooches, to the number of more than two hundred. The ears were adorned with two rings apiece, the upper part of each being formed of three silver medals about the size of a dollar; the lower portion was formed of quarters of dollars and depended more than twelve inches from his ears, besides which he wore three nose jewels of wonderful pattern.

The news of this defeat spread consternation in Philadelphia. Washington was so indignant that he strode back and forth, recalling his instructions to St. Clair and asserting that the blood of the slain rested upon the incompetent leader.

The wrath of Washington, however, soon abated, and he declared that the officer should receive justice. St. Clair was acquitted by a committee of Congress, but he was so strongly condemned by his countrymen that he resigned and was succeeded by General Anthony Wayne.

"Mad Anthony" was made a major general in 1792, and given command in the West, with authority to raise three more regiments of infantry and two thousand dragoons, for a term of three years. He began collecting troops early in the year, and moved so slowly that much complaint was made, as is always the case at such times; but he was simply cautious, and did not intend to make any mistake.

The Indians along the Maumee were vigilant through the winter, attacking whenever a chance offered. There were many skirmishes, with little advantage on either side, and the savages, knowing that a decisive conflict must eventually take place, gathered their warriors and made full preparation.

In July, General Wayne received a re-enforcement of sixteen hundred Kentuckians, under the brave General Charles Scott. This made the strength of the Americans about four thousand, and Wayne was ready for work.

He used every caution on his march into the Indian country. He invariably went into camp about the middle of the afternoon, in a hollow square, which was enclosed by a rampart of logs. He knew that hundreds of eyes were watching his every movement from the woody recesses, and he forgot none of the minute instructions of Washington, who had proven himself a consummate Indian fighter when a young man, during the French and Indian war.

Reaching St. Mary's on the 2d of August, Wayne built Fort Adams and garrisoned it. He next crossed the Auglaize, and marched down that



Stepie Davis

KRASTY

WASHINGTON IN A RAGE.

stream, through deserted villages and fields to the junction with the Maumee, where he erected Fort Defiance. He now followed the Maumee to the head of the rapids, and built Fort Deposit.

All this time, General Wayne was striving to avoid the effusion of blood by persuading the Indians to make peace. At the beginning of preparations, he sent Colonel Hardin and Major Truman with overtures, but both men were treacherously murdered. When a great battle was imminent he tried it again, but the Indians seemed to look upon the proposition as proof of timidity on his part, and returned such exasperating replies that Wayne determined to delay the blow no longer.

On the 20th of August the army advanced in three columns. Major Price was at the head, with a reconnoitering scout. Five miles out, they were attacked by a large force of concealed savages. Price fell back, and Wayne made ready for battle. The Indians had selected their position with much skill, having moved into a thick wood in front of the British post and taken position among a large number of trees that had been prostrated by a tornado. Because of this, the battle is known as that of the Fallen Timbers.

The savages were formed in three lines, and were beyond reach of the horse. The American legion was ordered to charge with trailed arms, rouse the enemy from his hiding place, and then deliver a volley. The cavalry was to advance between the Indians and the river, where the wood allowed them to penetrate and charge the left flank. General Scott, with his mounted volunteers, was to make a circuit, so as to turn the right.

This well arranged programme was carried out with brilliant success, but the first line of infantry was so impetuous that the enemy was driven headlong out of their position. Those who had dislodged them did it with such a rush that only a few of the second line of the mounted volunteers gained a chance to take part. The panic-stricken savages were chased with great slaughter to the British fort of Maumee, several miles distant. The commander of this post had promised, in case of defeat, to open the gates and give them protection. But he did not do so, and, while the horde were huddled about the gates, clamoring for admission, the cavalry and infantry cut them down without mercy. General Wayne, in his official report, gave his killed as thirty-eight, and his wounded one hundred and one. The loss of the Indians could not be definitely ascertained, but, inasmuch as they had two thousand warriors engaged, it must have been great.

This blow was a decisive one. The formidable confederation of tribes was overthrown so utterly that they did not recover for twenty years. General Wayne remained three days on the site of the battle, burning houses and cornfields above and below the fort. He paid his compliments particularly to Colonel McKee, an English trader, who had used his

influence for years to incite the savages to annoy the Americans. All of this man's houses and stores were reduced to ashes. The commander of the fort protested to Wayne, who gave him to understand that he could only save himself and garrison by attending to his own business, and not seeking to interfere with him.

It should be remembered that, although peace had been made between Great Britain and the United States, a number of British posts were held by their garrisons for years, and these did much to excite the Indians to hostilities.

Nothing being left to destroy, General Wayne returned to Auglaize and laid waste all the Indian towns and corn within fifty miles of the river. He gave the savages to understand that their alternative was peace or destruction.

On the 3d of August, 1795, eleven hundred chiefs and warriors met the United States Commissioners at Fort Greenville, where a treaty of peace was signed, by which the red men ceded to our government a vast tract of land, lying in the present States of Indiana and Michigan. As a result, western emigration was given a great impetus and was little interrupted for many years.

August 20, 1885, just ninety-one years after the victory of Fallen Timbers, a concourse of more than five thousand people, mainly from Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, came together on the site of the battle ground to celebrate the victory of General Wayne. It was decided that a monument should be erected on the spot where the famous Indian leader, Turkey Foot, fell. This place receives its name from a large gray rock, on the top of which the warriors had cut with their tomahawks rude representations of turkey feet tracks, in honor of their chief.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN INDIAN THAT EVER LIVED—TECUMSEH'S BIRTH AND YOUTH—AT THE BATTLE OF FALLEN TIMBERS—A TIMID KENTUCKIAN—TECUMSEH'S INTERVIEW WITH GOVERNOR HARRISON—A DRAMATIC SCENE.

IN the year 1768, an Indian woman named Meetheetashe, the wife of Chief Pukeesheno, gave birth to three male infants. They were, Ellskwatawa, signifying in the picturesque Shawanoe tongue, *a door opened*; the second was Kumskaka, meaning *a tiger that flies in the air*, and the third was Tecumseh, *a tiger crouching for his prey*. The mother died among the Cherokees, and the father was killed at the battle of Kanawha in 1774. His eldest son was slain while on a scouting expedition against the settlers of Kentucky.

In studying the character of the American Indians who have made a name for themselves, Tecumseh stands head and shoulders above them all. Trumbull, in his "Indian Wars," thus refers to this renowned leader:

"He was the most extraordinary Indian that has ever appeared in history. He would have been a great man in any age or nation. Independent, of the most consummate courage and skill as a warrior, and with all the characteristic acuteness of his race, he was endowed by nature with the attributes of mind necessary for great political combinations. His acute understanding, very early in life, informed him that his countrymen had lost their importance; that they were gradually yielding to the whites, who were acquiring an imposing influence over them. Instigated by these considerations, and perhaps by his natural ferocity and attachment to war, he became a decided enemy to the whites, and imbibed an invincible determination (he surrendered it with his life) to regain for his country the proud independence she had lost. For a number of years he was foremost in every act of hostility committed against those he conceived the oppressors of his countrymen, and was equally remarkable for intrepidity as skill in many combats that took place under his banner. Aware, at length, of the extent, number, and power of the United States, he became fully convinced of the futility of any single nation of red men attempting to cope with them. He formed, therefore, the grand scheme of uniting all the tribes east of the Mississippi into hostility against the United States. This was a field worthy of his great and commanding genius. He commenced in the year 1809; and in the execution of his project, he displayed

an unequaled adroitness, eloquence, and courage. He insinuated himself into every tribe from Michillimackinac to Georgia, and was invariably successful in his attempts to bring them over to his views."

Tecumseh in appearance was the beau ideal American Indian. Somewhat inclined to stoutness, he was as agile as a panther. He was of dignified mien, his eye penetrating, his features handsome, with a certain austerity, and his whole deportment lofty and impressive to a striking degree. We remember an old soldier years ago who knew the chieftain well. He said he had the most wonderful voice to which he ever listened. It possessed the vibrating resonance of an organ, and, when roused to one of his fiery outbursts, seemed to pulsate through the air with a magnetic power that was irresistible.

"There was nothing to which I could compare it," added the soldier, "but the sound made by thrusting your head into a barrel, and shouting. It absolutely filled and echoed through the surrounding air."

When Tecumseh, impatient at the hesitation and timidity of some of the chiefs, to whom he unfolded his plans, broke forth into one of his magnificent appeals, no Indian could withstand him. If there ever lived a heaven-born orator, this Shawanoe chieftain was the man.

That which compels admiration of this remarkable person was his freedom from many of the weaknesses of his race, and the unquestioned possession of magnanimity, chivalry, and the power of governing and controlling those upon whose ferocious passions no other being could exert any effect.

All know the fondness of the Indian for gaudy ornament and display. He left the gewgaws and spoils to his warriors, and wore a deerskin coat and pantaloons. He often levied subsidies to a large amount, but none of it ever clung to his hands. His commanding abilities led the British government, in the war of 1812, to make him a brigadier-general, and no white man was more worthy of the honor than he. Who could have resisted the brilliant uniform and crimson sash? Rarely did Tecumseh wear them. Frequently, he turned over the insignia of his honors to some other chief, with the gracious remark that he was more worthy to wear them than himself.

He drank heavily when a young man, but, quick to see what ruin the white man's firewater was working upon his race, he resolutely refrained. Had he devoted himself to the education and enlightenment of his people, accepting the inevitable decrees of progress, he would have done incalculable good; but he was a genuine Indian, whose hatred of the pale-faced invaders was the ruling passion of his life. It is said that Tecumseh made Pontiac his model, but, if so, he far surpassed his teacher in all that compels the admiration and respect of mankind. The halo that still lingers

around his name is shown in the number of towns christened in his honor, while, as everyone knows, the late General of the United States Army was named for the illustrious Shawanoe chieftain. At the meeting of the Republican National Committee in Washington, November 23, 1891, to select a city in which to hold the presidential convention, President Palmer, of the World's Fair Commission, gave, in an eloquent plea for the selection of Detroit, the promise to take the visitors thirty miles over into Canada to



AT THE BATTLE OF FALLEN TIMBERS.

view the spot where Tecumseh, "the greatest Indian the American continent ever knew," was slain.

Tecumseh took a leading part in the battle of the Fallen Timbers, where the combined tribes received such a disastrous blow from General Wayne in 1794. Although but a young warrior, he was a powerful leader from the first, exposing himself with a recklessness and intrepidity which, had it been equaled by the others, might have turned the tide of battle.

At the opening of the conflict, Tecumseh held an advanced position, and, in the flurry of the moment, dropped a bullet into his rifle before the powder. This rendered the weapon useless, and just then the Kentuck-

ians pressed the Indians so hard that he was forced back with the rest of his warriors, until they met another detachment of Indians. Tecumseh urged all to stand fast and fight, calling out that, if anyone would lend him a gun, he would show how to use it. A fowling piece was handed to him, which he loaded and fired with great rapidity and effect, until, left almost alone, he was compelled to fall back again with his savages, for, as has been shown, the onset of Wayne’s men was irresistible.

Meeting another party of Shawanoes, Tecumseh rallied them, despite the fact that the Americans were pressing them on all sides, and made a stand in a thicket. Only when destruction was inevitable did he permit his men to retreat and join the main body of the enemy below the rapids of the Maumee.

When the treaty of Greenville was made, Tecumseh absented himself. He was too proud to submit to such humiliation. At that time he was living on Buck Creek, near where Urbana has since been erected. Some years later, on the invitation of the Delawares, he moved into their territory, settling on White River, in Indiana. He conducted himself like an ordinary warrior, hunting, fishing, and visiting his people. Despite the comparative quiescence of his life, his influence rapidly extended among the Indians, for all instinctively saw in him true genius and power. Although he took no part in the treaty of Greenville, he was so conscientiously exact in observing its conditions that the whites yielded him full confidence and respect.

A characteristic anecdote is told of Tecumseh, while he and a party of Indians were on a visit to Ohio, in 1803. A corpulent Kentuckian was in the territory at the time, whither he went for the purpose of exploring lands on Mad River. He lodged one night at the house of Captain Barrett. He was greatly frightened that evening on learning that a party of Indians were encamped in the neighborhood.

While the conversation was going on, the door opened and Tecumseh stalked in with his dignified manner. He saluted Captain Barrett, and then, observing the agitated visitor, contemplated him scornfully for a minute or two and said to the host, pointing to the scared fellow : “A big baby! A big baby!” He stepped across the room and, patting the Kentuckian on the shoulder, repeated the contemptuous remark : “A big baby! Won’t hurt you!”

It was about this period that the brother of Tecumseh, generally known as The Prophet, because of his religious pretensions, began to acquire a great influence over the tribes in that region. Tecumseh was angered against the whites, because of the purchase from the Delawares, Miamis, and Pottawatomies, of a large tract of land in Indiana. The Prophet gathered a thousand warriors from the Shawanoes, Delawares,

Wyandots, Pottawatomies, Ottawas, Kickapoos, Chippewas, and other tribes, and, entering the ceded territory, refused to give it up or to leave. So cunning was The Prophet that, for several years, it was uncertain whether he was trying to combine the red men against the whites, or whether he was actuated simply by a religious craze similar to that which lately turned things topsy turvy among the Sioux and other Western tribes. But, finally, it became evident that a master mind was behind the scenes directing the combinations: that master mind was Tecumseh.

This chieftain's position was that the Great Spirit had given the land to all the Indians, and no tribe could sell any portion without the consent of



THE FRIGHTENED KENTUCKIAN.

all the tribes. This not having been obtained in the case mentioned, Tecumseh insisted that the sale was not valid and the Indians should not assent to it.

The vast territory of Indiana, as it was then known, was under the governorship of General William Henry Harrison, afterward President of the United States and grandfather of the President elected in 1888. In August, 1810, Tecumseh descended the Wabash for the purpose of holding a council with General Harrison, whose headquarters were at Vincennes. He was accompanied by four hundred warriors.

Governor Harrison, appreciating the character and influence of his

visitor, arranged to hold the conference on the portico of his own house. There, on the morning of August 15, he awaited the coming of the chief and his delegation. The governor was attended by the Judges of the Supreme Court, several army officers, a sergeant and twelve men from Fort Knox, and a large number of citizens.

At the hour fixed, Tecumseh came, supported by forty of his warriors, the rest being encamped a short distance away. When about a hundred feet distant, Tecumseh stopped and looked inquiringly at the throng on the portico. Harrison sent an interpreter to inquire what was the matter, and invited the Indians to join him. Tecumseh replied that the porch of a house was not a suitable place to hold the conference, which should be in a grove of trees, pointing at the same time to one near the house. The governor assented, and the seats and chairs were removed thither, the Indians seating themselves on the ground.

The conference was opened by Tecumseh, who stated his position on the irritating question between the whites and his race. Referring to the treaty made by Harrison at Fort Wayne the previous year, he boldly declared that he was determined to fight against the cession of lands by the Indians unless assented to by all the tribes. He admitted that he had threatened to kill the chiefs who signed the Fort Wayne treaty, and furthermore, he did not intend to let the village chiefs manage their affairs longer, but would place the power heretofore invested in them in the hands of the war chiefs. The Americans had driven the Indians from the sea coast, and would soon drive them into the lakes; and while he disowned any intention of making war upon the United States, he asserted in the most emphatic language, that he would oppose any further intrusion of the whites upon their lands. He made a summary of the wrongs his people had suffered from the close of the Revolution to that day. It was plain that this appeal "struck fire" in the hearts of his own people, who would have followed his commands to the death.

Having finished his speech, Tecumseh turned to seat himself, when he observed that no chair had been provided for him. Governor Harrison immediately ordered one, and, as the interpreter handed it to him, he said, "Your father requests you to take a chair."

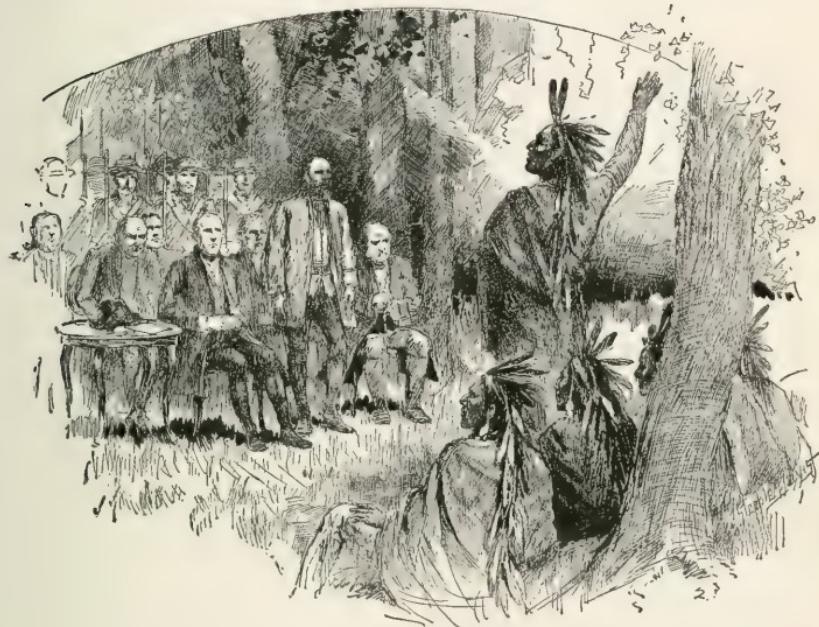
"My father?" said Tecumseh, with great dignity; "the sun is my father and the earth is my mother, and I will rest on her bosom."

He then seated himself among his warriors on the ground.

Replying to this address, Governor Harrison declared that the Indians were not one nation, having a common property in the land. The Miamis were the real owners of the tract on the Wabash, ceded by the late treaty, and the Shawanoes had no business to interfere, since, on the arrival of the whites in this country, they had found the Miamis in possession of the

land, the Shawanoes at that time being residents of Georgia, from which they had been driven by the Creeks. It was absurd to contend that the Indians constituted one nation, for had such been the will of the Great Spirit, he would not have put different tongues in their head.

The interpretation of this speech to Tecumseh threw him into a towering passion. He sprang to his feet, and began declaiming with great vehemence, but as the governor did not understand his language, he looked toward a friendly Indian lying on the grass near him. He saw him stealthily



"THE SUN IS MY FATHER, AND THE EARTH IS MY MOTHER, AND I WILL REST ON HER BOSOM."

renewing the priming of his pistol, which he had kept hidden from the other Indians, though in full view of the governor.

Harrison's attention was brought back to Tecumseh by hearing General Gibson, who understood the Shawnee tongue, say: "Those fellows intend mischief; you had better bring up the guard." At the same instant, the whole forty warriors grasped their tomahawks, leaped to their feet, and glowered threateningly on the governor. The latter also sprang up, and, drawing his sword, stood on the defensive, expecting an instant attack. Captain Floyd, standing near, drew a dirk, and the friendly Indian cocked his pistol. The citizens caught up clubs, brickbats, and anything on which they could lay hands. One of them, a minister, ran to the governor's

house, seized a gun and stationed himself at the door to defend the family. Only a spark was needed to fire the magazine.

Turning to the interpreter, Governor Harrison demanded to know what Tecumseh meant by his action. The reply was that the chieftain asserted that all that the governor said was false, and the Seventeen Fires (the number of States then composing the Union) had cheated and imposed upon the Indians.

Governor Harrison then told Tecumseh that he was a bad man and he would have nothing further to do with him. Inasmuch as he had come to Vincennes under the protection of a council fire, he could go away in safety, but he must immediately leave the village. Tecumseh and his escort sullenly withdrew, and the council terminated for the time.

That night, two companies of militia were brought into the town, and the one belonging there was also embodied. The following morning, Tecumseh sent an apology to the governor for his hasty action. He disclaimed any intention of attacking him and said he had followed the advice of some white men. He begged the opportunity of another interview that he might make full explanation. The governor consented, it being understood that each party should have the same armed force as on the previous day.

Tecumseh comported himself with dignity and courtesy. Repeating his declaration that he had had no thoughts of attacking the executive, he said that two white men had told him that one-half of the citizens were opposed to him, and were willing to restore the land in dispute. They said further, that the governor would soon be out of office, and a good man would be sent to take his place, who would see that the land was restored to the Indians.

Governor Harrison asked Tecumseh whether he would oppose the survey of the lands. He replied that nothing could shake the determination of himself and followers to insist on the old boundary. When he sat down, his leading chiefs followed with the declaration that the Wyandots, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, Ottawas, and Winnebagoes had entered the Shawanoe league and would stand by Tecumseh to the end. Harrison said he would make known this decision to the President, but he was certain that the claim of Tecumseh would never be acknowledged; that since the disputed land had been lawfully bought from the Miamis, who occupied it when the whites first came to America, they would be regarded as the only ones competent to treat with the United States in the matter.

On the following day, the governor visited Tecumseh in his camp and the two had a long talk. The chieftain repeated his sentiments, uttered during the council. He viewed the policy of the United States, in purchasing lands from the Indians, as a mighty flood which, unless checked, would

drown all his people. The confederacy which he had formed to prevent such sales, without the consent of all the tribes, was the dam he was building to resist the flood. He added that he should be reluctant to enter a war against the United States; that, if the governor would persuade the President to give up the lands lately bought and agree to make no more treaties without the consent of the tribes, he would be their faithful ally and give all his aid in the war which he knew would soon break out between the United States and Great Britain. If this was not done, he would be compelled to unite with the British.

The governor replied that he would make known his views to the President, but there was no hope of their being agreed to.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "as the Great Chief is to settle the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put enough sense into his head to cause him to give up the land. It is true, he is so far off that he will not be hurt by the war. He can sit down and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out."

As the governor was about to leave, he proposed to Tecumseh that in the event of war between the Indians and the United States, he would use his influence to put an end to the cruel mode of warfare which the Indians were accustomed to wage upon prisoners and women and children. Tecumseh listened with the grave courtesy which always marked his conduct and assured General Harrison that he would do as he requested. To his everlasting credit be it recorded that he never broke the pledge.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TECUMSEH TAKES THE WARPATH—ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR HARRISON—
REPLY OF THE SHAWANOE CHIEFTAIN—THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE
—DEFEAT OF THE SHAWANOES—COLONEL DUDLEY'S REPULSE—
TECUMSEH'S REPROOF OF GENERAL PROCTOR—THE BATTLE OF THE
THAMES—DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

TECUMSEH must have known that his demands would never be acceded to by the United States, for from this time forward the attitude of himself and brother became distinctively hostile. The great war-belt was sent around to the neighboring tribes, who were invited to join in a confederacy to "confine the great water" and prevent it from overflowing them. The matchless eloquence and sagacity of Tecumseh brought most of the tribes into the alliance.

Seeing the storm gathering, Governor Harrison obtained from the government a military force with which to meet the emergency. Before taking any active step, he sent to Tecumseh and The Prophet an address, or speech. This was in the latter part of June, 1811, when a large body of the Indians were gathered at Tippecanoe. Here is the speech in full:

"Brothers, listen to me. I speak to you about matters of importance, both to white people and yourselves; open your ears, therefore, and attend to what I shall say.

"Brothers, this is the third year that all the white people in this country have been alarmed at your proceedings; you threaten us with war; you invite all the tribes of the north and west of you to join against us.

"Brothers, your warriors, who have lately been here, deny this; but I have received the information from every direction; the tribes on the Mississippi have sent me word that you intended to murder me and then commence a war upon our people. I have also received the speech you sent to the Pottawatomies and others, to join you for that purpose; but if I had no other evidence of your hostility to us, your seizing the salt I lately sent up the Wabash is sufficient.

"Brothers, our citizens are alarmed, and my warriors are preparing themselves; not to strike you, but to defend themselves and their women and children. You shall not surprise us, as you expect to do; you are about to undertake a very rash act; a little reflection may save us a great deal of trouble, and prevent much mischief; it is not yet too late.

"Brothers, what can be the inducement for you to undertake an enter-

prise, when there is so little probability of success? Do you really think that the handful of men that you have about you are able to contend with the Seventeen Fires, or even that the whole of the tribes united could contend against the Kentucky Fire alone?

"Brothers, I am myself of the long-knife fire; as soon as they hear my voice, you will see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men, as numerous as the mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash. Brothers, take care of their stings.

"Brothers, it is not our wish to hurt you; if we did, we certainly have power to do it. Look at the number of warriors to the east of you, above and below the Great Miami to the south, on both sides of the Ohio, and below you also. You are brave men; but what could you do against such a multitude? But we wish you to live in peace and happiness.

"Brothers, the citizens of this country are alarmed; they must be satisfied that you have no design to do them mischief, or they will not lay aside their arms. You have also insulted the government of the United States, by seizing the salt that was intended for other tribes; satisfaction must be given for that also.

"Brothers, you talk of coming to see me, attended by all your men; this, however, must not be so. If your intentions are good, you have no need to bring but a few of your young men with you. I must be plain with you: I will not suffer you to come into our settlements with such a force.

"Brothers, if you wish to satisfy us that your intentions are good, follow the advice that I have given you before; that is, that one or both of you should visit the President of the United States, and lay your grievances before him. He will treat you well, will listen to what you say, and, if you can show that you have been injured, you will receive justice. If you will follow my advice in this respect, it will convince the citizens of this country, and myself, that you have no design to attack them.

"Brothers, with respect to the lands that were purchased last fall, I can enter into no negotiations with you on that subject; the affair is in the hands of the President; if you wish to go and see him, I will supply you with the means.

"Brothers, the person who delivers this is one of my war officers. He is a man in whom I have entire confidence. Whatever he says to you, although it may not be contained in this paper, you may believe comes from me.

"My friend Tecumseh, the bearer is a good and brave warrior. I hope you will treat him well. You are yourself a warrior, and all such should have esteem for each other."

Tecumseh returned this reply:

"Brother, I give you a few words till I will be with you myself.

"Brother, at Vincennes, I wish you to listen to me while I send you a few words, and I hope they will ease your heart; I know you look on your young men, and young women, and children, with pity, to see them so much alarmed.

"Brother, I wish you now to examine what you have from me; I hope that it will be a satisfaction to you, if your intentions are like mine, to wash away all these bad stories that have been circulated. I will be with you myself in eighteen days from this day.

"Brother, we cannot say what will become of us, as the Great Spirit has the management of us at his will. I may be there before the time, and may not be there till the day. I hope that when we come together, all these bad tales will be settled; by this I hope your young men, women, and children, will be easy. I wish you, brother, to let them know when I come to Vincennes and see you, all will be settled in peace and happiness.

"Brother, these are only a few words, to let you know I will be with you myself, and when I am with you I can inform you better.

"Brother, if I find I can be with you in less time than eighteen days, I will send one of my young men before me, to let you know what time I will be with you."

In July, another council was held with Tecumseh, but nothing was accomplished. The chasm could not be bridged, since neither of the parties concerned would yield a point. War must come.

At the close of the council, Tecumseh went south, where he visited the Greeks, Choctaws, Seminoles, and other tribes. His success was marvelous. There seemed no resisting his persuasive eloquence. In most instances, the determination was unanimous to dig up the hatchet whenever he called them. One of the most extraordinary incidents, and which is beyond explanation, except on the ground of almost miraculous coincidence, is the following:

At a Creek town, Tecumseh called upon Big Warrior, a famous chief, made his war speech, presented a bundle of wampum and a hatchet. Big Warrior accepted them, but Tecumseh read the timidity of the chief in his face and manner. Fixing his blazing eyes upon him, the Shawanoe pointed his finger and said: "Your blood is white; you have taken my talk, and the wampum and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight; I know the reason; you do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me; you shall know. From here I shall go straight to Detroit; when I arrive there I shall stamp the ground with my foot, and shake down every house in this village."

This was a wild threat, and Big Warrior was dumfounded. He and his people were superstitious and began to dread Tecumseh's arrival at

Detroit. They often met, talked over the strange affair, and carefully estimated the time it would take Tecumseh to reach the town. Finally, the morning of the day fixed upon arrived.

An awful rumbling of the ground was heard ; the earth began to shake and down came the flimsy lodges. The frantic Indians ran to and fro



"TECUMSEH HAS GOT TO DETROIT!"

shouting : "Tecumseh has got to Detroit !" The threat had been fulfilled and the warriors no longer hesitated to go to war with the great leader.

All this was produced by the historical earthquake of New Madrid, on the Mississippi. The unaccountable fact is that it occurred on the very day that Tecumseh reached Detroit and in exact fulfillment of his threat.

While the Shawnanoe was in the south, the Indians were so warlike and aggressive that Governor Harrison determined to penetrate The Prophet's town, and, if possible, make a last attempt to settle the difficulties. At the head of nine hundred troops, he encamped on the 6th of November, 1811, within a mile of The Prophet's headquarters. In the communications which followed, The Prophet repeated his good intentions and his willingness to adjust all quarrels. Harrison, however, was too prudent to rely upon this promise, or to be deluded into a belief that no danger threatened.

It was well he did so, for at four o'clock the Indians, to the number of one thousand, furiously attacked him. The fight was desperate. During its continuance The Prophet kept busy performing his conjurations upon an eminence near by, but far enough removed to be beyond danger. The Americans had sixty-two killed and one hundred and twenty-six wounded, but the Indians were utterly routed.

This defeat ended The Prophet's influence. He had persuaded the warriors into the belief that nothing could prevent their victory, and they were so enraged over the deception that some of them wanted to put him to death. As it was, they bound him with cords, refusing to receive any explanation, and retreated twenty miles and encamped on Wild Cat Creek.

Tecumseh came back from the south through Missouri, visiting the tribes on the Des Moines, and, crossing the headwaters of the Illinois, arrived at the Wabash a few days after the defeat at Tippecanoe. He was exasperated, for the battle had been fought in opposition to his wishes, and he saw its disastrous effect upon the great scheme which had engaged his energies so long. He bitterly reproached his brother, and was so wrathful, indeed, that he seized him by the hair and almost shook the life out of him.

Tecumseh continued to protest that he was in favor of peace, saying that, had he not been away from home, the lamentable affair at Tippecanoe never would have taken place; but, with these professions on his lips, he went to Malden and enlisted under the British standard. He was there when, on the 18th of June, 1812, Congress made a formal declaration of war against Great Britain. Some of the neighboring tribes were inclined to remain neutral and invited Tecumseh to a conference.

"No," he replied indignantly, "I have taken sides with the king, my father, and my bones shall bleach on this shore before I recross the stream," pointing to the Detroit River, "to join in any council of neutrality."

Tippecanoe, however, had broken his power. All his plans were overturned, and the dream of a grand confederacy of his race had passed away forever. But the great man was fighting for a principle, and was ready to give his life for it at any time.

Tecumseh, at the head of his Indians, crossed the river to Brownstown, where, on the 5th of August, he attacked a small detachment of troops under Major Van Horne. The latter was driven back with a loss of seventeen killed and several wounded. The Indians probably lost as many, but they prevented Major Van Horne from joining the troops under Captain Brush on the Raisin.

General Hull withdrew from Canada and took position at Detroit, from which post he made another attempt to open communication with Captain Brush. He detached Colonel Miller, with Majors Van Horne and

Morrison, and six hundred troops, including several artillerists, with a six-pounder and howitzer. This detachment left Detroit on the 8th, and on the afternoon of the following day the front guard, under Captain Snelling, was fired upon by a line of British and Indians, about two miles below the village of Maguaga. When the attack was made the main body was moving in two lines. Captain Snelling bravely held his position till the line was formed and marched to the ground he occupied, where the whole body, excepting the rear guard, was brought into action. The British had entrenched themselves behind a breastwork of logs, while the Indians, on the left, were protected by a thick wood. The American line advanced,



HE SEIZED HIM BY THE HAIR AND ALMOST SHOOK THE LIFE OUT OF HIM.

fired upon the enemy, and followed it up with a bayonet charge, when the British and Indians broke and fled.

A vigorous pursuit was kept up for nearly two miles. The Indians on the left were under the command of Tecumseh, who fought with his usual gallantry, but was obliged to retreat. Forty of them were left dead on the field, and fifteen of the British regulars were killed and wounded and four taken prisoners. The American loss was ten killed and thirty-two wounded of the regular troops, and eight killed and twenty-eight wounded of the Ohio and Michigan militia. Tecumseh was among the wounded.

As is well known, General Hull made a cowardly surrender of Detroit, some of his officers being so angry at his course that they broke their

swords and denounced him. He was courtmartialed and sentenced to be shot, but was pardoned because of his services during the Revolution. He was an old man at the time, and, as many of his relatives were in Detroit, was afraid they would be massacred if he persisted in the defense of the place.

At the time of the surrender Tecumseh was at the head of the Indians. It is said that before General Brock crossed over to Detroit he asked the Shawanoe what sort of a country he had to pass through. Tecumseh took a roll of elm bark, and, flattening it on the ground, drew his hunting knife and etched upon the bark a plan of the section, showing its hills, rivers, woods, morasses, and roads. General Brock was so pleased, not only with this work, but because Tecumseh had induced the Indians not of his own immediate party to cross to Detroit before the embarkation of the regulars and militia, that he publicly took off his sash and placed it around the body of the chief. Tecumseh thanked him, but the next day appeared without the ornament. Fearing that something had displeased him, General Brock sent the interpreter to learn the explanation. Tecumseh replied that, not wishing to wear such a mark of distinction when an older and abler warrior was present, he had transferred the sash to Roundhead, the Wyandot chieftain.

After the surrender, General Brock asked Tecumseh not to allow the Indians to abuse the prisoners. "Have no fear," he replied; "I despise them too much to meddle with them."

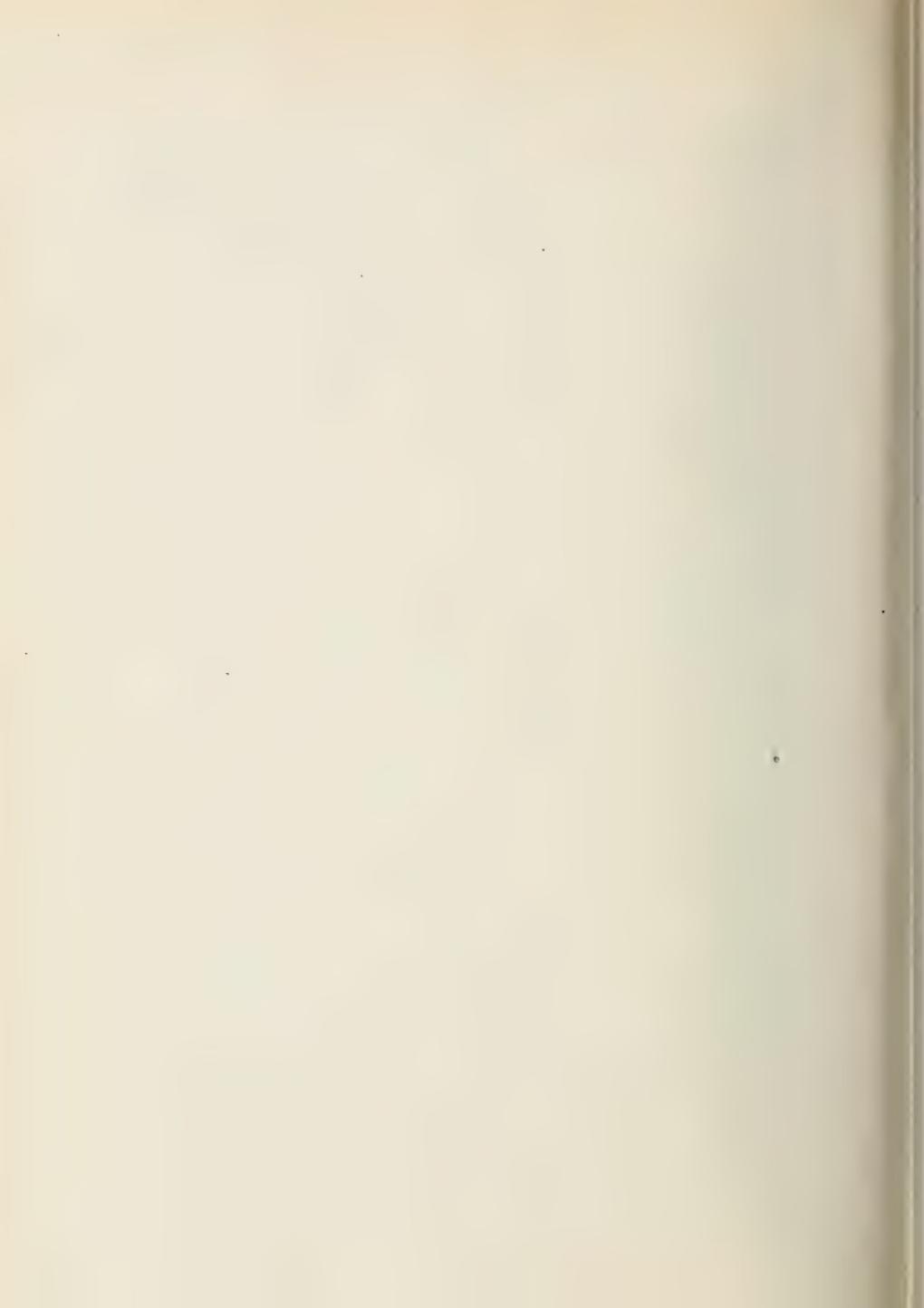
The surrender of Detroit exposed the whole northwestern frontier to the ravages of the enemy. Brock was killed at the battle of Queenstown, and the command of the British army devolved upon General Proctor. He had under him a large body of regular troops, with all the Indians friendly to the English under the leadership of Tecumseh. They established their headquarters at Malden and made frequent attacks on the frontier settlements of Ohio and Indiana.

Upon the opening of the spring of 1813, the British forces and Indians, under the command of Proctor and Tecumseh, invested Fort Meigs, on the Miami of the Lakes. There were fourteen hundred British and eighteen hundred Indians, opposed to which were twelve hundred troops under General Harrison. The enemy opened the siege on the 28th of April, but after severe fighting were compelled to retire, without success, on the 7th of May. It is conceded that the Indians under Tecumseh fought with the greatest intrepidity and did effective service against the Americans. Tecumseh did not believe, from the first, that there was much hope of success, but once entered upon the scheme he threw his whole ability and energy into it.

The most disastrous affair connected with the attack upon Fort Meigs



"YOU ARE NOT FIT TO COMMAND—GO HOME AND PUT ON PETTICOATS."



was the capture of Colonel Dudley and his force. He had been sent to the opposite side of the river to seize a battery erected by the enemy, and to spike the cannon. They gained possession of the battery, but before they could complete their work the enemy rallied in overwhelming numbers. Nearly everyone who escaped the rifle and tomahawk was captured, Dudley being one of those who was tomahawked and scalped.

The prisoners were taken to Proctor's headquarters at Fort Miami. They were huddled together in an old British garrison, with the Indians around them, selecting such as their fancy dictated and visiting frightful tortures upon them. General Proctor made no attempt to restrain them, but was looking calmly upon the horrible work, when he heard a voice in the Indian tongue shouting something at the rear. Turning his head he saw Tecumseh dashing forward with his horse on a dead run. The instant he reached the spot he leaped off, and seeing two Indians in the act of killing an American, seized one by the throat and the other by the breast, and hurled them to the ground. Drawing his tomahawk and scalping knife he sprang between the Americans and Indians, and, brandishing the weapons with the fury of a madman, he dared anyone of the terrified warriors to lay hand on another prisoner. His consuming wrath cowed all, and they slunk away from him. Turning to Proctor he demanded why he had not stopped the massacre.

"Sir," replied the British general, "your Indians cannot be restrained."

"Begone!" thundered Tecumseh; "you are not fit to command! go home, and put on petticoats!"

Another instance in the career of this truly great man is given by Drake. Shortly after he had stopped the massacre of the captives, he noticed a small group of Indians interested in something. Colonel Elliott said to him: "Yonder are four of your people, who have been taken prisoners; you may do what you please with them."

Tecumseh walked over to the group, and found four Shawanoes, who, while fighting on the side of the Americans, has fallen into the hands of those opposed to them. "Friends," said Tecumseh, "Colonel Elliott has placed you under my charge and I will send you back to your nation, with a talk to your people."

Accordingly, he took them with the army as far as the Raisin, from which point their return home would be less dangerous, and then sent two of his warriors to accompany them with a friendly message to their chiefs. They were thus discharged, under their parole not to fight against the British during the war.

The ill success which attended the efforts of the British caused Tecumseh not only to lose heart, but dissipated what little faith he had felt in Proctor, whom he had never fancied. He seriously meditated with-

drawing from the contest. He assembled the Shawanoes, Wyandots, and Ottawas under his command, and made known his feelings to them. They agreed with him, but the Sioux and Chippewas, learning his intention, went to him, and insisted that, inasmuch as he was the first to unite with the British, and had been the means of bringing in the others, he must not leave them. Tecumseh admitted the force of this reasoning, and agreed to stay. Perceiving indications of a retreat from Malden, he asked what it meant. General Proctor told him that he only intended to send their valuable property up the Thames, where it would meet re-enforcements and be safe. Tecumseh knew this was false, and angrily remonstrated against a retreat. His appeal not being heeded, he demanded, in the name of the Indians under his command, to be heard by the general. On the 18th of September, he addressed to Proctor, as the representative of their great father, the king, the following address :

“ Father, listen to your children ! you now have them all before you.

“ The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war, our father was thrown on his back by the Americans ; and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge ; and we are afraid our father will do so again at this time.

“ Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren, and was ready to take up the hatchet, we were told not to be in a hurry, that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

“ Listen ! when war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans ; that he wanted our assistance, and that he would certainly get our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us.

“ Listen ! you told us at that time to bring forward our families to this place, and we did so ; and you promised to take care of them, and they should want for nothing, while the men would go and fight the enemy ; that we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy's garrisons ; that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

“ Listen ! when we were last at the Rapids, it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground hogs.

“ Father, listen ! our fleet has gone out ; we know they have fought ; we have heard the great guns ; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm. [Tecumseh alluded to the defeat of the British fleet on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry. Commodore Barclay, the English commander, had but one arm.]

“ Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our

father tying up everything and preparing to run the other way, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands. It made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is the head and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground ; but now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog that carries his tail on his back, but when affrighted, drops it between his legs and runs off.

" Father, listen ! the Americans have not yet defeated us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water ; we, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father.

" At the battle of the Rapids, last war, the Americans certainly defeated us ; and when we returned to our father's fort at that place, the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it would now be the case ; but, instead of that, we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison.

" Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome, for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

General Proctor disregarded the advice of Tecumseh, and thereby threw away his only chance of making an effective stand against the American army. Had he attacked General Harrison at the moment of his landing on the Canadian shore, the result probably would have been far different from that seen shortly afterward on the banks of the Thames.

The dissatisfaction among the Indians was so great at the action of Proctor, that a large body of warriors abandoned him and crossed the strait to the American shore. Tecumseh himself was so embittered at what he regarded as the cowardice of the commander that he, too, would have gone, but for the protests of the Sioux and Chippewas.

The retreat continued toward the Thames. The army reached Dalton's farm on the 2d of October, and Proctor and Tecumseh, with a small escort, returned to examine the ground at a place called Chatham. It was excellent, and Proctor remarked that he would either defeat Harrison there, or leave his bones on the spot. Tecumseh was pleased with this kind of talk, and declared that a better place could not have been selected, and he was right.

General Proctor, however, changed his mind, and leaving Tecumseh with his Indians to defend the stream, marched with his main body to the

Moravian towns. The Shawanoes arranged his forces with promptness and judgment, but little resistance was made to the advance of the Americans. He did not mean that Proctor should escape the brunt of the battle. He came up with him at the Moravian towns, and declared he would retreat no further. The ground was favorable, and Proctor was forced to make a stand by Tecumseh.

After the Indians were posted in the swamp, which was their position during the battle, their leader said to the chiefs who surrounded him: "Brother warriors! we are now about to enter into an engagement from which I shall never come out; my body will be left on the field of battle."

Unbuckling his sword, he handed it to one of his chiefs, with the request that he would keep it until Tecumseh's young son became a noted warrior and able to wield a sword, when it was to be given to him. He next laid aside his British military dress and took his place in the line, clothed only in the ordinary deer-skin hunting shirt.

The British troops, amounting to about nine hundred, were posted with their left upon the river, which was unfordable at that point; their right extended to and across a swamp, and joined them to the Indians under Tecumseh. They numbered about eighteen hundred. The British artillery was placed in the road along the margin of the river, near to the left of the line.

Some two or three hundred yards from the river, a swamp extended nearly parallel to it, the intervening ground being dry. This position of the enemy, with his flank protected on the left by the river, and on the right by the swamp, where the Indians were crouching, prevented either wing being turned. General Harrison, therefore, concentrated against the British line.

About one hundred and fifty regulars, under Colonel Ball, were ordered to advance, and, if opportunity presented, seize the cannon of the enemy. A small party of friendly Indians were directed to go forward under the bank, get to the rear, and, by raising the war whoop, endeavor to make Proctor believe that Tecumseh and his warriors had turned against him. Colonel Johnson's regiment was drawn up in close column, with its right a few yards distant from the road. General Desha's division covered the left of Johnson's regiment. General Cass and Commodore Perry volunteered as aids to General Harrison.

Notwithstanding the excellent judgment Proctor showed in selecting the battle ground, he committed the singular error of forming his infantry in open order. Learning this, and well aware that troops so formed could not resist a mounted onset, General Harrison ordered Colonel Johnson to charge through the enemy's line in column.

The assault was made with such promptitude and vigor that the en-



DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

my's line gave way, and the Americans, forming at the rear, assailed with such success that nearly all the British regular force was either killed, wounded, or captured.

The fight was more serious on the left, where Colonel Johnson's regiment was stationed; but they bravely held their ground. The colonel dashed in the midst of them with his men, and his horse was shot under him. As he was disentangling himself, a chief rushed upon him with up-raised tomahawk. Johnson shot him dead with his pistol.

This incident gave rise to the assertion that Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh. When Johnson was a candidate for the vice presidency, this constituted one of his chief claims to the suffrages of his party, just as Harrison's victories at Tippecanoe and the Moravian towns elevated him to the presidency. It is hard to-day to understand the interest excited by the question as to who slew the great Shawanoe leader. Johnson himself never made the claim, saying that his assailant was so close upon him, that he didn't stop to ask him his name before shooting him.

It is a question of no importance whatever as to who shot the famous Shawanoe chieftain, but the investigation set on foot established the fact that the one who did it was not Colonel Johnson, but some unknown member of his regiment.

Tecumseh received a severe wound in the arm, and his warriors were pressed so hard that they fled across the hills and sought shelter in a piece of woods, on the left, where they were hotly pursued by the cavalry. On the edge of the wood, Tecumseh stopped and sought with all his old time vigor to rouse his warriors for the final stand. The magnetism of his dauntless bravery caused a number to gather around him, although they, as well as Tecumseh himself, saw that the day was hopelessly lost.

Proctor had fled like the coward he was, leaving the Shawanoe leader and his warriors to receive the brunt of the battle. The flight of the British commander was too rapid for him to be overtaken. With one arm bleeding and almost useless, Tecumseh, too proud to fly, stood his ground, dealing prodigious blows right and left, until a rifle ball passed through his head, and he sank dead to the ground. Six riflemen and twenty-two Indians fell within twenty-five yards of where he was killed.

The Indians kept up a brisk fire from the margin of the wood until a fresh regiment was sent in against them. About the same time a company of cavalry gained the rear of the savages, when they were routed and sent skurrying in all directions.

When Tecumseh fell, his son was fighting by his side, but managed to escape. In 1826, he left the Ohio to settle beyond the Mississippi, and nothing further is known of him.

On the day following the battle, the American troops took possession of

the Moravian towns, where they found a great quantity of supplies. These people had been very active in ravaging the frontiers and massacring the inhabitants, and the place was destroyed by the conquerors.

Soon after General Harrison's return to Detroit, the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Miamis, and Kickapoos asked for a suspension of hostilities, agreeing to "take hold of the same tomahawk" with the Americans, and to strike all who were or might be enemies of the United States. As a test of their earnestness, they offered their women and children as hostages. Most of these had been lukewarm in their support of the British cause, and now that their matchless leader had fallen, all saw the folly of fighting longer against the people who, if they chose, could grind them to powder.

"Thus fell," says James, a British historian, "the Indian warrior, Tecumseh, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was of the Shawanoe tribe, five feet ten inches high, and with more than the usual stoutness; possessed of all the agility and perseverance of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified, his eye penetrating, his countenance, which even in death betrayed the indications of a lofty spirit, rather of the sterner cast. Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he never could have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to battle. He was of a silent habit; but when his eloquence became aroused into action by the reiterated encroachments of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council. Those who consider that, in all territorial questions, the ablest diplomatists of the United States are sent to negotiate with the Indians, will readily appreciate the loss sustained by the latter in the death of Tecumseh. Such a man was this unlettered savage, and such a man have the Indians lost forever."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CREEK WAR—THE MASSACRE AT FORT MIMMS—GENERAL JACKSON TAKES THE FIELD—A VICTORY AT TALLUSHATCHES—VICTORY AT TALLADEGA—DEFEAT OF THE CREEKS AT AUTOSSE—DEFEAT OF THE INDIANS AT ENOTOCHEPPO CREEK—VICTORY AT HORSESHOE BEND—WEATHERFORD—END OF THE CREEK WAR.

MENTION has been made of the visit of Tecumseh to the southern tribes, occupying what was then known as the Mississippi Territory. The great orator and leader met with unprecedented success, and but for the blunder of his brother, The Prophet, in precipitating a battle at Tippecanoe, the war with the Indians would have been far more disastrous to the Americans.

The old chiefs of the tribes were opposed to the designs of the Shawanoe chieftain, but the fiery young war-chiefs were irrestainable, and the Creeks plunged into the war with the ferocious impetuosity natural to their race.

Weatherford was probably the most conspicuous chief among the Creeks. He was as fine looking as Tecumseh, possessed of eloquence, courage, and great ability, but was avaricious, treacherous, lustful, and merciless in his disposition. He was a most dangerous leader of the hostiles.

The outrages of the Indians became so alarming that the militia of the Southwest were called out to meet the danger. A large number of the inhabitants took refuge in a stockade, known as Fort Mimms, on Lake Tensas, Ala., and Governor Claiborne sent one hundred and seventy-five volunteers to its defense. He visited the post and warned the garrison against surprise, concluding his order with the words: "To respect an enemy and prepare in the best possible way to meet him, is the certain means to insure success."

Aware that Weatherford would attack some of the forts, Governor Claiborne marched to Fort Early, because it was the farthest advanced in the Indian country. On the way he wrote to Major Beasley, the commander of Fort Mimms, informing him of the imminent danger of attack and urging him once more to use the utmost vigilance against surprise.

A few days previous, several negroes had been sent up the Alabama, to a planter's place for corn. Three were captured by Indians, but one escaped and brought tidings of the approach of the hostiles. Major Beasley made light of the news. The following day, a half breed and some

white men came to the fort with word that a considerable force of Indians was in the neighborhood. Full credence was not given to the report, but the commandant was incited to some activity in preparing against attack.

Sunday morning, three negroes, while looking after cattle, hurried back, saying they had seen twenty Indians. Scouts were sent out to learn the truth, but found no signs of the hostiles. Then one of the negroes received a whipping for spreading what was declared to be a false report. On Monday he discovered a body of Indians approaching; but, not caring to be rewarded as before, did not return to the fort.

Major Beasley called on the owner of another of the negroes, and insisted that he should whip his servant. The owner believed the slave, but was finally induced to chastise him. He was brought out for that purpose, but before the lash could be applied the Indians arrived.

They numbered 1500, and were under the leadership of the dreaded Weatherford. They were obliged to cross an open field, a hundred and fifty yards wide, and yet they were within thirty paces of the fort at eleven o'clock in the morning (August 30, 1813), before they were discovered. The gates were invitingly open and unguarded, and the fierce host swarmed through before they could be closed. Then took place one of the most desperate fights of the war. Major Beasley placed himself at the head of his men, and all fought as do those who know that it is for their lives. The garrison numbered 275, of whom only 160 were soldiers, the rest being old men, women, and children.

The struggle was to keep the whole force from entering the outer gate. For a quarter of an hour, tomahawk, knife, sword, and bayonet did their fearful work. Every officer was killed fighting at this point. A lieutenant, badly wounded, was carried by a couple of women to a blockhouse. In a few minutes he revived, and insisted on being taken back into the thickest of the fight. This was done, and shortly after he was dispatched.

Nearly all of the defenders at the gate being slain, the women and children shut themselves up in the blockhouse, and, catching up what weapons were within reach, made the last defense. The assailants, however, succeeded in setting the structure on fire, and the miserable company were burned to death. Seventeen only of the garrison escaped, and most of them were badly wounded. Major Beasley was among the wounded, and was carried into the kitchen of the fort, where he was consumed by fire, paying the heaviest penalty possible for his blindness to danger.

The massacre of Fort Mimms sent a shudder of horror through the country, and aroused inextinguishable wrath against the criminals. Tennessee appropriated \$300,000 and placed 5000 men under General Jackson, for the purpose of punishing the criminals. Under this indomitable leader, who had not yet fully recovered from a wound received in a duel, were

some of the finest Indian fighters in the Southwest. Among them were the eccentric Davy Crockett and the equally eccentric and more famous Sam Houston, afterward the hero of San Jacinto.

Colonel Coffee was already in the field. Jackson's march was hastened by a false alarm, so that, when he reached the Indian country, his men were on the point of revolt, because the lack of food had reduced them almost to the starvation point. He conquered the rebellion with the same unquenchable courage which marked his whole life.

Jackson, who had two thousand men with him, met Colonel Coffee at Ditto's Landing, on the Tennessee. They halted for several days, when



THE ATTACK ON FORT MIMMS.

Jackson sent Coffee with seven hundred men to scout through the Black Warrior River country. Chinnaby, a friendly Creek, was encamped at Ten Islands, on the Coosa, within a rude fort, where he was blockaded by the hostile Creeks. Chinnaby sent his son, also a chief, to Jackson praying for instant relief, since he must soon succumb to superior forces unless he received it. Jackson started at once, but was obliged to halt on account of lack of supplies. While there, Pathkiller, a friendly Cherokee chief (afterward a famous Christian Indian), sent word to Jackson that the danger to him was most imminent, as the hostiles were hastily gathering from nine different towns to overwhelm him. Jackson started ahead again, sending the following characteristic message to Pathkiller:

"The hostile Creeks will not attack you until they have had a brush with me, and that, I think, will put them out of the notion of fighting for some time."

When within a few miles of Ten Islands, Chinnaby met Jackson, to whom he surrendered two hostile Creeks. The American army was still sixteen miles from the Indian encampment, and on the verge of starvation. Almost any other leader than Jackson would have given up in despair, but in a letter to the governor he said that, as long as they could procure an ear of corn apiece, they would keep at it.

The Indians withdrew from Ten Islands and took post at Tallushatches (now Jacksonville, Ala.), on the southern shore of the Coosa. Colonel Coffee, with nine hundred men, was sent to attack them, which he did on the 28th of October. He first sent forward a part of his force to open the fight. This was no more than fairly under way, when the assailants began falling back. The Creeks, believing they were defeated, swarmed out from their village and followed them up with great impetuosity. But the recoil was in accordance with Colonel Coffee's plan of battle, and he thereby drew out the entire force of Indians, and gained a fair chance at them.

The Americans fell fiercely upon them; the Creeks skurried back to their village and took refuge in their houses. They asked no quarter, for they knew none would be given, but fought with a desperation which could not be surpassed. When driven into corners, they struggled like rabid dogs, never ceasing their resistance, no matter how badly wounded, so long as they had the power to move a limb.

The nature of this fight may be summed up in the single statement that every warrior was killed.

The number who thus fell was about two hundred, among whom were some women and children. It was claimed that the killing of these was unavoidable, because of the mixing of the combatants with their families, in the hand-to-hand fighting in the wigwams. The Americans had five killed and forty-one wounded.

In the meantime the detachment sent to relieve Pathkiller had been ordered to join the main body with all dispatch. An Indian runner arrived on the evening of the 7th, with news that Talladega was besieged by an enormous number of Creeks, and would be destroyed unless immediate relief was sent.

Jackson was off at once, and by midnight was within six miles of the enemy. Moving forward at daybreak, he came within half a mile of the Indian encampment, which was less than a hundred rods from Fort Talladega. The Creeks were not taken by surprise, but turned upon the Americans with such vigor that many of the militia gave way. Their places,

however, were immediately taken by the mounted men, and ere long the Indians were forced to fly for refuge to the mountains, three miles distant. The Americans pressed them remorselessly, cutting down scores on the way. The pursuers lost fifteen, and eighty-five wounded. Fully a thousand Indians were engaged, and half that number were slain.

The expected supply of provisions did not arrive, and the men grew so desperate from starvation that many revolted, and the expedition came near being abandoned. One of the famishing soldiers went to Jackson, as



GENERAL JACKSON'S INVITATION TO DINNER.

he sat munching something at the foot of a tree, and said he could stand it no longer: he must have food.

"I'm always ready to divide with a hungry man," replied Jackson, "here is half of my supply."

Saying which, he drew from his pocket a handful of acorns. The heroic example of "Old Hickory" did much to allay dissatisfaction among his men.

On the 11th of November, a detachment of the Tennessee militia, under General White, was sent against the Hillabee towns, to punish the hostile Creeks in that quarter. He performed the duty most effectually, without the loss of a man.

The Georgia militia, under General Floyd, on the 29th of November attacked and defeated a large body of Creeks at Autosse, on the south bank of the Tallapoosa, eighteen miles from the Hickory Ground, and

twenty miles above the junction of that river with the Coosa. General Floyd had 950 men, besides 350 Indians, so there can be no doubt that he intended to make thorough work.

Arriving at the place where he expected to find the Indians, he was surprised to discover a second town. In the latter were gathered the warriors, prepared for battle. The army was divided, and both towns attacked simultaneously, the artillery of the soldiers enabling them to drive out the Indians; but before this was accomplished the Georgians had eleven killed and fifty-four wounded, among the latter being General Floyd. The friendly Indians lost a considerable number, but did not slaughter as many of their countrymen as they had promised.

Resting a few days, General Floyd marched to Camp Defiance, fifty miles further in the Indian country, and west of Autosse. Early on the morning of January 2 his sentinels were killed by Indians, who attacked with such spirit that seventeen were killed and more than a hundred wounded before the assailants were beaten off.

On the 17th of the same month, General Jackson, with 930 men, marched from near Fort Strother, for the center of the Indian country. At Talladega, which lay on his route, he was joined by Fife, a noted chief, with two hundred warriors. The Indians were believed to be assembled in great numbers at the Great Bend of the Tallapoosa, and Fort Armstrong, ill-prepared for defense, was in danger of being attacked. The prime object of Jackson's expedition was the relief of this post.

The Indians were found to be on an island in the Tallapoosa, near the mouth of Emuckfau Creek. Jackson advanced with great care, and took every precaution against surprise. In the gray dawn of the 22d, his left flank was attacked in great force, and the left of his rear. The assailants fought with such bravery that it was a full half-hour before they were beaten off at the point of the bayonet. The pursuit was kept up for two miles, being led by Fife at the head of his warriors.

Instead of being discouraged by their defeat, the Indians returned and attacked with greater success than before. General Coffin would have been cut off but for the prompt help of Fife and his warriors, sent to his assistance by Jackson, who personally directed and took part in the fight.

The provisons being exhausted, Jackson began a retreat to Fort Strother. The Indians accepted this as a proof that the Americans were beaten, and set out to pursue and harass them. Jackson expected this and marched in order of battle through one dangerous defile after another. When nearly through one of these at Enotochopko Creek, his rear was assailed with such spirit that the columns gave way, and great confusion existed for a time. After much difficulty a six-pounder was dragged to the top of a small elevation and did effective work. The

Americans rallied from their panic, and pursued the defeated Indians for several miles, inflicting a loss of nearly two hundred.

The last stand of the Creeks was made at the Great Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa River, in the present State of Alabama. The Indians had suffered defeat after defeat, and they now decided to stake all on one battle. They had a tolerably well fortified camp, built with such skill that the only way to carry it was by storm. Behind these intrenchments crouched a thousand warriors, revengeful, fierce, and resolved to fight to the last.

With a resolution to crush them, Jackson marched in strong force against them. Early on the morning of March 27, General Coffee, with the mounted and most of the Indian force, was sent across the river, two miles below the encampment, and so disposed as to cut off the retreat of the hostiles. A company of spies crossed over in canoes to the extremity of the bend, and set fire to several of the buildings. Then they advanced upon the breastworks and opened fire. They did not meet with the success anticipated, and the rest of the forces was eager to attack.

The regulars, under their gallant leadership, gained possession of the works in the midst of the murderous fire. The militia joined in the charge, and the decisive battle of Tohopeka, or the Great Horseshoe Bend, was won.

The fighting lasted for five hours and the slaughter was frightful. Fully six hundred Indians were killed, the pursuit being kept up until ended by darkness. Of the two hundred and fifty prisoners taken, all were women and children. The Americans lost twenty-five killed and more than a hundred wounded. But the spirit of the Indians was crushed and the Creek War ended.

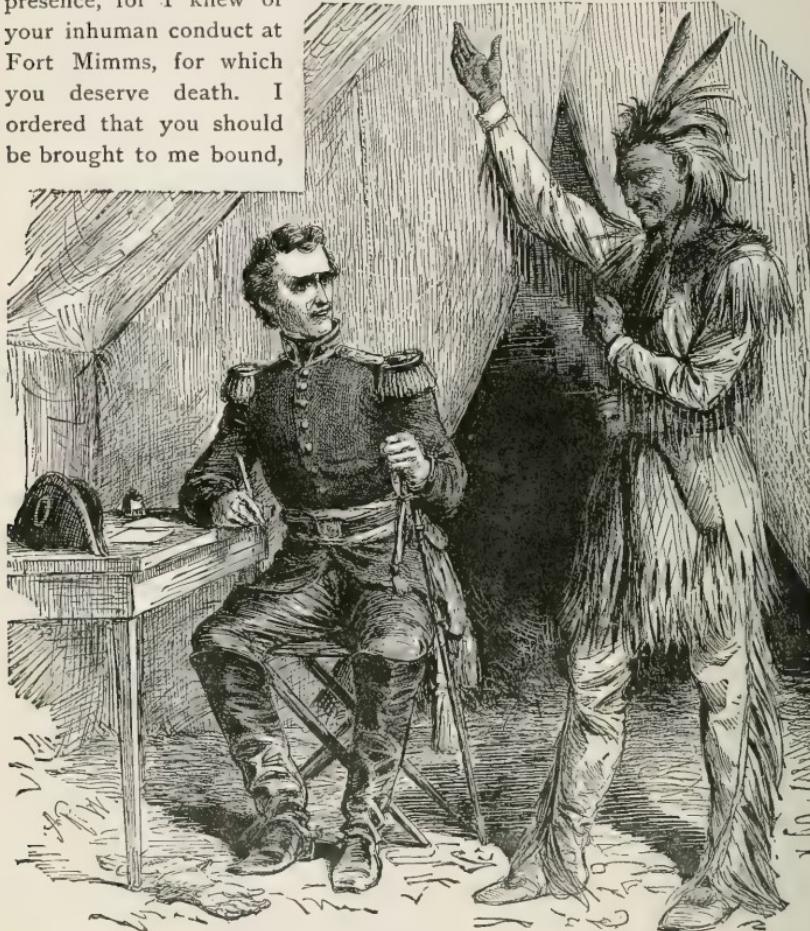
Convinced that further resistance meant their own extermination, hundreds of Creeks came forward to offer their submission. Weatherford and several of the leaders still held out, possibly through fear. Jackson was determined to secure this dangerous man, before leaving the country, for there was no saying what mischief he might plot. Besides, Weatherford had committed so many atrocities (he was the leader, it will be remembered, at Fort Mimms), and he was anxious to punish him. When, therefore, the frightened Creeks wished to surrender, he told them he would test their earnestness by making a requirement that they should deliver Weatherford, bound, to him, to do as he chose with him.

When these chiefs told the sachem the hard requirements, he declared that he would not permit such degradation, but would surrender himself without compulsion.

General Jackson was sitting in his tent, busy with his dispatches, when a half breed of striking appearance stalked in. As the astonished general looked around, his visitor said :

"I am Weatherford, the chief who commanded at Fort Mimms. I desire peace for my people and have come to ask it."

"I am surprised," said Jackson, "that you should come into my presence, for I knew of your inhuman conduct at Fort Mimms, for which you deserve death. I ordered that you should be brought to me bound,



WEATHERFORD AND GENERAL JACKSON.

and had you been brought in that manner I should have known how to treat you."

"I am in your power," said Weatherford; "do with me as you please; I am a soldier. I have done the whites all the harm I could. I have fought them and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight; I would contend to the last: but I have none. My people are all gone. I can only weep over the misfortunes of my nation."

General Jackson, brave himself, could not help admiring the boldness of this remarkable man.

"I will take no advantage of you; you may yet join your war party and fight us. But if you are taken, you shall receive no quarter. Unconditional submission is the only safety for you and your people."

With dignity, Weatherford said:

"You can safely address me in such terms now. There was a time when I could have answered you; there was a time when I had a choice; I have none now. I have not even a hope. I could once animate my warriors to battle, but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatches, Emuckfau, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself without thought. While there was a single chance of success, I never left my post nor supplicated for peace. But my people are gone and I now ask it for my nation, not for myself. I look back with deep sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man. I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people, but such as they should accede to. Whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose them. If they are opposed, you shall find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge. To this they must not, and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They *shall* listen to it."

This speech produced its effect. General Jackson declined to consider Weatherford a prisoner of war, and the great leader departed as proudly as he had come, no one offering him hindrance or molestation.

The Creek War being ended, General Jackson, after informing the survivors as to the terms on which he was authorized to make peace, withdrew his forces in the latter part of April. Little trouble was apprehended from the fugitives, who had fled toward Pensacola, and who continued hostile to the Americans, but this expectation was doomed to disappointment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ADVENTURES OF MICHIGAN JOHN.

A N English contributor to the "World of Adventure," relates the following story of the adventure of one of his countrymen, during the War of 1812. It is interesting to read a narrative like this, told by one who belonged to "the other side."

Uncle Charles was a fine, tall, handsome looking youth, about nineteen, when he decided upon going into the army; and a commission having been procured for him in the gallant 42d, he left home to join the regiment, which, in the course of a few months, embarked at a very short notice for the American provinces, betwixt which and Great Britain a regular war had commenced. Mrs. Grant, whose favorite son Charles was, parted from him with great reluctance; but having fortified his mind by good principles, and the best example, she committed him to the care of Providence. Charles had lost his father when he was quite a child, so that he was left entirely to the instruction of his mother; and it was fortunate that she had such a soil wherein to sow the good seed that produced the fruits that will be seen in his adventurous life.

The regiment arrived safe at New York. And as soon as they had recovered from the voyage, they were ordered to march into the interior to join their brethren in arms, as the officer commanding the troops in that part of the country understood that the Americans had prevailed upon a tribe of Indians from Lake Michigan to aid them against the British.

The chief of this tribe had become well known to the Americans, as he and his followers were in the habit of visiting the frontiers yearly, to exchange their furs, fish, and other products of the country for firearms, powder, and shot, which were most useful to them, so that the Americans found it no difficult matter to engage Michigan John and his tribe as an ally in the war, and John, who was a man of no common mind, not only picked up sufficient of the English language to make himself intelligible, but he had a powerful mind and ruled over his tribe with despotic sway. The Indians, who were well acquainted with every foot of the country, were found by the Americans to be invaluable; and an ambuscade was placed to entrap the 42d ere it could reach its destination.

They were only too successful, for in marching through a wood the soldiers were attacked suddenly and taken at a disadvantage. From behind the trees the deadly rifle laid low many a poor fellow. Fearing to be cut

off to a man, the colonel ordered a retreat to be sounded, with the hope of retiring to more open ground. And the dreadful war-whoop of the savages could hardly fail to strike terror into the minds of soldiers who had never encountered such a ferocious looking enemy.

The Americans, being aware that the loss of their officers would render the men a more easy conquest, took aim accordingly. Charles, who nobly stood his ground, was singled out by the Indian chief, and fell, severely wounded; while the Indians, rushing into the *mélée*, began to strip the dead and scalp the dying.

Michigan John, who had perceived from his dress that Charles was an officer, advanced to where he lay, raised his head by the long hair, lifted his deadly knife, and, whirling it round, was on the point of scalping his victim, when my Uncle Charles moved one of his arms, as if to put his hand upon the wound; and Michigan John, finding he still breathed, spared his life.

Summoning four of his tribe, he ordered them hastily to cut down some branches from the trees, and make a sort of litter. A bandage was tied over my uncle's wound; he was placed in the litter, and by nightfall the party were on their way to Lake Michigan, laden with the booty which the Americans and they had divided. Some days elapsed ere they reached their home. The poor captive was so weak and exhausted by the loss of blood that he could scarcely make the smallest exertion, and it required all the care of the Indian chief to keep him alive.

The warriors were received with shouts of triumph by their wives and companions who had remained to guard their encampment, mingled with cries and lamentations for those who had fallen in battle. My uncle, upon the arrival of the Indians in the Michigan territory, was taken to the wigwam of their chief, and herbs were gathered and applied to his wound, so that he gradually recovered; and in the midst of such kind-hearted savages he felt exceedingly grateful, but above all to the chief.

One may, therefore, imagine his horror and dismay when John informed him that his life was only preserved that *he might be offered to the spirits of those who had been killed on the day of the battle!* To have met with death in the field would have been little compared with the fate that awaited him; and his entreaties that the chief would at once put an end to his life were not listened to. John replied that it was the custom of the tribe, and that he ought not to have invaded the land of the red men; and my uncle, perceiving that there existed not the smallest chance of escape for him, endeavored to prepare his mind for the trial that awaited him; and he employed many hours of the day, and the silent watches of the night, in praying for fortitude and strength to die as a Christian, from the only source at which it can be found.

With a composure of manner and appearance which even to himself appeared somewhat unnatural, my uncle saw the preparations that were taking place, and was relieved in a great measure by learning that he was not to be put to torture, but that he was to be shot—a favor that he did not expect. His manly bearing and amiable manners had softened the heart of old John, who would gaze, with a steadfast and thoughtful look, when in a corner of the wigwam he saw the young white-skin speaking to the Great Spirit, and heard the earnest petitions of the young soldier for his mother, and for forgiveness of his own sins. And old John felt how proud he would have been of such a son to succeed him as chief of the Michigans.

At length, my uncle having recovered, a day was fixed, and the whole tribe were assembled in their war-dresses, the women and children shouting and singing the death song, as John, accompanied by his captive, appeared. The chief made a short palaver to his followers, and they all followed their leader to a wood that adjoined the encampment.

Here a tree was selected for the purpose, and my uncle was placed against it, John having granted him the favor that he should not be bound nor his eyes covered, as he said he was not afraid to look death in the face, and hoped that the Indian would take so sure an aim as to be fatal at the moment.

John loaded the rifle, and, when the signal was given, presented it at his victim.

The trigger was pulled—but the powder flashed in the pan.

With an impatient air, John examined the rifle, put in fresh powder, and again presented. Again was the attempt unsuccessful. A third time would surely finish the affair, for the flint was sharpened, and fresh priming put in the pan. The rifle again missed fire.

Anxiety, doubt, and consternation sat upon every face, as the chief looked round upon his tribe. As if struck by the thought of the moment, he raised his gun in his hand, and fired into the air, when it exploded with a tremendous noise, as the Indians gave vent to outcries and shouts of surprise.

After a pause of a few minutes, silence being restored, the chief addressed them: "My children, it's of no use to kill this white-skin; he is protected by the Great Spirit. When did you see the gun of Michigan John miss fire? The Great Spirit says 'No.' Listen, my children: I have no son, and this young white-skin shall become as one to your father. When I am old, and go to the land of my fathers, he shall be your chief. We shall teach him to hunt and fish, and he will be as the son of the red man."

This address was received with joyful acclamations; and my uncle, like one in a dream, was carried back to the wigwam upon the shoulders

of Indians, who, leaving him to the care of his adopted father, spent the day in mirth and dancing.

My uncle, whose life was thus wonderfully spared, never for a moment doubted that it was solely by the interposition of Providence, and gave thanks where it was due. A day was soon after appointed to adopt my uncle as the chief who was to rule after his father's death, and he underwent the ceremonies observed among the savage tribes of North America. His body was handsomely tattooed; his ears pierced, and also his nose, to all of which were appended ornaments; and his skin being stained, and attired in the full war-dress of an Indian chief, with the rifle, the deadly tomahawk and scalping knife, he was, I am told, a very handsome looking person. The ceremony concluded by his having the name of John bestowed upon him.

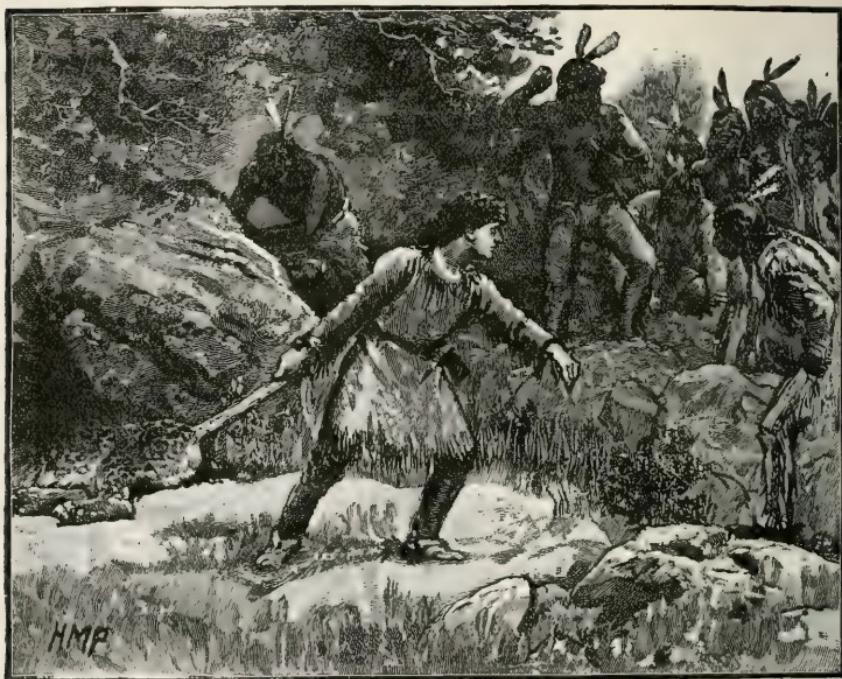
Only too grateful to have his life spared, young John soon fell into all the customs of his new friends. He accompanied his father in the chase, and became an expert huntsman; and this roving and exciting occupation soon became delightful to him. If he had any ambition, here it might be gratified. He would, at some future period, preside over a numerous body of Indians, who felt some degree of awe for one who was guarded by the Great Spirit. Youth soon reconciles itself to a situation that is not uncomfortable upon the whole; and young "John," who was particularly attached to the chief, seemed to forget that he was not a red-skin from the first. But his promotion, though approved of by the greater number of the tribe, had raised some envy and jealousy among those who were related to John, and they only waited an opportunity to do him an injury.

And so it chanced. When some of the tribe, accompanied by my uncle, were out hunting, a huge panther was tracked and fired at; and as the Indians pursued the animal closely, he took refuge in a cave, and every attempt to dislodge him was found to be vain. It was now time for the discontented to endeavor to get rid of their rival, and, with furious threats, they insisted that he should enter the cave and drive out the panther. This attempt he looked upon as certain death, as the cave was so low that he must have gone in on his hands and knees. But expostulation and remarks upon the injustice of their conduct were only answered by a blow of the tomahawk; and seeing there was no alternative, he crept in upon his hands, holding his scalping-knife between his teeth.

The cave was so dark that some minutes elapsed before he could distinguish the animal, which had retreated into a corner of the den in the agonies of death, having been mortally wounded by one of the Indians. My uncle, having advanced cautiously, drew his knife across the throat of the panther, and seizing him by the tail, dragged him out of the den, and with an air of indignation threw him down before the astonished savages,

who, humble and crestfallen, were convinced that he bore a charmed life, and that it was fruitless to endeavor to injure him.

Three years were passed away by my uncle among the Indians; and having accumulated a considerable number of skins and other products of the country, John proposed that a party of the tribe should proceed to the United States to exchange them for powder and shot, of which they now



"HE . . . DRAGGED HIM OUT OF THE DEN."

stood much in need. Accordingly he, with his adopted son and seven of their followers, proceeded to Charleston.

Here it was that my uncle recognized one of the officers of the 42d. Home and all its sweet associations rushed into his heart, and he went directly and addressed his old companion in arms, who, if possible, was more astonished at hearing a young Indian speak in his own language. It was some time before he could be brought to acknowledge my uncle's identity. His adopted father was all this while beside them, his piercing looks full of anxiety, which was increased when he found that my uncle intended accompanying the officer to his quarters, whither he followed them.

A long and interesting conversation took place, and his friend repre-

sented in the strongest terms the folly of spending his life amid a tribe of savages, and recalled to my uncle the duty he owed to his parent, his king, and his country. In return, my uncle pleaded all he owed to his adopted father. His friend did not press the subject too keenly at the moment; but having written to the commanding officer the history of Charles's captivity, brought it about that an order was despatched to Charles, claiming him as a British officer, and commanding him to join his regiment with as little delay as possible.

There was no disputing this order, unless he would be considered a deserter; and he had the painful duty of explaining this to Michigan John, who was overwhelmed with grief. He endeavored by every means in his power to prevail on my uncle to go home with him.

"Return, return, my son John, with your old father. Why should you seek again to become a white-skin? Oh, my own John, break not the heart of your Indian father!"

Everything was done to comfort and console him, but with little success, until the old chief made up his mind that the Good Spirit called his son away to his own people. And after choosing the best of the furs, and everything that he thought would be valued, he took a last parting farewell, and turned his face toward Lake Michigan.

My uncle proceeded to New York, whither his extraordinary adventures had traveled before him; and everyone was anxious to see the Indian chief. This desire was most strongly felt by the ladies; and a fair American girl, who heard him relate his romantic tale with modesty and ingenuousness, showed that she loved him for the dangers he had passed. My uncle was too gallant a soldier not to be flattered by the interest she expressed. Thus, while he gained a step in the 42d, he lost his heart in New York; and fearing to be called a heartless man, he had nothing for it but to agree to an exchange or barter.

The regiment was ordered to England, and Charles along with it. If his adventures had made a sensation in New York, he was a still greater lion in London. After remaining a short time in that city, my uncle returned home to his native Glen to visit his relations; and recollecting, after a reasonable time, that his heart was on the other side of the Atlantic, and finding himself uncomfortable without it, he set out again for New York to unite himself to his lady-love, leaving, as parting gifts, his Indian dress, tomahawk, and scalping knife, which are hung up in the hall as memorials of the true tale of Michigan John, *alias* Charles Grant of Glen.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FIRST SEMINOLE WAR—HIGH-HANDED PROCEEDINGS OF GENERAL JACKSON—END OF THE WAR.

IT was stated in a previous chapter that little trouble was apprehended from the fugitives who, at the close of the Creek War, fled in the direction of Pensacola, and continued embittered against the United States. It was soon discovered, however, that these Indians had sought refuge among the tribes living within and on the borders of the Floridas, known under the general name of Seminoles. Our government deemed it necessary to establish a line of forts near the then southern boundary of the United States, and to garrison them with regular troops.

The result of these precautionary measures was that peace was maintained until the summer of 1817, when the forces were withdrawn from the posts on the Georgia frontier, and concentrated at Fort Montgomery, on the Alabama, considerably westward of the Georgia line.

It was about this time that a border warfare broke out between the Seminoles and the settlers on the frontier of Georgia. The house of a man living near the boundary of Wayne County was attacked during his absence. The Indians shot his wife and ended her life by stabbing and scalping. Two small children were also killed, but the eldest escaped. The house was then burned.

Some time later a boat, while ascending the Alabama, was captured by the Indians and about a score of the passengers murdered. Other atrocious crimes were committed, and General Gaines demanded the surrender of the guilty parties. The Indians refused, claiming that the first aggressions were by the white men. In consequence of this refusal, General Gaines was authorized by the Secretary of War to remove the Indians still remaining on the lands ceded to the United States by the treaty with the Creeks. He was told that it might be proper to hold some of them as hostages until reparation was made for the outrages committed by the savages. General Gaines, therefore, ordered Major Twiggs to surround and capture an Indian village called Fowl Town, near the Florida line. This was partially done.

This occurrence gave a more serious aspect to the war. The Indians collected in large numbers and attacked Fort Scott, standing within about a dozen miles of the captured Indian village. General Gaines, with six hundred regulars, formed the garrison. In this emergency, General

Jackson was ordered to take the field. He was given command of the regular and militia force, amounting to eighteen hundred men. The enemy was estimated at a thousand more, and Jackson was directed, if he considered his own force insufficient, to call on the Governors of the adjoining States for such militia as he needed.

Instead of doing so, Jackson appealed to the patriotism of the West Tennesseeans, who had served under him in the late war. He did not call in vain. One thousand mounted riflemen and two companies of life guards immediately volunteered, and Jackson appointed his own officers.

At the same time, General Gaines was busily employed in raising forces among the Creek Indians. He secured sixteen hundred, and, like Jackson, mustered them into the service of the United States, neither of the generals having the authority to take such a course.

General Jackson entered Florida with a force of eighteen hundred men, and was joined later by General M'Intosh and his brigade of sixteen hundred Indians, the fruit of General Gaines' work. Opposed to these, the combined forces of Seminoles and runaway negroes did not amount to one thousand men.

The first aggressive act was the destruction of the Miskasmusky towns. Then the army advanced upon St. Marks, a feeble Spanish garrison. In this place was found Alexander Arbuthnot, who was put in confinement, until the degree of his guilt could be established. Robert C. Ambrister, formerly a British officer, was made prisoner at Suwanee. Both were accused of inciting the Seminoles to hostilities against the United States. It was Arbuthnot who warned the Indians of the march of Jackson against them.

The two men were tried by court-martial, found guilty, and Arbuthnot was sentenced to be hanged, and Ambrister to be shot. The court reconsidered the sentence of Ambrister, and ordered him to receive fifty lashes and one year's imprisonment. Jackson set aside this revised sentence, and the Englishman was shot. Arbuthnot, of course, was hanged.

It must be borne in mind that, at that time, Florida belonged to Spain, though the only points over which she held control were Pensacola and St. Augustine. Spain protested against the high-handed proceedings of Jackson, and Congress could do no less than appoint a committee of investigation into the conduct of the Seminole War. There was no avoiding severe censure of Jackson, for he had paid little attention to the orders of the War Department, or to the Constitution and laws. It will be remembered that, instead of calling on the various States for their quotas of soldiers, he had raised them on his own responsibility, appointed the officers, numbering two hundred and thirty, out of whom court-martial had been formed to pass upon the question of life and death, with no

more right to do so than they had to seize and try a citizen of one of the sovereign States themselves. Still further, his entrance into Pensacola was directly contrary to orders.

The condemnation of "Old Hickory," perforce, satisfied Spain, but it didn't hurt Jackson. His victory at New Orleans, a couple of years before, had made him one of the idols of the American nation, and his campaign in Florida was not only brilliantly successful, but gained for us an immense tract of valuable territory. He was popular with the masses, and with the President, Cabinet, and most of the political leaders of the country. The report of the committee caused considerable debate, but Congress passed a resolution acquitting the general of all blame.

Pensacola surrendered to Jackson on the 27th of May, and with its fall terminated what may be called the First Seminole War. General Jackson thus referred to what had been done:

"The Seminole War may now be considered at a close, tranquillity again restored to the southern frontier of the United States, and as long as a cordon of military posts is maintained along the Gulf of Mexico, America has nothing to apprehend from either foreign or Indian hostilities. Indeed, sir, to attempt to fortify or protect an imaginary line, or to suppose that a frontier on the thirty-first degree of latitude, in a wilderness, can be secured by a cordon of military posts, while the Spanish authorities were not maintained in the Floridas, that the country lay open to the use and excitement of an enemy, is visionary in the extreme. On the immutable principle, therefore, of self-defense, authorized by the law of nature and of nations, have I bottomed all my operations. On the fact that the Spanish officers had aided and abetted the Indians, and thereby become a party in hostility against us, do I justify my occupying the Spanish fortresses. Spain has disregarded the treaties existing with the American Government, or had not power to enforce them. The Indian tribes within her territory, and which she was bound to keep at peace, visited our citizens with all the horrors of savage war. Negro brigades were establishing themselves when and where they pleased, and foreign agents were openly and knowingly practicing their intrigues in this neutral territory. The immutable principles of self-defense justified, therefore, the occupancy of the Floridas, and the same principles will warrant the American Government in holding it until such time as Spain can guarantee, by an adequate military force, the maintaining of her authority within the colony."

In February, 1819, a treaty was framed at Washington, by which Spain ceded to the United States East and West Florida, including the adjacent islands. After some delay the treaty was ratified, in October, 1820.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR--RED BIRD--BLACK HAWK'S GRIEVANCES--PREPARATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR AND MILITARY AUTHORITIES--GENERAL GAINES' MOVEMENTS--GENERAL ATKINSON'S EXPEDITION--DEFEAT OF MAJOR STILLMAN--INDIAN ALLIES--RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA--THE ATTACK BY THE "WARRIOR"--THE DECISIVE BATTLE--SURRENDER OF BLACK HAWK.

In the year 1823 the United States agent held a treaty at Prairie du Chien with the Winnebagoes, Menomonees, Pottawatomies, Chippewas, Sioux, Sacs and Foxes, with a view of bringing about peace between the Sacs and the other Indians, to accomplish which bounds were set to each tribe. Since parties from these various tribes were continually visiting the United States forts, it was agreed that they should be protected from molestation while on the way back and forth.

In the summer of 1827, twenty-four Chippewas, approaching Fort Snelling, were set upon by a band of Sioux, who killed and wounded eight of them. The commandant captured four of the guilty and delivered them to the Chippewas, who immediately shot them. Red Bird, a Sioux chief, was so angered by what he considered the unjustifiable interference of the commandant, that he led a war party against the Chippewas. He was defeated, however, and on his return to his people was jeered at as being no brave.

Naturally, perhaps, Red Bird next turned for revenge to the whites. On the 24th of July, 1827, he, with several dusky desperadoes, among whom was probably Black Hawk, killed two persons and wounded a third at Prairie du Chien. Buying a keg of whisky from a trader, they went to the mouth of Bad Axe River. Six days later, with his company increased, Red Bird waylaid two keel boats, that had been conveying commissary stores to Fort Snelling. The first escaped with the loss of two killed and four wounded, and the other got away during the darkness without particular injury.

In September, 1827, General Atkinson, with a brigade of regulars and militia, invaded the Winnebago country and captured Red Bird and six others of his tribe, who were imprisoned at Prairie du Chien until they could be given a trial. Red Bird died in prison. The trial was delayed for a year, and some were acquitted and others found guilty. Among the former was Black Hawk, who was charged with firing on the keel boats.

He was discharged for want of evidence, as was the son of Red Bird. Years afterward Black Hawk, in his published statement, admitted his guilt of the charge.

Matters continued in this irritable state until 1831, when the authorities became convinced that efforts were on foot to unite all the Indians from Rock River to Mexico in a general war. Black Hawk afterward confessed that this was the truth.

The feuds between the tribes continued, and was the real cause of the trouble, the parties concerned insisting that the United States had no busi-



THE ATTACK ON THE KEEL BOATS.

ness to interfere. In the summer of 1830, some of Black Hawk's Foxes were killed

by the Sioux, and the following year they took a double revenge. The authorities demanded the murderers, but Black Hawk refused, with the reminder that they had not asked for the offenders of the preceding year.

The treaty of July 15, 1830, ceded to the United States the lands of the Sacs and Foxes. The Sioux, Omahas, Iowas, and Ottos, and several other tribes, took part in the sale, but Black Hawk was absent. He was highly displeased. Keokuk was the chief who represented him. He consented to remove beyond the Mississippi, and did his utmost to persuade the tribe to go with him. Black Hawk opposed, and began organizing a party against his rival. He told his friends he would never consent to leave the village. The Sac land was on the point formed by the Mississippi and Rock rivers. The Indians claimed that a village had stood there for a hundred and fifty years. The tribe had usually about 700 acres under cultivation, the whole extent of the Sac country being from the mouth of the Ouisconsin to the Portage des Sioux, nearly to the mouth of the Missouri, a distance of about 700 miles.

Incidents were continually occurring to add to the growing irritation. Some whites robbed an Indian of his bees and all his furs, and another party, meeting Black Hawk in the woods one day, while hunting, beat him so unmercifully that it was several weeks before he fully recovered. Their excuse was that he had done them some injury. The angered chief finally determined to go to war.

He was sorely disappointed, however, in his estimate of the strength of those who united with him. He had been led to expect that the Chippewas, Ottawas, Winnebagoes, and Pottawatomies would join him, but they held aloof. They had not forgotten the lessons of the preceding half-century and more.

Black Hawk convinced Keokuk that he had made a great mistake in selling the Sac village, and that chief promised to go to the authorities and try to persuade them to exchange the village for some other land. The Galena lead mines were attracting much attention, and several thousand miners had flocked thither. Black Hawk said he was willing to yield the lead mines for the sake of retaining the corn fields and their burying ground.

Sanguine that some such arrangement would be made, the Sacs set out on their winter hunt, in the fall of 1830, and on their return found that the despoilers had taken possession of their village. The families of the intruders were in their wigwams; their own wives and children were huddled on the bank of the Mississippi, without shelter! What wonder that the souls of the warriors were filled with resentment!

It was news of this outrage that brought the warriors back from their winter hunt sooner than usual. In their anger, they retook possession of their own homes. The alarmed whites said they would occupy them together. They did so for a time, treating the women and children of the Indians with great indignity. In one case, they beat a young Sac to death. The white intruders brought ardent spirits with them, and did much to demoralize their detested neighbors.

The Indians had been warned that they must not return to the east side of the river, but in the spring of 1831, the Sacs recrossed the stream in a body to their old corn fields, and in a threatening manner took possession. They had the unquestioned right to occupy the government lands so long as they remained unsold. The settlers, however, raised a great clamor against the encroachment of the Indians, and finally Governor Reynolds declared the State of Illinois invaded by hostile Indians. He wrote from Belleville (then the capital), on the 28th of May, 1831, to General Gaines, military commander of the Western Department to that effect, notifying him that he had called on seven hundred of the militia of the State to be mounted and ready for service.

General Gaines replied the following day that he had ordered six companies of regular troops to proceed from Jefferson Barracks, on May 30, to the Sac village, and, if necessary, he would add two companies more from Prairie du Chien.

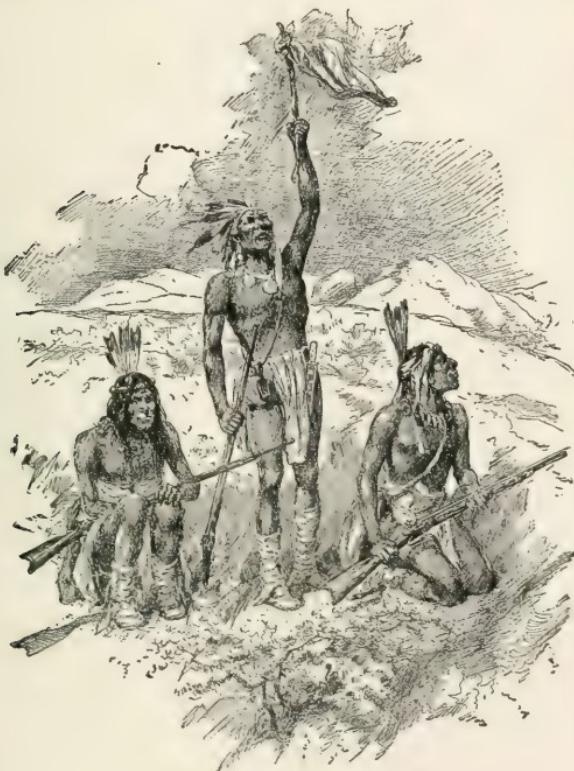
General Gaines proceeded to the threatened point, and, by his calmness and good judgment, settled the trouble, which, after all, amounted to little. General Gaines, under date of June 20, 1831, gives the following account, which agrees with that of Black Hawk:

"I have visited the Rock River villages, with a view to ascertain the localities, and, as far as possible, the disposition of the Indians. They confirm me in the opinion I had previously formed, that, whatever may be their feelings of hostility, they are resolved to abstain from the use of the tomahawk and firearms, except in self-defense. But few of the warriors were to be seen; their women and children and their old men appeared anxious, and at first somewhat confused, but none attempted to run off. Having previously notified their chiefs that I would have nothing more to say to them, unless they should desire to inform me of their intention to move forthwith, as I had directed them, I did not speak to them, though within fifty yards of many of them. I had with me on board the steamboat some artillery and two companions of infantry. Their village is immediately on Rock River, and so situated that I could from the steamboat destroy all their bark houses (the only kind of houses they have), in a few minutes, with the force now with me, probably without the loss of a man. But I am resolved to abstain from firing a shot without some bloodshed, or some manifest purpose to shed blood, on the part of the Indians. I have already induced nearly one-third of them to cross the Mississippi to their own land. The residue, however, say, as the friendly chiefs report, that they will never move; and, what is very uncommon, their women urge their hostile husbands to fight rather than to move and thus to abandon their homes."

A week later, Black Hawk met General Gaines in council and told him distinctly he would not move. The general, finding that nothing could be effected, awaited the arrival of the militia, who appeared on the 25th of June. Thereupon, the Indians fled across the Mississippi, and, the following day, the army took possession of the Sac village, without the firing of a gun. On the 27th, Black Hawk displayed a white flag, and a treaty was made. General Gaines believed all trouble was ended, and so it probably would have been had the whites observed the provisions of the treaty. The Indians had been promised corn to supply the wants of their families, but the amount was so meager that they began to suffer. In this emergency, a party of Sacs, to quote the language of Black Hawk, crossed the river "to steal corn from their own fields."

In the spring of 1832 General Atkinson set out for the Upper Missouri with the sixth regiment of infantry, at whose approach Black Hawk and his warriors left their camp on the Mississippi and ascended Rock River. He hoped by taking this course to be re-enforced by the Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes, and Kickapoos, but they declined to enter into the hopeless conflict.

On his way up the river, Black Hawk received several expresses from General Atkinson, ordering him to leave the country. The chief replied



THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

that he would do as he chose; that he was on his way to the Prophet's village to make corn, as he had been invited to do. If the whites chose to attack him, he was not afraid, but he would not begin hostilities. Instead of pursuing Black Hawk up Rock River, Atkinson halted at Dixon's Ferry and waited for re-enforcements. He found that General Whitesides had preceded him to that point, with a considerable force of mounted men, and a reconnaissance was decided upon.

About the middle of May, Major Stillman, with 270 men, advanced toward Sycamore Creek. Learning of their coming, Black Hawk sent out three of his warriors with a flag of truce, and an invitation for the officers to visit his camp. The whites paid no attention to the flag, but took the bearers prisoners. Black Hawk had sent five others to look after the first. They were pursued and two killed. This was civilized war with a vengeance!

When the party that had killed the two messengers returned and told what had taken place, night was closing in. All mounted their horses and hurried forward. Black Hawk was not expecting an attack, and he had only about forty of his warriors with him, the others being absent on a hunting excursion. On learning that two of his men had been murdered, the war-whoop was sounded and preparations made to meet the whites.

The latter advanced in disorderly fashion to Sycamore Creek. The Indians quietly waited till enough had crossed, when they fiercely attacked them. The situation of the soldiers became so desperate that Major Stillman, who was at the rear, ordered a retreat. The forty Indians put the two hundred and seventy to flight, killing a dozen and losing only two or three.

As a proof of the superiority of the aboriginal telegraph over that of the whites in those days, it may be stated that a runner from Black Hawk and his allies arrived with the news of the victory at Des Moines Rapids twenty-four hours ahead of the express sent by Governor Reynolds to the same point.

At the beginning of the troubles many Menomonees and Sioux, who hated the Sacs, offered their help to the whites. Their offer had been declined, but now it was gladly accepted. Several hundred were soon engaged in doing all they could to help extirpate Black Hawk and his band.

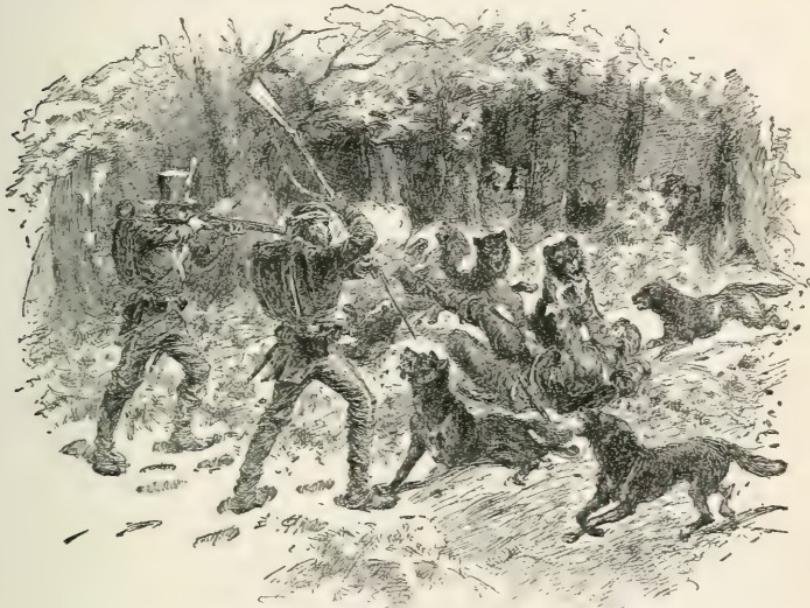
The Sacs conducted themselves much after the manner of the Apaches of the Southwest, striking in the most unexpected places and at the most unexpected times. They avoided the large companies of soldiers, and many of their acts were atrocious. General Dodge, not to be outdone in that line, scalped twelve Indians whom he had killed. The barbarities continued almost without intermission for months.

Congress having set on foot measures for the relief of the frontiers, General Scott was ordered from the sea-board with nine companies of artillery. Nine companies were also ordered from the lakes, and two companies from Baton Rouge. It was intended by these vigorous measures to end the war.

It may be said in this place that two men who took part in the Black Hawk War were afterward heard of again. One of them was Abraham

Lincoln, who commanded a company, and the other was Jefferson Davis, who, as a United States officer, mustered him and his soldiers into the service of his country.

But the American troops were called upon to encounter an unexpected enemy, and one a hundred-fold more dangerous than Black Hawk. During the summer of 1832 the cholera raged with awful virulence in many parts of the country. The detachment of troops ordered from Fortress Monroe was attacked on the route and all rendered unfit to take



THE DESERTERS IN THE WOODS.

the field. Several of the companies were broken up. In a corps under the command of Colonel Twiggs, numbering 208 men, only nine were left alive!

A correspondent writing from Detroit to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, under date of July 12, gives this horrifying picture :

" Of the three companies of artillery under Colonel Twiggs, and two or three companies more of infantry with them, few remain. These troops, you will recollect, landed from the steamboat *Henry Clay*, below Fort Gratiot. A great number of them have been swept off by the disease. Nearly all the others have deserted. Of the deserters, scattered all over the country, some have died in the woods, and their bodies been devoured by wolves. Others have taken their flight to the world of

spirits, without a companion to close their eyes or console the last moments of their existence. Their straggling survivors are occasionally seen marching, some of them know not whither, with their knapsacks on their backs, shunned by the terrified inhabitants as the source of a mortal pestilence. Colonel Twiggs himself and Surgeon Everett are very low.

" You will remember that the troops under Colonel Cummings, several of whom died here, embarked on board the steamboat *William Penn* on Sunday last for Chicago. The sickness among them increased as they proceeded to Fort Gratiot, and became so great by the time they arrived there that they were disembarked and have returned to the vicinity of this city and encamped at Springwells, about three miles below the town. Seventeen or eighteen of them have died, and some still remain sick, probably never to recover. One-half of the command of General Scott, ordered to Chicago by the lakes, will never reach him, a large portion of them dying; a still larger number deserting from an overwhelming dread of the disease, and the residue obliged to march back again."

General Scott informed General Atkinson that he could not co-operate with him without endangering the troops already in the field, and directed him to act without reference to his forces.

Black Hawk, with a thousand warriors, concentrated at a point between Rock and Ouisconsin rivers, with the purpose of meeting the whites in a decisive battle. General Atkinson, having nearly double the number of men, pressed on to meet him, but the leader was too wily to incur such a risk, and withdrew into the wilderness. General Atkinson followed, enduring great hardships, continually incurring the danger of ambuscade, but Black Hawk could not be brought to a stand.

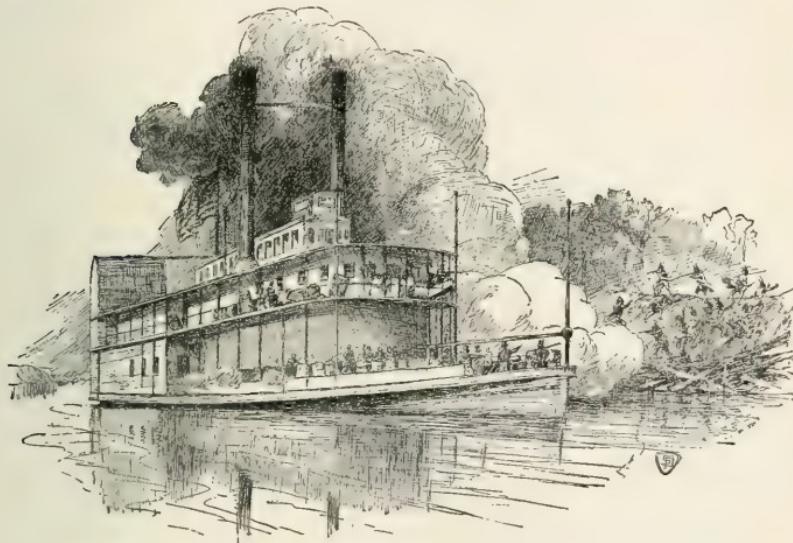
Meanwhile, General Dodge was about forty miles from Fort Winnebago, following an Indian trail. He attacked the party and slew sixteen, but the rest escaped. At a loss where the enemy would be found, General Dodge recommended that a cannon should be placed on the river to cut off the Indians, thinking it likely they had descended the Ouisconsin and fled across the stream.

Black Hawk, seeing that his whole force could not escape together, approached the Mississippi some distance above the mouth of the Ouisconsin. For the safety of his warriors, he let most of the women and children descend the river in canoes. The majority were captured by the whites, quite a number, however, being drowned.

Black Hawk approached with his main body, intending to cross, but was scared back by the sight of the steamboat *Warrior*. The chief was so touched by the suffering of the women and children, by the starving condition of his men, and the utter hopelessness of continuing the struggle, that he decided to surrender. Accordingly, he sent a hundred and fifty

warriors to the edge of the stream with a flag of truce. Whether the interpreter on board the steamer was too frightened to understand the calls made to the captain, or whether all were suspicious of an attempt to decoy them, is uncertain. Black Hawk insisted that his only purpose was to submit and end the war. Captain Throckmorton, of the *Warrior*, thus describes the incident :

"I was dispatched with the *Warrior* alone to Wapashaw's village, 120 miles above Prairie du Chien, to inform them of the approach of the Sacs, and to order down all the friendly Indians to Prairie du Chien. On our way down we met one of the Sioux band, who informed us that the Indians (our enemies) were on Bad Axe River, to the number of 400. We stopped



THE ATTACK OF THE "WARRIOR."

to cut some wood, and prepared for action. About four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon (August 1), we found the gentlemen where he stated he had left them. As we neared them, they raised a white flag and endeavored to decoy us, but we were a little too old for them; for, instead of landing, we ordered them to send a boat on board, which they declined. After some fifteen minutes' delay, giving them time to remove a few of their women and children, we let slip a six-pounder, loaded with canister, followed by a severe fire of musketry; and if ever you saw straight blankets you would have seen them there. I fought them at anchor most of the time, and we were all very much exposed. I have a ball which came in close by where I was standing, and passed through the bulkhead of the wheel-room. We

fought them for about an hour or more, until our wood began to fail, and, night coming on, we left and went on to the Prairie. This little fight cost them twenty-three killed, and, of course, a great many wounded. We never lost a man, and had but one wounded—shot through the leg. The next morning, before we could get back again, on account of a heavy fog, they had the whole of General Atkinson's army upon them. We found them at it, walked in, and took a hand ourselves. The first shot from the *Warrior* laid out three. I can hardly tell you anything about it, for I am in great haste, as I am now on my way to the field again. The army lost eight or nine killed, and seventeen wounded, whom we brought down. One died on deck last night. We brought down thirty-six prisoners, women and children. There is no fun in fighting Indians, particularly at this season, when the grass is bright."

The combined army, numbering 1600 men, under General Atkinson, crossed over to the north side of the Ouisconsin at Helena, on the 28th and 29th of July. They marched north with a view of intersecting the Indian trail. It was discovered five miles out, leading toward the Mississippi, and supposed to be about four days old. In his eagerness to overtake the Indians, General Atkinson left the baggage wagons behind, and made a forced march.

The country through which the trail led, between the Ouisconsin bluffs and the Kickapoo River, was one continued series of mountains. Reaching the summit of an almost perpendicular hill, they were obliged to descend an equally abrupt slope on the other side. Deep ravines with muddy banks separated these mountains. The woods were heavy and progress difficult, but the army pushed forward with so much vigor that they gained rapidly on the Indians, who could not have known that their enemies were on their trail, or such an advantage would not have been secured by their pursuers.

On the fourth night from Helena, and at a late encampment of the enemy, was found an old Sac, from whom it was learned that the Indians had gone to the Mississippi, and intended to cross on the following day, August 2. The horses were so worn out and the men so exhausted by their laborious march, that General Atkinson ordered a halt for a few hours. At two o'clock the bugles sounded for the march to the Mississippi, ten miles distant. Twenty volunteer spies were sent in advance of the army.

Half the distance to the river was passed, when one of the spies ran back with word that they had seen the enemy's picket guard. The march was hastened, and, a few minutes later, firing was heard between the spies, a quarter of a mile in advance, and the Indian pickets. The savages were driven from hill to hill, firing briskly at the spies, who pressed them close,

until the warriors joined the main body on the bank of the river, where it was apparent the real struggle must take place.

To prevent the escape of the band up or down stream, the right wing was ordered to approach the river above the Indian encampment and move down upon them. The left wing marched in the main trail of the enemy, and the rest in the center. In this order, the force descended the almost perpendicular cliff and entered a depressed valley, heavily timbered, and with a dense growth of brush, weeds, and grass. Sloughs, deep ravines, and old logs were so plentiful that the enemy had the best chance to make a good defense.

A heavy fire was exchanged, when the Indians scrambled from their first hiding place and sought another. Then the assault became so impetu-



SURRENDER OF BLACK HAWK.

ous that the savages were scattered right and left, and all slain, with the exception of a few who leaped into a slough of the Mississippi and swam across. Meanwhile, the force coming down the river fell in with other Indians, and routed and slew most of them.

The battle lasted three hours, and, after the Indians fell back, became little more than a massacre. A number of the women and children were accidentally killed, as it was claimed, and fifty of them taken prisoners. Hundreds of women and children, on being driven to the bank of the Mississippi, sprang in and attempted to escape by swimming, but the sharpshooters standing on shore picked off nearly every one of them.

The loss of the Americans in killed and wounded was twenty-seven. That of the Indians could not be accurately learned, but it must have been nearly two hundred.

In the flurry, Black Hawk managed to make his escape, but he fled in such haste that he left all his personal property behind him. Among his papers was found a certificate of his having fought bravely against the United States during the last war. This was signed by British officers.

Three days later, a party of Sioux came into camp and asked permission to follow up the fugitive Sacs. On the same day the army started to go down to Prairie du Chien, forty miles away, to await further orders. At that point, the Winnebagoes were daily bringing in prisoners and scalps. General Scott and his staff left Galena for Prairie du Chien on the morning of the 6th, on the *Warrior*, his purpose being to join General Atkinson.

This battle, as was anticipated, was the finishing stroke to the Black Hawk war. General Atkinson directed Keokuk to send out messengers to demand the surrender of the rest of the hostiles, and to capture Black Hawk, and bring him in, alive or dead.

The chief, with a small party, had fled to the Winnebago village at Prairie la Cross. There he told the chief he wished to surrender himself to the whites, who were welcome to kill him if they chose to do so. The squaws made him a dress of white deerskins, which he wore when he set out voluntarily for Prairie du Chien, with the two Winnebagoes sent after him.

On the 27th of August, 1833, shortly before noon, Black Hawk and his companion, known as The Prophet, were taken into the presence of General Street at Prairie du Chien, and delivered up to him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BLACK HAWK'S ORATORY—HIS VISIT TO WASHINGTON—IMPRISONMENT AND RELEASE—HIS RETURN HOME—HIS HUMILIATION—DEATH OF THE SAC LEADER.

WHILE Black Hawk cannot be compared in ability to Tecumseh, yet he possessed many traits which raised him above the level of his race. That he suffered wrong from the whites will be admitted by all, and it is hard to restrain sympathy for him and his people, who were driven out of their homes that had belonged to the nation for more than a hundred years. He was personally brave, but showed no special generalship in the handling of his forces.

Black Hawk's skill in oratory has probably given him his greatest fame. Many of his speeches were made under circumstances which have allowed them to be preserved ; and, though we cannot help suspecting that they have been liberally "revised," in many instances, by admiring friends, yet a certain poetical eloquence was his own. In a record of wars and violence, some of these specimens will serve to lighten the tragical narrative, and are worthy of preservation as proofs of the peculiar aptitude of the aboriginal race in that direction.

When Black Hawk entered the presence of General Street, as a prisoner, he addressed him :

" You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. The first one was not so wise. When I saw that I could not beat you by Indian fighting, I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white man ; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

" He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He

has fought for his countrymen, the squaws, and papposes, against white men, who came year after year to cheat him and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

"An Indian who is as bad as the white men could not live in our nation; he would be put to death and eat up by the wolves. The white men are bad schoolmasters; they carry false looks and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him; they shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, to deceive them, and ruin our wives. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on, and beset our path as they coiled themselves among us, like a snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and liars, adulterers, lazy drones, all talkers and no workers.

"We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our great father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction. Things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up, and our squaws and papposes without victuals to keep them from starving; we called a great council and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We all spoke before the council fire. It was warm and pleasant. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there and commend him.

"Black Hawk is a true Indian and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for his nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not scalp the head; but they do worse—they poison the heart; it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can't trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

"Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is

near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk."

The Indian prisoners and their guards went on board the steamer *Winnebago* on the 7th of September, and were taken down the river to Jefferson Barracks, where they were put in irons. Besides Black Hawk and his companion, The Prophet, there were eleven chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes.

Black Hawk at this time was about fifty years of age, though he looked much older. Although brought up among the Sacs and always identifying himself with them, he was a Pottawatomie by birth. He was six feet in height and finely formed.

During the same month the United States made a treaty with the Winnebagoes and also with the Sacs and Foxes. The former ceded all their valuable lands, south of the Ouisconsin and east of the Mississippi, amounting to 4,600,000 acres. The treaty with the Sacs and Foxes secured 6,000,000 acres, and, besides being of excellent quality, it contains rich lead deposits.

In payment for this cession, the United States agreed "To pay an annuity of \$20,000 annually for thirty years; to support a blacksmith and gunsmith in addition to those then employed; to pay the debts of the tribes; to supply provisions; and, as a reward for the fidelity of Keokuk and the friendly band, to allow a reservation to be made for them of forty square miles, on the Iowa River, to include Keokuk's principal village."

The same treaty required that Black Hawk, his two sons, The Prophet Naopope, and five other warriors of the hostile band were to remain in the hands of the whites, as hostages, during the pleasure of the President of the United States.

April 22, the captive Indians arrived in Washington, and the next day Black Hawk had a long interview with President Jackson. It is said that on meeting the President his first greeting was, "I am a man and you are another."

"Old Hickory," as detailed elsewhere, had met and fought Indians, and no one understood their makeup better than he. He greeted his visitor kindly, and, after having the articles of dress provided for them exhibited, he told him they would be delivered to him for distribution. He then said they would have to leave shortly for Fortress Monroe and stay there contented, until he gave them permission to return to their country. That date depended upon the conduct of the Indians, who he hoped would soon evince good feelings.

During the interview Black Hawk gave a history of the cause of the war, saying:

"We did not expect to conquer the whites; no. They had too many

houses, too many men. I took up the hatchet, for my part, to revenge injuries which my people could no longer endure. Had I borne them longer without striking, my people would have said, 'Black Hawk is a woman; he is too old to be a chief; he is no Sac.' These reflections caused me to raise the war-whoop. I say no more of it; it is known to you. Keokuk once was here; you took him by the hand, and, when he wished to return to his home, you were willing. Black Hawk expects that, like Keokuk, we shall be permitted to return, too."

The President assured him that he was acquainted with all the facts of the war, and that the chief need feel no uneasiness about the women and children whom they had left at home. They would be looked after and protected from their Indian enemies.

On the 26th of April the captives were conducted from Washington to Fortress Monroe. There they were treated with great kindness, were not bound, and received gentle consideration. But no matter how well-intentioned these favors were, the Indians pined for the free air of their forests, for their rude wigwams, and their families. Fortunately an order was received on the 4th of June for their release, and the following day they left by steamboat for Baltimore, by way of Norfolk, Gosport, Portsmouth, etc.

Their progress was attended with much excitement in all the cities through which they passed. Black Hawk tasted to the full the sweets of popularity, if they can be considered sweets by his race, for at many points they were barely able to move about because of the multitudes. They were taken to the theaters, where they interested the spectators more than the performances on the stage; they were dined and wined, and probably would have been killed with kindness had the thing been allowed to continue long.

Some of the addresses to the Indians were poor stuff and bored them. Probably the best was that of the Hon. John A. Graham, made at the quarters of the Indians, at the Exchange Hotel, in Broad Street, New York City:

"Brothers, open your ears. You are brave men. You have fought like tigers, but in a bad cause. We have conquered you. We are sorry, last year, that you raised the tomahawk against us; but we believe you did not know us then as you do now. We think that in time to come, you will be wise, and that we shall be friends forever. You see that we are a great people, numerous as the flowers of the field, as the shells on the sea shore, or the fish in the sea. We put one hand on the eastern, and, at the same time, the other on the western ocean. We all act together. Sometimes our great men talk loud and long at our council fires, but shed one drop of white men's blood, our young warriors, as thick as the stars of the

night, will leap on board our great boats, which fly on the waves and over the lakes, swift as the eagle in the air, then penetrate the woods, make the big guns thunder, and the whole heavens red with the flames of the dwellings of their enemies.

"Brothers, the President made you a great talk. He has but one mouth. That one has sounded the sentiments of all the people. Listen to what he has said to you. Write it on your memories. It is good, very good.

"Black Hawk, take these jewels, a pair of topaz ear-rings, beautifully set in gold, for your wife or daughter, as a token of friendship, keeping always in mind that women and children are the favorites of the Great Spirit. These jewels are from an old man, whose head is whitened by the snows of seventy winters; an old man, who has thrown down his bow, put off his sword, and now stands leaning on his staff, waiting the command of the Great Spirit.

"Look around you; see all these mighty people; then go to your homes, open your arms to receive your families. Tell them to bury the hatchet, to make bright the chain of friendship, to love the white men and to live in peace with them, as long as the rivers run into the sea and the sun rises and sets. If you do so, you will be happy. You will then insure the prosperity of unborn generations of your tribes, who will go hand in hand with the sons of the white men, and all shall be blessed by the Great Spirit. Peace and happiness, by the blessing of the Great Spirit, attend you! Farewell!"

Black Hawk, who was much pleased with the address and the handsome present accompanying it, made answer:

"Brother: We like your talk. We will be friends. We like the white people; they are very kind to us. We shall not forget it. Your counsel is good; we shall attend to it. Your valuable present shall go to my squaw; it pleases me very much. We shall always be friends."

One of the most interesting incidents of what may be properly termed their triumphal tour was their call upon the Seneca Indians, at their council house, on their reservation in New York. The Seneca chieftain, Captain Pollard (Karlundawana), an old and respected man, expressed his pleasure at meeting them, urging them to go to their homes in a peaceable frame of mind, to cultivate the earth, and nevermore to fight against the white men.

Black Hawk said, in reply:

"Our aged brother of the Senecas, who has spoken to us, has spoken the words of a good and wise man. We are strangers to each other, though we have the same color, and the same Great Spirit made us all, and gave us this country together. Brothers, we have seen how great a

people the whites are. They are very rich and very strong. It is folly for us to fight with them. We shall go home with much knowledge. For myself, I shall advise my people to be quiet, and live like good men. The advice which you gave us, brother, is very good, and we tell you now we mean to walk the straight path in future, and to content ourselves with what we have and with cultivating our lands."

From Buffalo the Indians were conveyed by water to Detroit. They were now approaching the section which had lately suffered at the hands of their people, and the citizens showed a less friendly spirit toward them. They looked at the dusky visitors askance, and, it is said, they were burned in effigy. No violence, however, took place.

From Green Bay they had to pass through the country of the Menomonees and Winnebagoes, who were their bitter enemies. To guard against molestation, a detachment of troops accompanied them to Chicago. Passing up Fox River and down the Ouisconsin, Black Hawk, with much depression of spirits, pointed out the favorite spots where once stood the flourishing villages of his people.

The captives arrived at Fort Armstrong, on the Upper Mississippi, about the first of August. They were gloomy and taciturn on entering their own forests, the reminder of so many sad occurrences to them, but soon rallied, and showed considerable vivacity in recalling some of their amusing experiences among the whites.

Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, had been selected as the most appropriate place for the dismissal of the Indians. The latter were disappointed at not meeting friends to tell them of their families. While waiting for some of them to come in, they undid their bundles and examined their presents. They were many and valuable, and were distributed with a generous hand to their old comrades when they put in an appearance with good news of the loved ones.

Keokuk was away on a buffalo hunt when Black Hawk arrived, but about noon the following day a great din and shouting announced his approach. He was seated on one of two large canoes, lashed side by side, and followed by a score of others, each carrying eight warriors, who awoke the echoes with their weird songs. Ascending the river, they encamped on the opposite side from Black Hawk's camp.

Devoting a couple of hours to their toilets, they resumed their wild singing and paddled across the river. Keokuk was the first to step ashore. He and his companions were decorated with all their medals and ornaments and made a striking picture. Turning to his party, as the last landed, Keokuk said :

"The Great Spirit has sent our brother back; let us shake hands in friendship."

Black Hawk was seated in front of his tent with his party. He was leaning on his cane and looking down at the ground in gloomy meditation. Walking up to the fallen chieftain, Keokuk extended his hand and Black Hawk returned the pressure. Then Keokuk saluted the rest of the party and sat down. His companions did the same and all remained silent, waiting for the fallen chieftain to speak.

Fifteen minutes of oppressive silence followed, during which strange emotions must have stirred the breasts of the red men.

Seeing that Black Hawk was waiting to be addressed, Keokuk turned to him and inquired how long he had been on the road. He answered,



TRIUMPH AND HUMILIATION.

and then pipes were brought out and lighted, all smoking and talking freely for an hour. Then Keokuk arose, shook hands all around, and departed with the promise to return on the morrow, when the grand council was to be held.

A large room in the garrison was prepared for the reception of the two parties. About ten o'clock Keokuk appeared at the head of a hundred warriors, and seated himself among several of his chiefs, directing the rest to place themselves behind him. This was done, and profound stillness prevailed until the arrival of Black Hawk and his companions. As they came in, Keokuk and his brother chiefs arose and shook hands with him and the rest. They moved around and seated themselves opposite Keokuk. Black Hawk and his son showed in their looks their

dejection and humiliation, for they felt that after years of rivalry between him and the younger chief, the hour of triumph for the latter had come.

Major Garland was the first to break the silence. He said that he was glad to find so much good feeling in the tribe toward Black Hawk and his party. He was confident from what he had seen and learned, that they would have no more trouble among themselves. He had but little to say, as the President's speech to Black Hawk said all, and it would be read to them. This speech was interpreted to the Indians, who responded at the end of each sentence.

Keokuk then said impressively:

"I have listened to the talk of our great father. It is true; we pledged our honors, with those of our young braves, for their liberation. We thought much of it; our councils were long; their wives and children were in our thoughts. When we talked of them, our hearts were full. Their wives and children came to us, which made us feel like women; but we were men. The words which we sent to our great father was one word, the word of all. The heart of our great father was good; he spoke like the father of children. The Great Spirit made his heart big in council. We receive our brothers in friendship; our hearts are good toward them. They once listened to bad counsel; now their ears are closed. I give my hand to them; when they shake it, they shake the hands of all. I will shake hands with them, and then I am done."

Major Garland then delivered the most humiliating insult that had ever been put upon Black Hawk. He said he wished all present clearly to understand that the President considered Keokuk the principal chief of the nation, and that in the future he should be acknowledged as the only one entitled to that distinction. He wished Black Hawk to *listen* and *conform* to his counsels. The two bands that had heretofore existed in the tribe must be broken up.

This cutting speech, when translated to Black Hawk, was made worse through a mistake of the interpreter, who represented Major Garland as declaring that Black Hawk must *conform* to the counsels of Keokuk. The chief was infuriated, and, rising to his feet in a towering rage, replied:

"I am an old man; I will not conform to the counsel of anyone; I will act for myself; no one shall govern me. I am old; my hair is gray. I once gave counsels to my young men: am I to conform to others'? I shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where I shall rest. What I said to our great father in Washington, I say again: I will always listen to him. I am done."

It was the last flicker of expiring grandeur and greatness. His excitement caused a stir among the listeners. The interpreter explained that he was only requested to *listen* to the counsels of Keokuk. Black Hawk made

no reply, but sat absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts. Keokuk said in an undertone to him :

" Why do you speak thus before the white men ? I will speak for you ; you trembled and did not mean what you said."

Black Hawk nodded assent and Keokuk said :

" Our brother, who has again come among us, has spoken, but he spoke in wrath ; his tongue was forked ; he spoke not like a man, a Sac. He knew his words were bad ; he trembled like the oak, whose roots have been washed by many rains. He is old ; what he said, let us forget. He says he did not mean it ; he wishes it were forgotten. I have spoken for him. What I have said is his own words, not mine. Let us say he spoke in council to-day ; that his words were good : I have spoken."

That evening, Major Garland invited the principal chiefs, including Black Hawk, to meet him at his quarters. After a number of speeches had been made by the chiefs, Black Hawk said in a calm, but depressed, manner :

" I feel that I am an old man. Once I could speak, but now I have little to say. To-day we meet many of our brothers. We are glad to see them. I have listened to what my brothers said ; their hearts are good ; they have been like Sacs since I left them ; they have taken care of my wife and children, who had no wigwam. I thank them for it ; the Great Spirit knows I thank them. Before the sun sets behind the hills to-morrow, I shall see them. I want to see them. When I left them, I expected to return. I told our great father, when in Washington, I would listen to his counsels. I say so to you. I will listen to the counsel of Keokuk. I shall soon be far away. I shall have no village, no band ; I shall live alone. What I said in council to-day, I wish forgotten. If it has been put upon paper, I wish a mark to be drawn over it. I did not mean it. Now we are alone ; let us say we will forget it. Say to our great father and Governor Cass that I will listen to them. Many years ago, I met Governor Cass in councils, far across the prairies to the rising sun. His counsels were good. My ears were closed. I listened to the great father across the waters. My father listened to him whose band was large. My band was once large, but now I have no band. I and my son, and all our party, thank our great father for what he has done. He is old ; I am old ; we shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where we shall rest. He sent us though his great villages. We saw many white men, who treated us with kindness. We thank them. We thank you and Mr. Sprague for coming with us. Your road was long and crooked. We never saw so many white men before. When you were with us, we felt as though we had some friends among them. We felt safe. You knew them all. When you come upon the Mississippi again, you shall come to my wigwam. I have none now. On your road

home, you pass where my village once was. No one lives there now: all are gone. I give you my hand; we may never meet again. I shall long remember you. The Great Spirit will be with you and your wives and children. Before the sun rises I shall go to my family. My son will be here to see you before you go. I will shake hands with my brothers now, and then I am done."

No incident worthy of record took place for three years after the liberation of Black Hawk. A battle occurred between the Sacs and Foxes on one hand and the Sioux on the other, in the summer of 1837, our authorities having failed to give the protection to the former that was promised. The Sacs and Foxes had sold the best portions of Illinois, Missouri, and



"OUR ILLUSTRIOS GUEST."

Wisconsin, amounting to 26,500,000 acres, which included the valuable lead mines, at three cents an acre! They received, in addition, many guarantees, most of which were disregarded.

A delegation of Sacs and Foxes, and another of Sioux and Iowas, visited Washington, in September, 1837, and, by the advice of the President, were induced to make a tour through the country, he thinking that it would be wise to impress them with our importance and greatness.

This delegation numbered thirty-five in all, and Black Hawk was with the Sacs and Foxes. It is not worth while to describe their tour, so similar in many respects to the former one, and which was without special incident. No doubt the delegation was suitably impressed, as have been the numerous ones that have followed in their footsteps.

Black Hawk, his son, Nasheuskuk, and his handsome wife, attended a

ball by invitation at Fort Madison, Wis., in honor of Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1838. Black Hawk was present at the same place during the celebration on the Fourth of July following. At the table he received the honor of the following sentiment:

"Our illustrious guest. May his declining years be as calm as his previous life has been boisterous from warlike events. His present friendship to the whites fully entitles him to a seat at our board."

Black Hawk responded with the following sensible words:

"It has pleased the Great Spirit that I am here to-day. The earth is our mother and we are now permitted to look upon it. A few snows ago I was fighting against the white people; perhaps I was wrong; let it be forgotten. I love my towns and corn fields on the Rock River; it was a beautiful country. I fought for it, but now it is yours. Keep it as the Sacs did. I was once a warrior, but I am now poor. Keokuk has been the cause of what I am, but I do not blame him. I love to look upon the Mississippi. I have looked upon it from a child. I love that beautiful river. My home has always been upon its banks. I thank you for your friendship. I will say no more."

Black Hawk died October 3, 1838. Many whites, as well as Indians, assembled at his lodge to pay their last respects to the departed chieftain and warrior. He had requested that he might be buried as were the Sac chieftains in the olden times. His wishes were followed. Instead of making a grave, his body was placed upon the ground in a sitting posture, with his cane between his knees and grasped in his hands. Slabs and rails were then piled about him. Such was the end and burial of Black Hawk.

The following winter his bones were stolen, and a year later were found in the possession of a surgeon of Quincy, Ill. Governor Lucas, of Iowa, learning of the outrage, compelled them to be restored to his friends.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SECOND SEMINOLE WAR—THE TREATY OF 1823—DISSATISFACTION OF THE WHITES AND INDIANS—HOSTILITIES—TREATY OF PAYNE'S LANDING—OSCEOLA—MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT JACKSON—IMPRISONMENT OF OSCEOLA—OUTRAGES BY INDIANS—MASSACRE OF DADE'S COMMAND—ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL THOMPSON—FIGHT ON THE OUTHLACOCHEE.

East and West Florida were ceded to the United States by the Spanish Government in 1821 as a set-off for claims against them for spoliations on our commerce to the extent of half a million dollars. The country having thus come into our possession, the next step was to rid it of the Indians who occupied the lands. Two courses were open—by honest purchase, or by conquest. The former was decided upon. In September of the year named, a council was held with a number of the chiefs, and a treaty entered into by them.

The terms of this treaty bound the Seminoles to relinquish the better part of their lands, and retire to the center of the peninsula, composed of pine barrens and terminating toward the south in unexplored and almost inaccessible marshes. Our government bound itself to pay the Indians certain annuities, to take them under its care and patronage, and protect them against all persons whatsoever. The Seminoles further agreed to move westward at the expiration of twenty years from the date of the treaty.

This treaty was opposed by many of the chiefs who were not parties to it, and gave little satisfaction to the whites, who suffered from a peculiar irritation that can never again exist in this country. The morasses and swamps of the Floridas afforded a tempting refuge to runaway slaves. When they once succeeded in reaching those dismal solitudes, it was useless for overseer and bloodhound to attempt to follow them. The runaway negroes found refuge among the Seminoles, intermarried with them, and formed a powerful factor in the subsequent troubles. One clause of the treaty required the Seminoles to surrender all runaway slaves. Naturally they were slow to do this. They could give the fugitives warning of their danger and then report their inability to secure them. Besides, some of the Indians themselves were slaveholders. The bondage, however, of their black men was only nominal. They did about as they pleased, working when they chose, and gave small tithe to their indulgent owners.

The government had bound itself to protect the Indians against all intruders, but did not do so. A gang of miscreants insinuated themselves among them, and perpetrated every kind of fraud. Their cattle were stolen, their slaves run off, and no redress was possible. More than once an Indian owner, who pursued the white thieves and recovered his own cattle, was punished for stealing, even though he showed his brand on them. In short, the treatment of the Seminoles was precisely that which has been followed by our government with the majority of the tribes with whom it has had dealings. There seems to be reason for the charges that the government winked at this persecution, in the hope of disgusting the Indians to that extent that they would abandon the country before the date agreed upon.

The Seminoles soon revolted. Murders and outrages were committed by both sides, and the white inhabitants petitioned the government to remove the savages westward with as little delay as possible. It was decided that this should be done. The preliminary step was the Treaty of Payne's Landing, made May 9, 1832.

The terms of this agreement bound the Seminoles to relinquish all their possessions in Florida, and migrate to the country allotted to the Creeks, west of the Mississippi. The removal was to take place within three years after the ratification of the treaty, the consideration to be given to the Indians being \$15,400, on their arrival at their new home, and the present to each of the warriors, women, and children, of one blanket and one homespun frock. It was also stipulated that the demands for "slaves and other property," stolen or destroyed by the Seminoles, should be investigated, and, if just, liquidated to the United States to the extent of \$7000. President Jackson was determined on the removal of the Indians, and secured the consent of seven chiefs thereto. These, however, did not represent the majority, who were unalterably opposed to the change through fear of the Creeks, from whom they had seceded eight years before. Two chiefs who had favored the removal were killed by their own people, who elected a warrior well known for his hostility to the project.

In the strong and growing opposition to the departure, the famous and unfortunate Osceola came to the front as one of the most bitter partisans. He expressed his opinion of the Payne's Landing Treaty by driving his hunting knife clean through it and the top of the table on which it lay.

The contemplated removal hinged on the condition expressed in the words, "should they be satisfied with the character of the country," etc.

Now, who was meant by "they"? It may be said that the second or real Seminole war turned on the meaning of the pronoun. President Jackson—and who was better qualified to judge, since he was a doctor of laws?—insisted that "they" referred to the seven deputies, while Osceola

and his party maintained that "they" meant the opinion of the whole tribe, after the report of the deputation had been heard.

It became so apparent that the Indians intended no removal, that General Wiley Thompson, the agent, called together the real leaders of the Seminoles, in October, 1834. They expressed themselves in the most emphatic terms against removal. Osceola, who had never signed the treaty, was determined in his attitude, and the council ended without accomplishing anything. General Thompson said to them:

"I have told you that you must stand to your bargain; my talk is the same. Your father, the President, who is your friend, will compel you to go. Therefore, be not deluded by any hope or expectation that you will be permitted to remain here."

The Indians began laying in stores of ammunition and making ready for the war that was sure to come. Six months later, on invitation, they came together again to hear the message of their father, President Jackson, which was as follows:

"My children, I am sorry to have heard that you have been listening to bad counsel. You know me, and you know that I would not deceive you, nor advise you to do anything that was unjust or injurious. Open your ears and attend now to what I am going to say to you. They are the words of a friend, and the words of truth.

"The white people are settling around you. The game has disappeared from your country. Your people are poor and hungry. All this you have perceived for some time. And nearly three years ago you made an agreement with your friend, Colonel Gadsden, acting on the part of the United States, by which you agreed to cede your lands in Florida, and to remove and join your brothers, the Creeks, in the country west of the Mississippi. You annexed a condition to this agreement, that certain chiefs named therein, in whom you placed confidence, should proceed to the western country, and examine whether it was suitable to your wants and habits, and whether the Creeks residing there were willing to permit you to unite with them as one people; and if the persons thus sent were satisfied on these heads, then the arrangement with Colonel Gadsden was to be in full force.

"In conformity with these provisions, the chiefs named by you proceeded to that country, and having examined it, and having become satisfied respecting its character and the favorable disposition of the Creeks, they entered into an agreement with commissioners on the part of the United States, by which they signified their satisfaction on these subjects, and finally ratified the treaty made with Colonel Gadsden.

"I now learn that you refuse to carry into effect the solemn promises thus made by you, and that you have stated to the officers of the United



OSCEOLA, CHIEF OF THE SEMINOLES.

States, sent among you, that you will not remove to the western country.

" My children, I have never deceived, nor will I ever deceive any of the red people. I tell you that you must go, and that you will go. Even if you had a right to stay, how could you live where you now are? You have sold all your country. You have not a piece as large as a blanket to sit down upon. What is to support yourselves, your women and children? The tract you have ceded will soon be surveyed and sold, and immediately afterward will be occupied by a white population. You will soon be in a state of starvation. You will commit depredations upon the property of our citizens. You will be resisted, punished, perhaps killed. Now is it not better peaceably to remove to a fine fertile country, occupied by your own kindred, and where you can raise all the necessities of life, and where game is yet abundant? The annuities payable to you, and the other stipulations made in your favor, will make your situation comfortable, and will enable you to increase and improve. If, therefore, you had a right to stay where you are, still every true friend would advise you to remove; but you have no right to stay, and you must go. I am very desirous that you should go peaceably and voluntarily. You shall be comfortably taken care of and kindly treated on the road, and when you arrive in your new country provisions will be issued to you for a year, so that you can have ample time to provide for your future support.

" But lest some of your rash young men should forcibly oppose your arrangements for removal, I have ordered a large military force to be sent among you. I have directed the commanding officer, and likewise the agent, your friend, General Thompson, that every reasonable indulgence be held out to you. But I have also directed that one-third of your people, as provided for in the treaty, be removed during the present season. If you listen to the voice of friendship and truth, you will go quietly and voluntarily. But should you listen to the bad birds that are always flying about you, and refuse to remove, I have directed the commanding officer to remove you by force. This will be done. I pray the Great Spirit, therefore, to incline you to do what is right."

This appeal, whose force cannot be questioned, divided the Indians, and a considerable number gave their consent to the removal. Osceola, however, remained as defiant as ever. His wrath was specially roused by the fact that among those won over to the President's views were several whom he had counted upon as his partisans. He protested strongly to General Thompson for taking such an unfair advantage. The interview grew into a heated quarrel, with the result that Osceola was arrested and kept one night and a part of two days in irons.

This treatment roused the devil in the mongrel's heart. Determined

to revenge himself on the agent, he agreed to sign the treaty and to do what he could to persuade others to join him. He was thereupon released, and came to Fort King with seventy-nine of his people, men, women, and children, and the signing took place. Osceola was playing a part and deceived the whites.

It was not long before hostilities broke out. A few weeks



ARREST OF OSCEOLA.

after Osceola signed the treaty, seven Indians were discovered hunting at a place called Hogtown. The whites claimed they were "beyond bounds," and, disarming them, began beating them. While they were doing this, two other Indians came up, raised the war-whoop, and fired without slaying anyone. The whites returned the fire and killed both Indians.

During the same summer—1835—a mail carrier was killed and robbed

between St. Augustine and Camp King, and several houses were looted. Matters continued in a ruffled state until the following December, when the agent notified such of the Indians as he could reach that their time had expired, and they must prepare for their journey beyond the Mississippi. The agent was so confident that his order would be obeyed that he advertised their horses and cattle for sale between the first and fifteenth of the month. Not a solitary Indian presented himself, and it was then discovered that, Osceola having killed a friendly chief, the Seminoles had abandoned all the towns, and hiding their trails, had removed their families to a place of safety. The skill with which this was done, as shown by the futile efforts to locate the families of the hostiles, was one of the most extraordinary feats ever accomplished by the American race.

In January, 1836, a party of twenty or thirty Seminoles attacked the home of the lighthouse keeper at New River, about twenty miles to the north of Cape Florida. A gentleman employed as teacher was killed, and the wife, mother, and three children of the lighthouse keeper. The Indians carried off several barrels of provisions, thirty hogs, three horses, five hundred dollars in silver, a keg of powder, two hundred pounds of lead, and a lot of dry goods.

A neighboring family discovered the murders in time to make their own escape. Another, a widow with her two daughters and son, fled to Cape Florida. At that point were soon gathered over fifty persons, who would have starved had not a vessel noticed their signal of distress and taken them to St. Augustine.

Thomas Godfrey's wife and four children escaped to a swamp, where they wandered about for four days without a mouthful of food. The moaning of the youngest children was heard by a negro who belonged to the hostiles. He rushed upon the wretched fugitives with uplifted ax, but the sight of the suffering children touched him. He told them the Indians were all around them, but if they would remain quiet until dark he would bring them something to eat. He not only did this, but provided them with blankets to sleep upon. The Indians were dispersed the following day by a party of whites. The negro conducted the fugitives to a point where their friends saw them, and then hurried off. Colonel Warren was conveying a train of wagons, containing provisions and ammunition, from St. Augustine to the main army at Fort Croom. He had a small detachment, and, while on the march, was attacked by a large body of Indians, who killed ten, scattered the rest, captured the wagons, and burned what they did not take away.

Outrages multiplied, the Indians showing such activity that fears began to be felt for the safety of the strongest places, even in Florida. Loud calls were made by the people for protection, very few precautions

having been taken until the peril was upon them. General Clinch, at Fort King, was known to be in imminent danger. Major Dade of the Fourth Regiment of infantry reached that point with re-enforcements for him.

Two companies were now made ready to march against the Seminoles. On the 24th of December, 1835, one hundred men and eight officers with a field piece set out under the command of Major Dade.

On the morning of the 28th, when four miles from the encampment of the previous night, this force was suddenly assailed by the Indians, who



A FRIEND IN NEED.

poured in a destructive volley. Major Dade and his horse were killed at the first fire, with most of the advance guard. Captain Belton of the Second Artillery, in his official report of this shocking catastrophe, says:

"Lieutenant Mudge, Third Artillery, received his mortal wound the first fire, and afterward received several other wounds. Lieutenant Basenger, Third Artillery, was not wounded until after the second attack; and, at the latter part of it, he was wounded several times before he was tomahawked. Captain Gardener, Second Artillery, was not wounded until the second attack, and, at the last part of it, Mr. Basenger, after Captain Gardener was killed, remarked, 'I am the only officer left; and, boys, we will do the

best we can.' Lieutenant Keays, Third Artillery, had both arms broken at the first shot, was unable to act, and was tomahawked the latter part of the second attack by a negro. Lieutenant Henderson had his left arm broken at the first fire, and after that, with a musket, fired at least thirty or forty shots. Dr. Gatlin was not killed until after the second attack, nor was he wounded; he placed himself behind the breastwork, and, with two double-barreled guns, said he had four barrels for them. Captain Frazer fell early in the action with the advanced guard."

After the repulse of the Indians by the troops under Captain Gardener, the Americans began hurriedly throwing up breastworks; but before they could be raised high enough to be of use, the Indians attacked them again. The field piece was brought into play, but the Seminoles and negroes shot down everyone who attempted to serve it. Two-thirds of the men and all the officers had fallen, when the ammunition gave out. Quick to perceive this, the assailants rushed in and killed every one, excepting three, who, badly wounded, imitated death, and found opportunity to get into the woods unnoticed.

The situation was graphically described by an officer stationed at Fort Brooke, in a letter dated January 1, 1836: "We are really in the theater of war of the most horrible kind. We arrived here on Christmas Day, and found the inhabitants flying in from all quarters to camp. Major Dade, with seven officers and one hundred and ten men, started the day before we came to Fort King. We were all prepared to overtake them the next day, and were upon the eve of departure when an intervention of circumstances deferred it for one day; and, in the course of that day, three soldiers, horribly mangled, came into camp, and brought the melancholy tidings that Major Dade and every officer and man, except themselves, were murdered and terribly mangled. We are at work, night and day, entrenching ourselves in every possible manner. We expect every moment to be attacked, as the savages have sworn we shall all be massacred before the 6th of January. We are about two hundred strong, with officers and men, and about fifty citizens, and one hundred friendly Indians, under their chief, Black Dirt. The savages are said to number four thousand."

The fort, however, was not attacked, and General Gaines arrived from New Orleans the following month with seven hundred men. He ordered a detachment under Captain Hitchcock to visit the scene of the massacre. Captain Hitchcock, in his report, said:

"The force encamped on the night of February 19, on the ground occupied by Major Dade on the night of the 27th of December. He and his party were destroyed on the morning of the 28th, about four miles in advance of that position. He was advancing toward this post (Fort

King), and was attacked from the north, so that on the 20th instant we came on the rear of his battle ground about nine o'clock in the morning. Our advanced guard had passed the ground without halting, when the general and his staff came upon one of the most appalling spectacles that can be imagined. We first saw some broken and scattered boxes; then a cart; then two oxen which were lying dead, as if they had fallen asleep, their yokes still on them; a little to the right, one or two horses were seen. We then came to a small enclosure, made by felling trees in such a manner as to form a triangular breastwork for defense. Within the triangle, along the north and west faces of it, were about thirty bodies, mostly mere skeletons, although much of the clothing was left upon them. These were lying, almost every one of them, in precisely the position they must have occupied during the fight, their heads next to the logs, over which they had delivered their fire, and their bodies stretched, with striking regularity, parallel to each other. They had evidently been shot dead at their posts, and the Indians had not disturbed them, except by taking the scalps of most of them.

Passing this little breastwork, we found other bodies along the road, and by the side of the road, generally behind trees, which had been resorted to for covers from the enemy's fire. Advancing about two hundred yards further, we found a cluster of bodies in the middle of the road. These were evidently the advanced guard, in the rear of which was the body of Major Dade, and, to the right, that of Captain Frazer.

These were all doubtless shot down on the first fire of the Indians, except, perhaps, Captain Frazer, who must, however, have fallen very early in the fight. Those in the road and by the trees fell during the first attack. It was during a cessation of the fire that the little band still remaining, about thirty in number, threw up the triangular breastwork, which, from the haste with which it was constructed, was necessarily defective, and could not protect the men in the second attack.

We had with us many of the personal friends of the officers of Major Dade's command; and it is gratifying to be able to state that every officer was identified by undoubted evidence. They were buried, and the cannon, a six pounder, that the Indians had thrown into a swamp, was recovered, and placed vertically at the head of the grave, where, it is to be hoped, it will long remain. The bodies of the non-commissioned officers and privates were buried in two graves, and it was found that every man was accounted for. The command was composed of eight officers and one hundred and two non-commissioned officers and privates. The bodies of eight officers and ninety-eight men were interred—four men having escaped, three of whom reached Tampa Bay; the fourth was killed the day after the battle. It may be proper to add that the attack was not made from a hummock,

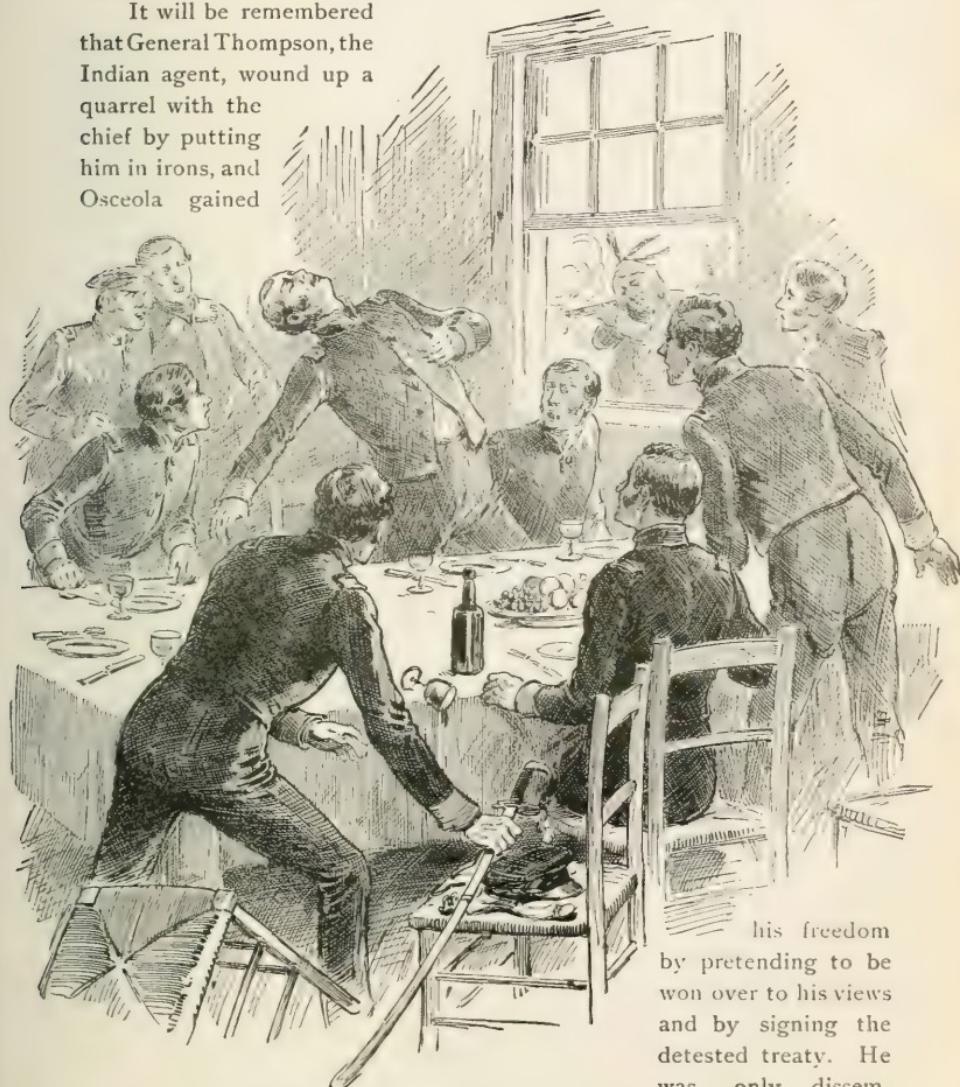


MAJOR DADE'S BATTLEGROUND.

but in a thinly wooded country, the Indians being concealed by palmetto and grass, which has since been burned."

Osceola took part in this massacre, and on the same day did a thing which, in its way, was hardly less startling to the country.

It will be remembered that General Thompson, the Indian agent, wound up a quarrel with the chief by putting him in irons, and Osceola gained



DEATH OF GENERAL THOMPSON.

his freedom by pretending to be won over to his views and by signing the detested treaty. He was only disseminating, however, and

asserted that General Thompson should pay for the outrage put upon him. On the 28th of December, General Thompson was dining at

the storehouse of Mr. Rogers, two hundred and fifty yards from Fort King, there being nine other gentlemen seated at the table. Mr. Rogers was at the head, and the weather being unusually mild, the door and windows were open. The guests were chatting and laughing in the enjoyment of their feast, when a volley was fired at them and Osceola and his party dashed into the room. Those who were not killed leaped out of the windows and fled. The five who were fortunate enough to start toward the fort escaped; the others, in running for a hummock near by, were shot down. The cook, a negro woman, crouched behind a barrel and was not observed by Osceola, who, pausing but a minute, darted out again.

Five men were killed: General Thompson, Lieutenant Constantine Smith, Erastus Rogers, sutler, a Mr. Suggs, and Mr. Hitzler. Each was scalped, and as the Indians withdrew, Osceola emitted his peculiar shrill yell, that those at the fort might know who was the leader in the dreadful business.

General Clinch having re-enforced Fort Brooke with five hundred volunteers, whose terms of service were soon to expire, sent the whole force of seven hundred men, under the command of General Call, into the Indian country. They aimed for a point on the Ouihlacoochee River, where it was said a good ford existed. When a part were over, Osceola and his warriors fell upon them. The fight raged for an hour, when the Indians were beaten off, but the Americans suffered a loss of sixty-three killed and wounded, that of the Indians being much greater.

Nothing could exceed the valor displayed by the leaders of the two forces. But for General Clinch's coolness and intrepidity his men would have been thrown into a panic. He was everywhere in the thickest of the fight. His horse was killed under him, and a bullet passed through his cap and another through his coat sleeve, but, knowing that nothing could avert a repetition of the Dade massacre, except the defeat of the Indians, he inspired his men by his own example, and their assailants, after a desperate struggle, were beaten off.

Osceola was recognized by many of the Americans, a number of whom attempted to bring him down; but, though he was wounded, he was not incapacitated from continuing the fight and arranging further mischief. He wore a red belt and three long feathers, which helped to identify him. Stationing himself behind a tree, he would load his rifle, step out in plain view, take deliberate aim, and always bring down his man.

It was not until several platoons had fired their volleys at him, and riddled the tree behind which he sheltered himself, that he was forced to dodge to some other cover. He aimed at General Clinch several times, and the wonder is that he did not kill him. The general himself gave Osceola the credit of firing the bullet that passed through his clothing.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SECOND SEMINOLE WAR (CONTINUED)—DEFEAT OF MAJOR PUTNAM—SECOND FIGHT AT THE OUTHLACOCHEE—PROGRESS OF THE WAR—HELP FROM THE NORTHERN INDIANS—CREEKS ENLISTED IN THE UNITED STATES SERVICE—COLONEL LANE'S EXPEDITION—DEATH OF COLONEL LANE—BATTLES IN WAHOO SWAMP—FRUITLESS NEGOTIATIONS.

THE strength of the Seminoles seemed to increase rather than diminish as the war progressed. The fear of this gang of mongrels ever causing the United States army serious trouble had been ridiculed in every quarter; yet they had not only inflicted effective blows, but were more defiant and dangerous than ever.

Their numbers were increased by runaway negroes and the criminals of adjoining tribes, who sneaked into the Everglades out of a craving for the carnival of crime and death. These desperadoes when driven into a corner fought like wildcats and without any thought of surrender.

It was not often, however, that they were cornered, for with the interminable swamps, morasses, and wild forests behind them, with every mile of which they were familiar, they skurried to cover like the Apaches when driven into the mountains by the American cavalry. They threw the whole territory into a panic, and threatened to overrun and destroy every post in it. The fleeing fugitives were reduced to such sore straits that Congress passed a bill to relieve their necessities until they could be restored to their possessions.

As proof of the boldness of the Indians, it may be related that while the sloop *Pilot* was ascending the Halifax, on the 17th of January, it was repeatedly fired upon by a large body of Indians. The sails were perforated, but the marksmanship of the Indians was too poor to injure any of the crew.

On the following day, Major Putnam, at the head of an independent company stationed at Mosquito, made his way to a plantation about fifty miles south of St. Augustine. This place had been devastated some weeks before by the Indians, and Putnam was engaged upon an exploring expedition, as it may be called. He had about forty men, and shortly after reaching his destination was attacked by three or four times as many Indians.

The two guards saw a couple approaching and fired upon them. One Indian was killed and the other wounded. A sentinel ran to the fallen warrior, and was stooping over him, when he received a ball in the neck. At the same moment the whole force of Indians charged out of the bush near at hand. The Americans, from behind the ruins of the burned buildings, gave their assailants a hot reception. The soldiers were so well



ATTACK ON THE SLOOP "PILOT."

protected that only one of their number was wounded, but the savages pressed them hard, and it was evident the only escape lay in fleeing to the boats, which were a considerable way off.

The whooping Indians followed at their heels, and, as the water was quite shallow, threatened to clamber into the boats with the soldiers, or to overwhelm them before they could reach deep water.

To make matters worse, every gun except one was useless from wetting. This single weapon was turned to good account, and most of the men got off, with nineteen wounded, among whom were several with mortal injuries.

The Indians captured a boat containing ten men, who plunged overboard and escaped, excepting one. He swam to Pelican Island, where his

comrades were obliged to leave him, since they were pursued by the Indians in the captured craft. He was never heard of again, and was believed to have been drowned in an attempt to swim from the island the next day.

General Gaines having arrived a second time at Tampa, on the 9th of February, 1836, with a large force in three steamboats, set out four days later for the Indian country. He moved eastward, on the Alafia River, where he heard there had been a fight between the friendly Indians and the hostiles. Meeting with no enemy, he changed his march to Fort King, arriving there on Washington's birthday. The place being short of supplies, a troop of horse was dispatched to Fort Draine, twenty-two miles distant, whence they returned with enough provisions to last a week. In doubt what course to adopt, the general finally decided to pass down the Ouihlacoochee, over General Clinch's battle ground, then to Tampa, hoping by this means to bring about a battle with the main body of Indians. The crossing place was reached on the 27th.

While examining the fording place, the war whoops sounded and the soldiers were fired upon. A desultory fight was kept up for half an hour, during which the Americans lost one killed and one wounded. The hostiles did not seem strong enough to make an impression on the troops, and withdrew. The following day, when two miles on its march, the army was again attacked, and two were killed and two wounded, among the former being Lieutenant Izard of the United States dragoons.

That night an express was sent to Fort Draine with orders for the commanding officer to march with a strong force to the opposite side of the Ouihlacoochee and attack the Indians in the rear. On the 29th, a party preparing rafts for crossing the river were fired upon, and the camp itself was attacked on all sides by a force of hostiles, estimated at more than a thousand. The fight was kept up for two hours, during which one American was killed and thirty-three wounded. Among the latter was General Gaines, who was struck in the lip by a bullet which knocked out one tooth and injured two others. He treated the matter lightly, remarking that, as no dentist was within reach, he would have to get along as best he could.

The Indians appeared again on the 2d of March, and kept up the attack at intervals for three days. Late at night on the 5th, a call was heard from the woods, and the savages requested a parley, saying they were tired of fighting. The reply was returned that if the hostiles wished to treat, they must send a messenger with a white flag on the morrow. He would be allowed to come and go in safety.

Accordingly, the next day several hundred Indians emerged from the woods and took position about a fourth of a mile to the rear of the whites. They hesitated a while as to what they should next do, when several ad-

vanced to within hailing distance and repeated their words of the evening before. General Gaines sent a staff officer to them. He was told that the Indians were sick of fighting, and wished the army to withdraw from the Oithlacoochee. Osceola was at the head of the delegation.

This message having been carried to General Gaines, he sent back answer that the Indians would be subdued ; that a large force was then on its way to their country, and every hostile taken in arms would be shot.

This not very soothing message reaching Osceola, he replied that his people would go into council, and return their final reply in the course of the afternoon. Finally, they sent word that they could not give an answer, as their head chief, Micanopy, was not with them, and he would have to be consulted. They were told that if they would cease fighting, go south of the Oithlacoochee, and attend a council when directed by the United States Commissioners, they would not be molested.

Osceola and his warriors had barely assented to this arrangement, when General Clinch, with five hundred men, unexpectedly appeared almost among them. The Indians scattered in a panic, doubtless believing the whole thing to be a trap, but that officer had no such thought, and brought with him a large amount of supplies to the famishing army.

General Gaines, having transferred his command to General Clinch, left for New Orleans a few days later, and Clinch marched with the army to Fort Draine. The withdrawal of General Gaines was due to the appointment of General Scott to the command of affairs in Florida. He arrived at Fort Draine on the 13th of March, 1836. Fighting continued through the summer, often of the sharpest character. The Indians did not hesitate to attack strong bodies of soldiers, and sometimes with temporary success. They held their own with great ability, and when autumn approached it could not be said that the slightest progress had been made in the conquest of the Seminoles of Florida.

If any reader of these pages is old enough to recall the days of which we are writing, he will be reminded of this farce of the Floridas. When news came from that remote quarter, it generally told of the desperate straits of the mongrel defenders of their homes. They were driven to the last extremity ; they had been cornered somewhere ; the last blow was about to be struck, and the next news would undoubtedly be that the end of the struggle had come, and the defiant Seminoles were at the mercy of a too indulgent government.

Perhaps the report was that the end had actually arrived, and the war ended. By the time the public were beginning to attach some credit to the oft-repeated announcement, along would come another dispatch to the effect that some company of troops had been cut off by the terrible Osceola and his warriors, and that the main body was so close on the heels of the

marauders that escape was impossible. Nevertheless, the wily fellow and his savages did manage to escape, and all attempts to find the hiding places of the families of the hostiles were fruitless. "The war is ended" by and by came to be a jest, designed to acquire more grim significance as the months and years came and passed without bringing a cessation of hostilities.

General after general was sent to Florida to wind up the war, with the result that as a rule it was himself who was "wound up." The officers were jealous of each other, the important question most of the time being that of precedence of rank and the mutual rights of the commanders.

General Scott's most notable achievement was made on the 12th of April, when he shipped off four hundred Seminoles, chiefly women and children that had been collected at Tampa, and belonging to Black Dirt's tribe, to their new homes in the direction of the setting sun.

On the 14th of April, 1836, one of the divisions of the army, under General Clinch, marched from Tampa to Fort Draine. Three days later they arrived within a few miles of Fort Cooper, where Major Cooper had been left with his Georgia battalion. General Clinch went into camp and detached two mounted companies with orders to join Cooper. The detachment had gone but a short distance when it was fired upon by the Indians and several wounded. A messenger was sent to General Clinch for re-enforcements, but on their arrival not an Indian was visible.

In addition to numerous attacks, the Seminoles burned the lighthouse on Cape Florida, the keeper managing by a narrow chance to save himself. Owing to the unhealthfulness of Fort Draine, it was evacuated in July. The troops and wagon train, while on the way to Fort Defiance, were attacked as usual by the Indians, and, had not relief been sent from the fort near at hand, it is probable the troops would have suffered the fate of Major Dade and his men.

To make more difficult the task of the army, it was soon established that the Cherokees in Alabama were slipping down into Florida, as chance offered, and joining the hostiles. It was said that emissaries were sent among them by Osceola, and perhaps such was the fact. A considerable body of the northern Indians, on their way south, were followed several days by the people of Stewart County, Georgia, in the effort to prevent their departure. Several skirmishes took place, but the whites were compelled to draw off and allow the Indians to do as they chose.

As the summer passed, the savages grew bolder. On the 15th of September, a hatless and exhausted man rushed into Jacksonville from his home, only seven miles away, with the report that his house was attacked that morning at daybreak by a large number of Indians. He

had two men and nine guns, with which he had been able to keep off the assailants until he found the chance of slipping away and giving the alarm.

Volunteers quickly set out for the place, and found the family of the man uninjured. Firing having been heard the night before from the direction of a neighbor's home, the party went thither. The house was a mass of smoking ruins, amid which were the charred remains of a human being. Pushing along the Indian trail, they came upon another house, which had been abandoned so recently by the occupants that the fire was



SEMINOLE ATTACK ON A SETTLER'S HOME.

still burning in the kitchen. There were no evidences of the hostiles having done any mischief, and the company advanced further.

Four miles away, a dreadful story came to light. A man and his wife were about fifty feet from their own door, when they saw the Indians approaching from the corner of a fence near by. They ran into the house and fastened the door. The Indians followed, firing into the logs and calling out in English that if they would come out and surrender they should not be harmed. They were too wise to trust the promise, and kept the door secured.

Several of the hostiles now peeped through the crevices between the

logs, and, seeing the frightened man and wife, ordered them to come out without delay. The couple refused, and begged piteously for their lives. Infuriated by the delay, the Indians hurled themselves against the door, stove it inward, and poured into the room, firing at the cowering husband and wife. The former fell dead, and the wife sank to the floor wounded by two bullets, her body falling across that of her husband. She was seized by the hair, dragged out of the house and then dragged in again. The band and comb were torn from her head, and she was scalped and her clothing set on fire. To make sure work, the Indians next fired the house and then left.

When they were gone, the woman roused herself. She fainted at sight of her dead husband, but rallied, and crawled out of the house before the flames harmed her. She was able to reach a swamp near by, where she was found by the party following the trail of the marauders, to whom she told her story, and who gave her the kindest attention. The hostiles were now so far off that it was useless to follow them, and the volunteers returned.

It was about this time that a hundred and fifty men sallied out of Fort Gileland to punish a somewhat less number of Indians that were robbing near by. Two-thirds of the Americans were mounted, and included a company of artillery with a twenty-four pound howitzer. A day's search failed to reveal any Indians, but the colonel was certain they were in the direction of the San Feluso hummock. He divided his men into three columns and advanced in battle order.

Sure enough, they were speedily attacked, but though the fighting continued for more than an hour, the loss on both sides was trifling. The Indians charged on the artillery, but were driven back and pursued for more than a mile, when they escaped in the wood. The United States forces were soon joined by two Creek chiefs with nearly a thousand warriors. It looked as if the Seminoles must succumb ere long. When Indian is set to hunt Indian, something is sure to be done.

On the 29th of September, Colonel Lane landed at Tampa, from Apalachicola, with a force of friendly Indians and whites. Learning that the hostiles were committing outrages in the neighborhood, he set out with a dozen mounted men and a hundred Indians. Marching hurriedly to Indian River, twelve miles distant, they discovered the enemy on the other side. The friendlies had not yet come up, but Colonel Lane attacked at once, and the fight continued for a quarter of an hour. When the Creeks arrived the assault became decisive, and though the Seminoles fought bravely for a time, they were compelled to fly in every direction.

During the fight Colonel Lane's life was saved by an act of devotion rarely witnessed. A Mr. Kelly standing near, observed a Seminole taking

deliberate aim at the officer. Having just fired his own weapon, he saw no way of saving the colonel's life but by flinging himself between him and the Indian and receiving the bullet himself. He did so. The officer escaped unhurt, and Mr. Kelly was wounded, but, we are glad to say, not to that extent that he did not recover.

On the 10th of October, Colonel Lane led another expedition from Tampa. After a march of sixty miles, he reached Spotted Lake, or Olokikana, dotted with small, beautifully wooded islands as far as the vision



AN ACT OF DEVOTION.

extended. It was a charming scene that would have delighted the eye of the tourist; but those who had ventured into this section had no time to admire the works of nature. They struck a fresh trail, which, being followed, led to a village. But it was deserted by the Seminoles, who knew of the coming of the white men.

Following the trail to a ford, they crossed by swimming and wading. The horses were left behind. Beyond, they came upon extensive corn fields, ponies and cattle, but no Indians. Still further, they struck a marsh nearly a mile wide, consisting of mud and water. The Creeks plunged into it and were followed by the whites. They emerged upon one of the islands, with the trail still leading to the southward. In a village hard by were found domestic animals, utensils, and the scalps of a number of white people. Further on, another abandoned village was encountered. Determined to force the Seminoles to a stand, the Americans advanced to the shore of a pond, skirted with a thick scrub, a half mile in extent.

At this point the Indians were brought to bay. They met the intruders with a volley. A fight opened at once and continued for half an hour, when a charge of the Creeks put the hostiles to flight. The whites destroyed a large number of cattle and hogs, and returned to Fort Draine.

Colonel Lane, who had been very active, complained of his brain troubling him. He withdrew to the tent of Captain Goff, who was temporarily absent. On his return he saw Colonel Lane dead from his own sword. Whether he had fallen upon it accidentally, or whether he had taken his own life in a moment of mental aberration, was never known. His death caused deep sorrow through the army, for he was a brave and capable officer.

A short time previous, Governor Call notified the Secretary of War that he had taken general command in Florida, General Jesup having declined to do so. The governor was confident that he would bring the war to a successful close in a short time. He began active operations on the 28th of September, 1836, by marching from the Suwanee, at Old Town, with one thousand three hundred and seventy-five men, the route taken being to Fort Draine, which was reached on the first of the following month, several Indians being killed on the way. The warning of one of Osceola's spies was all that prevented the capture of himself and a number of his warriors by Governor Call. The latter waited at Fort Draine until he received some supplies, when he headed for the "Cove of the Oithlacochee." On reaching the river, it was so overflowed that it could not be crossed. The Indians fired upon the soldiers from the other side, but did little damage. The supplies of the troops being nearly exhausted, they returned to Fort Draine.

On the 11th of November, the army, numbering two thousand one hundred men, set out once more from Fort Draine for the Oithlacochee. The river was still so high that it was crossed with great difficulty, four of the regulars being drowned on the passage. Arrived at the "Cove," nothing was seen of the Indians, but the trails led into Ochlawaha and the Wahoo Swamp. The left division marched to Negro Town, and burned that and another village. An old negro told them that the Indians had gone to Wahoo Swamp.

Governor Call prepared to follow them up with vigor. Two hundred and fifty regulars, the Creek right, and a force of mounted men were sent out of the Cove and ordered, after exploring the country south and west of the river, to unite with the main army, near Dade's battle ground. Meanwhile, Governor Call was to march by the river in the direction of the Wahoo, with the Tennessee brigade, two companies of artillery, and the Florida foot. The divisions marched on the 16th. The day following, the main body discovered a large body of Indians encamped near

a hummock. They were attacked, and retreated to the hummock and awaited the approach of the troops, who were fired upon when in the act of dismounting. The whites had two killed and twelve wounded, the loss of the Indians being much greater before they fled.

Leaving his baggage train under a strong guard, Governor Call marched, on the 18th, with five hundred and fifty Tennesseans, mostly foot, to the Wahoo Swamp. The Indians fled before them, burning their houses as they did so, and then, making a stand, opened a hot fire on the whites, who, after returning it for a time, impetuously charged them.

This time, however, the hostiles held their ground, fighting with unflinching valor. At the same time, they assaulted the two wings of the army, and some fifty of the Seminoles attacked the rear of the Americans. For half an hour the fight continued, the greatest bravery being shown on both sides. Finally, the Seminoles broke, leaving twenty-five of their number dead on the field, while the whites had three killed and eighteen wounded. Night was at hand, and the army retreated to the appointed meeting place with the other detachment at Dade's battle ground.

On the 21st, the army advanced in three columns into the swamp, the Tennesseans and regulars and mounted men on the right, Colonel Peirce with the center, and the Creek regiment on the left. Most of the regulars and Tennesseans, by following the trail on the right, became involved in a dense morass, where the horses could not move and where the men sank to their waists in mud and water.

The trail taken by the Creeks was a better one, and, being followed, brought them face to face with the enemy, who were strongly entrenched in a cypress swamp. The Creeks charged them, losing several of their warriors, including their gallant leader. Although the friendlies fought with the utmost bravery, their situation was fast becoming hopeless, and they were in danger of being overpowered. Fortunately, at the critical moment, re-enforcements arrived, but not until all the whites were brought into the action was the imminent peril ended. Even then, when the Seminoles ceased fighting, the honors were about even. At this second battle of Wahoo Swamp, the whites lost nine killed and sixteen wounded, the Indian loss being about the same.

General Jesup, having received orders from the Secretary of War to resume command, put the main body in motion in the latter part of January, 1837. Skirmishing and fighting of greater or less vigor followed, the Indians skillfully avoiding a decisive battle. General Jesup held a meeting with a few of the chiefs in March, who, in reply to his question as to when they would be ready to remove, replied in the autumn, an answer which it was evident was made to gain time.

General Jesup, like all his predecessors, was mercilessly assailed for his failure to bring the war to a close. This fault-finding became so violent that the officer determined to do something. If he could not succeed by civilized methods, he meant to use the tactics of his opponents.

The Indians professed their desire to make peace, and, during the month of May, there were assembled more than 3000 men, women, and children at Fort Mellon, Lake Monroe, to whom a thousand rations were issued. The chiefs came and went as they pleased, and it did begin to look as if the war was about over, for Osceola had slept in the tent of Colonel Harney. General Jesup was confident that the disgraceful conflict was closed, and the Indians would keep their pledge of departing without further opposition.

By the middle of May, twenty-four transports were lying at Tampa to take off the Indians; but, to his chagrin, the general found a fortnight later that all had fled to their morasses and swamps. The war promised to break out once more and rage indefinitely with all its old-time bitterness and desperation. Osceola had been among the most active in compelling the Indians to take to the woods again.

It was a most unfortunate occurrence, indeed. Many of the soldiers had gone home; sickness prevailed among those that remained, and a reign of terror cursed Florida from one end to the other. That General Jesup should be humiliated, as well as exasperated, was but natural. He was abused with more virulence than ever, and wrote to the Secretary of War, asking to be relieved from command. The request was refused, and the secretary, on the 22d of July, ordered the enlistment of western Indians to fight the Seminoles. These were to consist of 400 Shawanoes, 200 Delawares, and 100 Kickapoos. The orders were carried out, and in September more than 1000 southern and western Indians arrived in Florida to assist the whites in conquering the Seminoles.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SECOND SEMINOLE WAR (CONCLUDED)—TREACHEROUS CAPTURE OF OSCEOLA—HIS DEATH—BATTLE OF LAKE OKEECHOBEE—DEFEAT OF LIEUTENANT POWELL—BLOODHOUNDS IMPORTED FROM CUBA—FURTHER OUTRAGES—MIMIC AND REAL TRAGEDIES—FAILURE OF NEGOTIATIONS—THE RIGHT MAN AT LAST—END OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

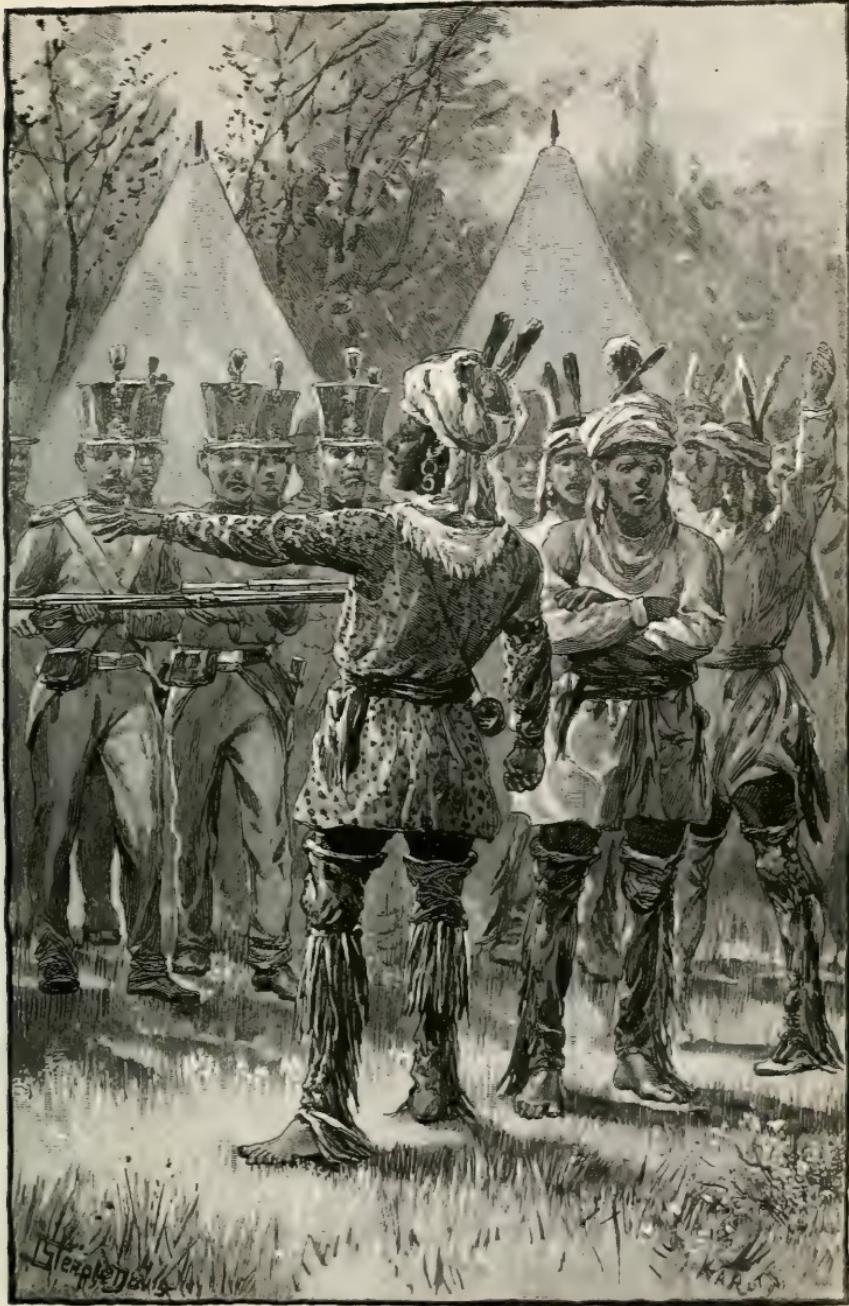
ABOUT the middle of October, Osceola sent a message to Fort Peyton to the effect that he was but a few miles away and wished to have an interview with General Hernandez. He asked that General Jesup should come out and talk with them. Jesup did not reply, but directed Lieutenant Peyton to get Osceola and his men into the fort, if possible, and then seize them. This could not be done, and General Hernandez was dispatched with two hundred men to parley with them. While this was going on, Jesup sent Lieutenant Peyton to learn whether the answers of the Indians were satisfactory. The officer came back with the report that they were not. Jesup then ordered Major Ashby to capture them, even though the conference was under a flag of truce.

Major Ashby followed directions, and, with the aid of Hernandez, seventy-five Indians, including Osceola, were made prisoners without the firing of a gun. This violation of the laws of nations took place October 21, 1837.

The act brought a storm of denunciation about the head of General Jesup, greater than he had yet been called upon to stand. It was declared that no justification could be urged for such flagrant treachery, while, on the other hand, it was insisted that there was excuse for the step, inasmuch as the Seminoles, by their repeated treachery, had placed themselves outside the pale of civilized warfare. Furthermore, the capture of Osceola and the leading chiefs must prevent the shedding of much innocent blood, since no reliance could be placed on their pledges, and their whole course was only meant to gain time, in which to make preparations for carrying on their hostilities with greater success than ever.

Even if we admit the force of these arguments, it is impossible to justify a violation of the sacredness of the flag of truce under any circumstances. Unquestionably, the affair was and must ever be a blot upon our honor, for it was never disavowed by the government.

Osceola and the prisoners were sent to St. Augustine, the chief after-



TREACHEROUS CAPTURE OF OSCEOLA.

ward being confined in Fort Moultrie, Charleston. He was crushed by his overwhelming misfortune, and pined away and died within a year. He was an individual possessing great strength of character, brave and skillful, but without the noble qualities which have given Tecumseh his enduring fame. In fact he had little Seminole blood in his veins, his father having been a white man and his mother a half-breed.

The belief that the wholesale capture of the leading chiefs would discourage the hostiles was delusive, for fighting continued as determinedly as ever.

General Zachary Taylor, afterward known as "Old Rough and Ready," and who became President of the United States, succeeded Jesup in Florida. He marched from Fort Gardener on the 19th of December, 1837, at the head of six hundred men, and arrived three days later at a point on Okeechobee Lake, fifteen miles above the outlet of the Kissimmee River. From a prisoner, he learned that the main force of the Seminoles was encamped about twenty-five miles distant, on the east bank of Lake Kissimmee.

Taylor crossed the river, leaving a considerable part of his men behind, including most of the Delawares, whose feet and legs had been so badly cut by the saw palmetto that they were barely able to walk. Using the captured Indian as a guide, Taylor advanced with the rest of his force, and reached the vicinity of the hostile camp on Christmas morning.

The Seminoles were intrenched in the most difficult places of access known in the territory. About noon, the battle opened. The main body of Indians were posted in a hummock, from which they poured such a destructive fire on the volunteers that they were obliged to fall back. They formed in the rear of the infantry, who, in turn, were forced to face the murderous discharge of the hostiles. They pushed on, however, and gained the hummock, where the struggle was continued for more than an hour. Several times, the whites staggered and were almost driven back. At one time their line was broken, but they re-formed and finally drove the Seminoles from the field. As they fled, they left ten of their dead, and doubtless carried off a number. Taylor's loss was large, being twenty-eight killed and one hundred and eleven wounded. Every officer of four companies, with a single exception, and every orderly sergeant of the same companies, were killed, and the sergeant major mortally wounded.

This was the severest battle that had yet taken place in Florida. The American loss was severe, but the Seminoles learned, as they had never learned before, how the whites would fight when anything like an equal chance was given them.

Skirmishing continued as before, the hostiles being too wary, as a rule, to run the risk of a marked defeat. With such secure refuges always at

their backs, the temptation was strong to fly thither, whenever the fortunes of war wavered or turned against them.

On the afternoon of January 15, 1837, Lieutenant L. M. Powell, of the navy, with about eighty men, had a sharp fight with a body of Indians near Jupiter Inlet.

After landing at Jupiter River, Lieutenant Powell captured a squaw, whom he compelled to pilot him to the Indian camp, about five miles distant. On his arrival, Powell found the hostiles ready for him. The whites charged through a deep swamp, and the fight instantly became hot.



THE SQUAW GUIDE.

Lieutenant Harrison, of the navy, was shot down at the head of his men, who were thus left without an officer. Lieutenant Fowler, of the artillery, was ordered to penetrate the swamp to the right, while the rest of the troops advanced in line.

As a result of these maneuvers, the Indians retreated to a large cypress swamp, nearly a half mile to the rear. At that point they made a determined stand, and Lieutenant M. Arthur, of the navy, and the surgeon were killed, the latter while attending to his medical duties. Night was at hand, and the fire was so destructive that Lieutenant Powell ordered a retreat. Lieutenant Fowler was shot down while covering the withdrawal, and only three officers were able to keep their feet at the close of the action. The whites hurried to their boats, and got off with them all, excepting one, which fell into the hands of the Indians. Of the Americans, five were killed outright and thirty wounded, some of them severely.

General Jesup marched with a strong force and attacked the Indians under the same leader that had defeated Lieutenant Powell. The general's

force was strong enough to drive out the Indians, but in the effort, he had ten men killed and thirty wounded, among the latter being Jesup himself, who suffered severely.

By this time General Jesup and others had come to believe that the driving out of the Seminoles from Florida was an impossibility. It seemed as though every possible means had been employed, including that of using Indians against them, and violating the flag of truce, but they were as unconquerable as ever, and able to defy the army of the United States.

Jesup wrote to the Secretary of War, urging that an arrangement be made with the Seminoles by which they should be allowed to live in a certain portion of Florida, where no one else could live. The Secretary of War "pigeon-holed" this proposition, saying that the Seminoles had signed a treaty agreeing to vacate the country, and that no other arrangement could be considered.

Matters drifted along in this unsatisfactory manner until April, 1838, when General Jesup was ordered to proceed to the Cherokee country, leaving General Taylor in command of the forces in Florida. On the 10th of May, Captain Ellis killed five Indians in a hummock near Santa Fe bridge without injury to his own party. Similar events occurred elsewhere, without having the slightest bearing on the war itself.

General Taylor's plans were disarranged by the President, and he was succeeded by General McComb, who arrived April 5, 1838, at his headquarters on Black Creek, his chief purpose being to make peace with the Indians.

Before referring to the actions of General McComb, mention must be made of a novel method of running down the Seminoles. It would seem that everything imaginable had been tried, but without avail. It was now decided to resort to bloodhounds, and General Jesup took measures to procure a number of these terrible canines from Cuba for the purpose of tracking the refugees into the swamps. General Taylor and the administration approved of the plan, and thirty-three hounds, with five Spaniards to manage them, were brought into the country at an expense of several thousand dollars.

Although it was officially stated that these dogs were intended only to track the hostiles, and there is little evidence that they were used for any other purpose, the act raised a cry of indignation throughout the country. Tales of the ferocity of the brutes toward runaway slaves were published, and it was said that, failing to drive the rightful owners from their lands by treachery, it was now decided that they should be rended to pieces by the dreadful creatures from Cuba.

However, this flurry was unnecessary, for, to the disgust of those having the matter in charge, the experiment proved a flat failure. The hounds

had been trained to take the scent of negroes, and, when put upon the trail of an Indian, they refused to follow it. No inducement could make them act against the red men. It is said in some cases, where the dogs were persuaded to enter the woods, the negroes or Indians made friends with them, and then used them to hunt down the white men themselves. This was turning the tables with a vengeance.

Meanwhile, as we have stated, General McComb found a most difficult task on his hands. From time to time, numbers of the Seminoles, with



BLOODHOUNDS IN THE SEMINOLE WAR.

their families, had been corralled, or persuaded to come in, and allow themselves to be shipped to the lands selected for them beyond the Mississippi, but the hostiles were as defiant as ever. The general attempted to open communication with them by means of kindly treating a number of prisoners and then releasing them. But those who did not join the savages came back with the report that they could not find them.

Finally, on the 17th of May, through the help of Colonel Harney, a number of chiefs were got together from the southern part of the peninsula, with whom an agreement was made that they should remain in peaceable occupation until they heard the reports of those who had removed to the new country. This much accomplished, General McComb thought he was warranted in leaving Florida.

The outrages continued without intermission. Besides the families of

the settlers, small detachments of soldiers suffered. Colonel Harney had gone to the Colooshatchie to establish a trading post, agreeably to the treaty made by General McComb. While there he was attacked, July 23, by Indians, and thirteen out of eighteen men were killed. This, as well as the other atrocities, showed the worthlessness of the agreement made with a few of the Seminoles.

Nearly at the same time, a company of soldiers building a bridge in Middle Florida were surprised by the Indians and six of their number killed, and, at Orange Lake, three soldiers were shot while bathing. The outrages were so numerous and so similar in character, that it is useless to give them in detail.

Thus matters moved along until 1840. On the first day of February, a detachment of men hunting for deserters were fired on near Fort Brooke and the sergeant killed. On the 22d of the same month, while Lieutenant Whedon, with some volunteers, was following a fresh Indian trail near Magnolia, he was drawn into ambush and shot from his horse. His men hurried off and left him to his fate.

A grotesque incident took place in May. An ambitious theatrical manager concluded to visit Florida and show the people some mimic tragedies in place of their real ones, possibly thinking the change would be enjoyed by them. His company were jogging along in a couple of wagons, and were within a few miles of St. Augustine, when the Indians opened a genuine tragedy by pouring a volley into both vehicles. Four of the players were killed, but the women and manager escaped.

The Indians donned the theatrical costumes with all their spangles, brilliant sashes, and toggery, and were delighted almost out of their wits. They surrounded Fort Searle and dared the garrison to come out and fight, but the whites were too few in number to take the risk.

General W. R. Armistead now succeeded to the command in Florida, it having been decided to pursue a more conciliatory policy toward the Indians. With this end in view, a deputation of Seminoles, who had spent some time in their new home beyond the Mississippi, were induced to go among their hostile brethren and try to persuade them to move quietly to the reservation. Fourteen chiefs and others came from Arkansas, arriving at Tampa on the 2d of November. These warriors were all known to have been bitterly opposed to emigrating, and much hope was placed on the efforts they promised to make among the disaffected. To convince the whites of their sincerity they left their families with them until they should return.

The deputation met the leading hostiles in the woods, and a number of earnest councils were held with them. Whether the deputation really tried to persuade their brothers to give up the war and leave the country,

or whether they took the opposite course, cannot be known. Be that as it may, the mission was a failure. The wild Seminoles took to the woods once more, and renewed their fighting with as much fierceness as before.

In his bitter disappointment, General Armistead wrote to the Secretary of War:

"Thus have ended all our well-grounded hopes of bringing the war to a close by pacific measures. Confident in the resources of the country,



A SEMINOLE THEATRICAL TROUPE.

the enemy will hold out to the last, and can never be induced to come in again. Immediately upon the withdrawal of the Indians, orders were transmitted to commanders of regiments to put their troops in motion, and before this reaches you there will be scouting in every direction."

The severest blow against the Indians was struck in December by Colonel Harney, who, at that early day, had made a reputation as a great Indian fighter. Convinced that the Seminoles had their headquarters

somewhere in the Everglades, he determined to penetrate thither. He secured as his guide an old negro who had lived a number of years among the Indians. With ninety men he entered that dismal solitude, and, coming upon one of the worst bands in Florida, killed the chief, several warriors, took thirty-eight prisoners, and, convinced that nine of them were engaged in the massacre of his little command, as well as a number of other murders, he promptly hanged every one.

One more change in commanders took place, and it was the last, for General William J. Worth proved to be the right man. He assumed mili-



PENETRATING THE EVERGLADES.

tary charge in Florida in the spring of 1841, and did what all his predecessors were unable to do—ended the Seminole war.

In a summer camp, his troops in small parties penetrated the seemingly inaccessible swamps to the islands, where they destroyed not only the shelters of the enemy, but most of their crops, on which they and their families depended in winter. A chief, who was brought to Tampa in irons, was put to the best use of his life. General Worth convinced this individual that he was a powerful leader among his people, and could bring the war to a close. He allowed him to name five of his fellow-captives, who were sent to the hostiles with word that, unless they came in

and surrendered to General Worth by a date fixed by the captive chief, he and every one of the prisoners would be hanged.

A picturesque and impressive sight followed this simple, but master stroke of General Worth. The fierce mongrels that had successfully defied the United States Army so long, and worn out the patience of the nation, were frightened at last into submission. The story told by the paroled captives, who did their duty faithfully, thrilled them for the first time with real fear, and the gloomy Everglades began ejecting their terrible denizens. The desperate vagrants, emaciated, cadaverous, barefooted, and in rags, straggled out of the dark recesses, with their wretched and half-naked women and children, the procession continuing until the dismal "land of refuge" was emptied of its savage inhabitants. The dusky warriors handed over the flintlocks that had wrought such fearful work to their captors, and sullenly awaited their fate.

No fear now of their scattering like rats to their holes again. The military authorities had learned, from dear experience, how to treat such dangerous enemies when in their power. The exodus was vigorously pushed, and the captives sent westward, until Florida was finally and forever rid of their perilous presence.

The end came in 1842. It is a striking fact that had the Seminoles held out a single year longer, they would have secured the twenty years' occupation guaranteed by the treaty of Payne's Landing.

But the cost of the Seminole War! The figures are forty million dollars, and for every fugitive slave reduced to bondage again, it was estimated that the lives of three white men were sacrificed and eighty thousand dollars expended. Truly, the price was a fearful one.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA—TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS—TREATY WITH THE CHEYENNES AND ARAPAHOES—INTRUSION ON THE INDIAN LANDS—MASSACRE OF INDIANS BY COLONEL CHIVINGTON—NEW TREATIES—ESTABLISHMENT OF MILITARY POSTS—THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI—ATTACK ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY—FRUITLESS NEGOTIATIONS—CONGRESS APPOINTS COMMISSIONERS—THEIR DOINGS.

DOWN to the year 1851, the vast plains to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains were regarded as *Indian territories*, over which numerous tribes roamed at will from Texas and Mexico to the British possessions.

The discovery of gold in California, in 1849, drew the eyes of the civilized world to the Pacific Coast, and a tide of emigration set in that direction, the like of which this country has never seen. The ships that made the tempestuous passage around Cape Horn were crowded to overflowing with men eager to face every peril for the sake of digging the yellow particles from the mountains and river beds. By and by, the long voyage was cut in two by the multitudes who sailed down to the Isthmus of Nicaragua, and tramped or rode across the fever-smitten neck of land and took ship on the other side for California.

While these lines of travel were crowded, thousands crossed the continent by the plains or overland route. This course was beset with perils. The emigrants spent weeks and months, their wagons winding slowly across the prairies, fording streams, climbing mountains, toiling through ravines, deluged with rain, sleet and snow, shivering with cold or fainting with heat, and in continual danger from Indians. Many a train that left Independence, Miss., fully equipped and armed, and full of high hopes, never lived to catch the gleam of the far Pacific. If they survived starvation and the rigor of the climate, they were overwhelmed, perhaps, in some lonely glen by the fierce red man, and their whitening bones were left to tell their fate to the crowds following in their footsteps, and compelled to face the same perils and possibly to meet the same fate.

The tide of emigration across the plains made necessary a treaty with various tribes, by which a broad highway was opened to California, and the tribes restricted within certain boundaries. At the same time, they were allowed to hunt upon this reservation. The government agreed to give the Indians fifty thousand dollars annually for fifteen years in payment for

the privilege granted to emigrants to cross the plains without molestation.

This treaty assigned as boundaries to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes the larger part of the present State of Colorado, while the Crows and Sioux were to occupy the land traversed by the Powder River route to Montana. Some years later, gold and silver were discovered in Colorado upon the Indian reservations, and hundreds of settlers crowded thither, as usual with



THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

no regard for the rights of the Indians. When these intruders had taken up most of the lands, another treaty was made, February 18, 1861, to secure them in their possessions. The Indians agreed to give up an immense tract of territory and to confine themselves to a small district on both sides of the Arkansas River, and along the northern boundary of New Mexico. The government bound itself to protect them in these possessions, paying an annuity of thirty thousand dollars to each tribe for fifteen years, and to furnish them with stock and agricultural implements.

No difficulties occurred between the white inhabitants of Colorado and the Indians until April, 1864. During the summer of that year, the red men began committing depredations and robberies upon the property of the settlers. Colonel Chivington, commanding the troops at Denver, allowed a subordinate officer to lead a detachment of soldiers to punish the Indians for their acts. He attacked the Cheyenne village of Cedar Bluffs,

killed twenty-six, wounded thirty, and divided the plunder among his men. Hostilities and fighting continued until autumn, but the Indians wanted peace, and applied to Major Wynkoop, commander of Fort Lyon, to ne-



COMING IN AT FORT LYON.

gotiate a treaty to secure it. That officer ordered the Indians to gather about the fort, assuring them of protection.

In response to this command and guarantee, five hundred men, women, and children collected at the post. Colonel Chivington then attacked and slaughtered them without mercy. This horrible crime, known as the Sand Creek massacre, was committed November 29, 1864. Inevitably a war with these tribes followed, drawing eight thousand men from the forces in the field suppressing the Southern insurrection, and costing the country thirty million dollars. During the campaign of 1865, less than twenty In-

dians were killed. The attempt to obtain peace by this means was as futile as with the Seminoles, nearly thirty years before.

As the only thing that could be done, commissioners were appointed in the autumn of 1865, to secure a council with the tribes and end, if possible, the war. In October of that year, the commissioners met the chiefs of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other tribes at the mouth of the Little Arkansas, and induced them to give up their reservation upon the Arkansas, and accept another in the State of Kansas, with the privilege of ranging over the plains formerly owned by them. The Senate amended this treaty so as to exclude the tribes entirely from Kansas, leaving them nothing but their hunting privileges on the unsettled plains. Nevertheless, the southern tribes strictly observed the treaty through the year 1866.

The Sioux, to the north, had driven the Crows into Montana, and occupied the wide range of territory originally assigned to both. The territories to the south had become populous, and rumors of rich mines in Montana attracted emigration in that direction across their lands. This narrowed the rich hunting grounds to the valley, from the north of which flowed the Powder River. The annuities from the government having ceased, it was important that the remnant of the Indians' hunting-ranges should remain intact, for they afforded their only means of subsistence.

Orders were issued by the commanding officers of the Military Departments of the Missouri and of the Platte, to establish several military posts along the new route of travel to Montana. The orders were given June 15, 1866, to garrison Forts Reno, Phil Kearny, and C. F. Smith. The Indians warned the troops from the first that this occupation of their territory would be resisted. No heed was paid to the threat, and fighting continued through the summer and autumn. On the 21st of December, a wagon train attended by an escort was sent a short distance from Fort Phil Kearny, to procure lumber. They were attacked by Indians and brevet Lieutenant Colonel W. T. Fetterman was ordered out with forty-nine men to the rescue of the wagon train. The entire company, including its commander, was assailed and massacred by the Indians.

Great apprehension now prevailed that war would be kindled along the line of the Pacific Railway. General St. George Cook, commanding at Omaha, forbade the sale of arms and ammunition to the Indians within the limits under his command. This deepened the resentment of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, for without ammunition they could not hunt for food for themselves and families.

The troops on the Powder River route were exasperated and alarmed by the Sioux and Cheyennes, who would not listen to any proposition until the troops were withdrawn. The memory of the Sand Creek crime still burned in the hearts of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches and

Apaches. They had been driven from the rich lands of Colorado, and left only the poor privilege of ranging the plains for the fast disappearing buffalo and other game, and now this privilege was made worthless by the order forbidding the sales of arms and ammunition, which was promulgated in January at the Arkansas posts also. Threats of a general Indian war in the spring were uttered by the leading chiefs and warriors.

The American forces were under the command of Lieutenant General William T. Sherman, of the Military Division of the Missouri. This division was made into three departments: Dakota, on the north, commanded by General A. H. Terry; the Platte, in the middle, commanded by General C. C. Augur; and that of Missouri, to the south, commanded by General W. S. Hancock.

In this war were engaged about 300 warriors of the northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and probably about five times as many members of the Sioux tribe in the north. It was they who were responsible for the Fort Phil Kearny massacre. Of the southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes, 500 warriors were engaged.

During the winter of 1866-67, engineering parties on the Union Pacific were warned to cease operations. Numerous depredations had occurred upon the lines of stages and express trains. General Hancock determined in the spring to hold councils with the hostile tribes of the south, and learn their purposes and claims. He reached Fort Larned, April 7 with 1500 men. He was there informed by Colonel Wynkoop, agent for the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Apaches, that he had sent out runners to the chiefs to arrange for a conference at that post on the 10th.

A violent storm raged on that day and prevented the conference. The following day it was learned that about 1500 Cheyennes were encamped at a village on the Pawnee Fork. On the 13th, General Hancock rode toward the Indian encampment and was met by the chiefs, who begged him to come no nearer with his soldiers as they were afraid of a repetition of the scenes of Sand Creek. Thus did the shame of one officer throw its baleful shadow over the spotless fame of another.

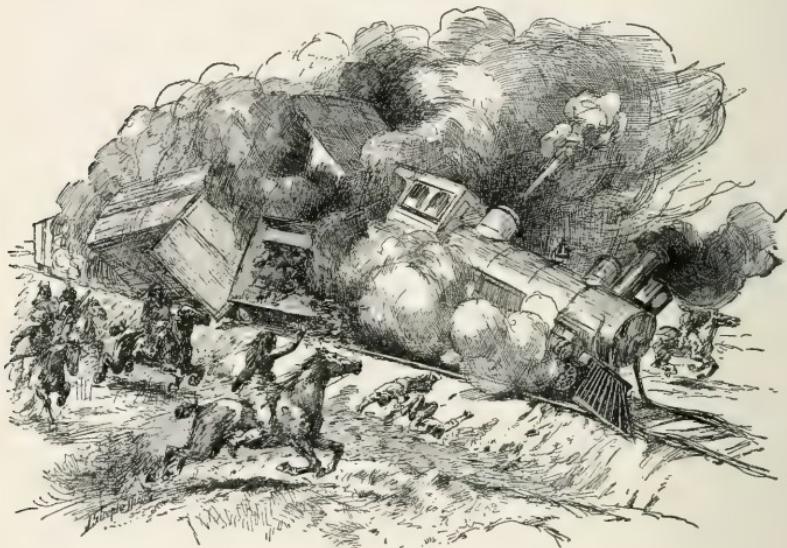
General Hancock advanced, however, and the warriors fled with their families. In their flight they destroyed several stations, killing the guards and taking away the property. Learning of these acts, Hancock burned the village, consisting of three hundred lodges, and property to the amount of \$100,000. He pushed westward, and hearing of constant attacks by the hostiles upon the Smoky Hill route, on the line of the Pacific Railway, he sent General Custer with a force of 400 men in that direction.

Custer met Pawnee Killer, the leader of the hostiles in that section, and sought a friendly understanding with him, but without success. The attacks by the Indians continued, and Custer assumed the offensive, rarely succeed-

ing, however, in bringing about an engagement with them. Near Fort Wallace, 500 Indians attacked the wagon train, and a fierce engagement followed. The wagon train got through with a loss of twelve men. Soon after this occurrence, June 26, General Custer was recalled from the region.

General Hancock continued his expedition, and held a number of important conferences with chiefs who professed a desire for peace, if it could be had on equitable terms. Hancock returned to Fort Leavenworth in August and was succeeded by General Sheridan.

The Indians were much exasperated by the burning of the village on Pawnee Fork, and continued their depredations during the summer. The



AATTACK ON RAILWAY TRAIN BY HOSTILES.

operations on the Union Pacific Railway were much retarded. Surveyors and workmen were often waylaid and murdered, and stock and materials driven off or destroyed. Stages and express trains were robbed, stations burned, settlements attacked, and a wild predatory warfare carried on.

In August, 1867, a freight train from Omaha was thrown off the track near Plum Creek by obstructions placed on the rails by Indians. The cars and merchandise were burned, and all the employees on the train, except one, killed. General Augur sent a detachment of troops to the scene. They were joined by a band of friendly Pawnees, and in a fight with five hundred Sioux, killed sixty of them.

Most of General Augur's forces, numbering about two thousand, had been

sent under General Gibbon to the region about the sources of the Powder and Yellowstone rivers, where the northern tribes were engaged in hostilities. On the 2d of August, a band of woodcutters at Fort Phil Kearny, attended by an escort of forty soldiers and some fifty citizens, was attacked by an overwhelming force of Indians. A desperate fight followed, lasting three hours, when the whites were saved by the arrival of two companies of Federal troops with a howitzer, who drove off the Indians, inflicting a loss of more than fifty killed and a large number wounded.

The operations against these Indians accomplished nothing. General Sheridan declared that fifty of them could checkmate three thousand soldiers, and recommended peaceful negotiations as the only means of putting an end to the lamentable state of affairs.

Congress passed an act in July, "to establish peace with certain hostile Indian tribes," which provided for the appointment of commissioners with a view to the following objects:

1. To remove, if possible, the causes of the war.
2. To secure, as far as practicable, our frontier settlements, and the safe building of the railways looking to the Pacific.
3. To suggest or inaugurate some plan for the civilization of those Indians.

The commissioners selected were: N. G. Taylor, president; J. B. Henderson; W. T. Sherman, lieutenant general; W. S. Harney, brevet major general; John B. Sanderson; Alfred H. Terry, brevet major general; S. F. Tappan; C. C. Augur, brevet major general.

These commissioners organized at St. Louis, August 6, and set to work to obtain interviews with the chiefs of the hostile tribes. Runners were sent out to assure the Indians of the purposes of the commissioners, who visited various parts of the Military Division of the Missouri, taking evidence of the officers regarding the hostiles and the causes of the war, and completing arrangements for a great council of the northern hostile tribes at Fort Laramie on the 13th of September, and of the southern tribes at Fort Larned on the 13th of October.

It was found difficult to deal with the discontented Sioux, but through the exertions of Swift Bear, a chief of the Brûlé Sioux, several tribes were represented at a meeting at North Platte in September, and something like a friendly disposition shown. The Indians insisted before any talk was had that arms and ammunition should be promised them, and this was done by the commissioners. The meeting at Fort Laramie was postponed until November 1, because it was impossible to get the northern Cheyennes and Sioux, who still kept up their hostilities on the Powder River route, to the post in time.

At the conference at Fort Larned in October, the Kiowas, Comanches,

and Apaches, who had not been engaged in any of the outrages upon the plains during the summer, were readily persuaded to meet the commissioners, and a satisfactory treaty was signed with them on the 20th of October. There was more difficulty with the southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes, but they were finally induced to sign a joint treaty.

The commissioners now proceeded north to meet the tribes at Fort Laramie. A delegation of Crows awaited them at that post, but Red Cloud, the mighty Sioux leader in the north, refused to have anything to do with the commissioners. He resisted all overtures, but sent word to them that war would cease whenever the military garrisons were withdrawn from the Powder River trail, and their hunting grounds left free from molestation. The commissioners, having no authority to make such withdrawal, succeeded in persuading Red Cloud to cease hostilities and to meet them the following spring or summer.

This summary of the leading incidents in our troubles with the aborigines of the West has obliged us to omit any reference to what was really one of the most terrible outbreaks that has occurred in the later history of our country. We will now turn back a few years and give an account of the memorable Sioux massacres in Minnesota in 1862.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MINNESOTA OUTBREAK—CAUSES—THE FIRST HOSTILITIES—LITTLE CROW—FEARFUL OUTRAGES—CONSTERNATION ON THE BORDER—CAPTAIN MARSH'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE HOSTILES—AT YELLOW MEDICINE—ATTACKS ON FORT RIDGELY.

MINNESOTA was organized into a Territory in 1849, and the rapid emigration to the eastern shore of the Mississippi began encroaching upon the fertile lands opposite. Two years later, the Indians were induced to sign treaties by which they ceded to the United States more than thirty million acres, embracing all their lands in Iowa, Dakota, and Minnesota, except a tract along the Upper Minnesota which was reserved for future occupancy and their home. The beginning of this tract was just below Fort Ridgely, and it extended one hundred and fifty miles to Lake Traverse, with a breadth of ten miles on each side of the river.

In 1852, the Indians accepted an amendment to the treaty, by which the reservation named was ceded to our government, the Indians agreeing to locate themselves on such land as the President selected. The selection, however, was never made, and the red men having occupied the reservation first named, their right to its occupancy was recognized, and the lands lying on the north side of the river were purchased from them in 1860. They were residing on the remainder at the time of the fearful outbreak in the summer of 1862.

The tribes concerned in this uprising were the M'dewakanton, Wahpekuta, Wahpeton, and Sissetons, of the great Sioux or Dakota nation. In accordance with the terms of the treaty, a good deal of money and goods were delivered to these tribes annually, and much labor performed for their benefit. An agent resided among them, and two places were established for the transaction of business. One was on the Minnesota River, fourteen miles above Fort Ridgely, called the "Lower," or "Redwood Agency," while the other, at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine, was termed the "Upper," or "Yellow Medicine Agency."

The Sioux in this section represented about all the grades of barbarism or civilization of which the red men are capable. Some lived in rude houses made by themselves, others in brick dwellings put up by the government, and still others in tepees of canvas. The different bands, under their hereditary chiefs, occupied separate villages, excepting several

hundred families who adopted the dress and manners of the white men. Others remained wild Indians, with all their characteristics. They made war on the Chippewas, and, when they had the chance, killed, scalped and tortured them in the good old style of their forefathers.

Besides them, there were the half-breeds and traders, forming quite a factor of the mongrel population. Near the agencies were churches and schools, warehouses, stores, shops, residences, showing thrift and prosperity.

When asked to give the causes of the Minnesota outbreak, we answer, "The usual ones." The rapacity of the agents, their deception and swindling of the Indians, the cheating by which the Sioux were induced to sign the treaties, the wholesale theft of their lands, the debauchery of their families by white men, and the abuse to which they were subjected by the traders from whom they were obliged to purchase goods and supplies.

To the hereditary hatred of the white man should be added another peculiar to the time. The period named will be recognized as one of serious reverses to the Union arms. The "Lost Cause" was then seemingly on the high road to triumph, and this was told to the Indian by the half-breeds and others who knew how to read. At the time, too, many believed we were about to be involved in a war with England because of the *Trent* affair.

The disaffected tribes could place one thousand three hundred warriors in the field. The Yanktons, the Yanktonais, and the Teton Sioux, who naturally sympathized with them, could marshal four thousand more on the warpath. Besides, the Winnebagoes promised help, and mysterious messages passed back and forth between the adjoining tribes. The old dream of a restored hunting grounds and the expulsion of the white intruders thrilled many a dusky breast, as it did during the days of Tecumseh, of Pontiac, and King Philip.

In June, a number of chiefs and head men of the Sissetons and Wahpetons visited the Upper Agency and asked when they were to receive the annuities due them, adding that they had been told they were to be cheated out of them. The agent assured them they would soon arrive, though he could not set the day, nor could he be sure that the sum would be a full payment. The visitors went away half satisfied, but, on the 14th of July, they returned to the number of five thousand, and encamped about the agency. There were too many to be supplied with food, and several cases of death from starvation resulted. They repeated the stories that had been told them that they were not to receive their money, and it was hard to remove their fears.

Among these Indians were a number of the Yanktonais, living near Big Stone Lake. This tribe justly claimed an interest in the lands

sold by the annuity Indians; but they had received no pay for them, except an unauthorized one to a few members of one of Wanata's band. Wanata himself was half Sisseton and Yanktonais, and his band included warriors of both tribes. These were informed that nothing was to be paid them in the future.

They were so infuriated on learning this that they persuaded the other Indians to join them, on the 4th of August, in an attack on the government warehouse. It was burst into and plundered, with a hundred soldiers, having two twelve-pound howitzers, looking on. Not only that, but the American flag was cut down, and the sullen warriors stood around with cocked rifles, ready to use them on the slightest provocation. Matters became quieter after awhile, and, by the issuance of a considerable quantity of provisions, the malcontents were persuaded to return to their homes.

The excitement was equally great at the Lower Agency for a month before the outbreak. What was called a "Soldiers' Lodge" was formed there, the members of which agreed to secure all the credit they could at the stores, and then prevent the traders from getting their annuities when sent to them. A member who was suspected of having revealed the secrets to the whites, was followed and hacked to pieces.

On the 10th of August, a party of twenty Indians from the Lower Reservation were hunting in the woods near Forest City, and procured a wagon which one of their number had left the previous autumn with Captain Whitcomb as security for a debt. On Sunday, the 17th of August, when within a few miles of Acton, one of the Indians picked up some hens' eggs on the prairie and was about to eat them. His companions protested, saying they belonged to a white man, and from this trifling matter a violent quarrel resulted. The one carrying the eggs finally dashed them to the ground. Coming upon an ox a short time later, he shot it dead as vent to his anger.

The quarrel between the four Rice Creek Indians and the rest became so hot that a collision would have taken place had they not separated, the larger company declaring they meant to kill a white man.

Soon after, the four heard the reports of guns from the direction of the larger party. They concluded they were carrying out their threat of killing white people. Two of the Rice Creek Indians insisted that they must do the same, or they would be considered cowards, but the other two opposed. Still disputing, the four pushed on to Acton.

The first house was found unoccupied, but at the second they got into a quarrel with the owner, who drove them out. At the next, they halted and were kindly treated. They were smoking in the most friendly manner when the neighbor who had quarreled with them came in with his wife, and the wrangle was resumed. The result was the Indians fired upon the

men, killing the three and the wife of the neighbor with whom they had first quarreled. The surviving women, who had met with such a narrow escape, sent a boy to Ripley, twelve miles distant, where a meeting was in progress to raise volunteers for the war.

The astounding news was not credited for some time, but finally a messenger was despatched to Forest City, where were a number of recruits. A dozen rode to Acton, and found the shocking tidings too true. The bodies were covered, but not disturbed, until the morrow, when an inquest was held.

During the inquest a number of the Indians, unaware of what was going on, approached, and a number of mounted men gave chase. The savages escaped, however, though several shots were exchanged.

A large number of people were present at the inquest, and the excitement spread, for all saw the imminence of an outbreak. The relatives of the murderers knew that they would be punished if caught, and after a hot dispute it was decided to commence the massacre without delay. Little Crow, hitherto so friendly disposed toward the whites that he was subjected to suspicion by his own people, and who lived in a fine house at the Lower Agency, built for him by the agent, was visited by a turbulent company on the morning of the 18th of August before he had risen from bed.

When the callers stated their object, great beads of perspiration stood out on the forehead of the chief. He saw the inevitable end of any uprising against the whites, but he knew it would be fatal to oppose the wishes of these madmen.

"Trouble with the whites must come sooner or later," he said. "It may as well be now as any other time. I am with you. Let us go to the agency, kill the traders, and take their goods."

Messengers were sent to the bands of Wabashaw, Waconta, and Red Legs, with the news, and the warriors ran to the agency, breaking up into small bands as they entered the village, and all as eager as tigers who have scented their prey. It was yet early in the morning when they approached Myrick's store, in the upper part of the place. James Lynde, a clerk, was standing in the door, looking wonderingly at the horde, when one of the Indians raised his gun with an ugly exclamation, and shot him dead. He was the first victim of the Minnesota outbreak.

The son of Mr. Myrick, a young man, was upstairs when the gun was fired, and crouched behind a dry goods box. The Indians were afraid to climb the stairs, lest he should shoot them as they came up the steps. Some of them proposed to fire the building, hearing which, the youth climbed through the scuttle, slid down the lightning rod to the roof of the lower building, dropped to the ground, and ran toward the bush along the Minnesota River. The Winnebagoes discharged a lot of arrows after him,

but without effect. On the edge of the bush he was struck by a rifle ball and fell. The savages ran forward and finished him.

The report of the first gun was accepted as a signal by all the Indians for the beginning of the massacre. Joseph Belland and Antoine Young were killed at Forbes's store, Brusson at Roberts's store, and La Batte and his clerk at La Batte's store. Others were also slain.

George Spencer, at Forbes's store, was wounded, but an Indian acquaintance prevented his death. Clerk Bourat ran upstairs. He



FALL OF YOUNG MYRICK.

heard the Indians agree to follow and kill him. He formed a desperate plan. Down the stairs he bounded, dashed through the astonished group, out the door, and ran for life. He gained a good start, when a charge of shot brought him down. Another charge entered his leg. The Indians came up, stripped off his clothing and shoes, and, heedless of his appeals for mercy, piled a lot of logs over him, so he should not get away, and promised to come back shortly and slay him. When they were gone, knowing they would fulfill their threat, and frantic with the pain from his wounds, he twisted himself free from the logs on him, limped off, and finally escaped.

The Indians were so eager to plunder the stores that many of the inhabitants were able to get away unharmed. They hurried down to the ferry, where the brave Mauley wrought with might and main to carry them to the opposite side, despite the great danger in which he placed himself; for the bands of Wabashaw and the other chiefs hurried up and joined in the plundering and killing. This finished, they scattered to the surrounding country to continue their dreadful work. Mauley, the ferryman, had just completed his task when he was killed, disemboweled, his head, hands, and feet cut off and thrust into the cavity.

Among the fugitives was Dr. Humphreys, the physician to the Lower Indians. He took with him his wife, two little boys, and his girl. They



ATTACK ON DR. HUMPHREYS
AND HIS FAMILY.

halted at a house two miles from the river, and being thirsty from the heat of the day and their unusual exertion, he sent one of the little boys down a hill hard by for water. As he dipped it up he heard the firing of a gun, and, peeping over the hill, saw the Indians at the house. He hid in the bushes and waited until they had gone. Then stealing to the house, he found his father with his throat cut, while his mother, brother, and sister lay dead, murdered by the same miscreants, who burned their bodies in the building.

Through that fearful day the massacre continued on both sides of the river below the fort, to within six miles of New Ulm, and up the river to Yellow Medicine. Many were killed at Beaver Creek and the Sacred Heart

Creek. While tumbling their goods into the waiting wagons, they would be appalled by the appearance of a painted band of yelling warriors. Knowing it was useless to resist, they would give up everything in the hope of appeasing the wrath of the savages. In all such cases the victims were slain without mercy.

Lest the reader should feel some sympathy for the Indians concerned in the Sioux Massacre, we will give in this place a few incidents. There can be no doubt of their truth, for Mr. Isaac V. D. Heard, who was on the ground, who acted as recorder of the military commission that tried the captured Indians, thus hearing all the testimony and making his own careful investigations, gives these and others in his history of that awful outbreak.

A gentleman living near New Ulm went to the place without any suspicion of danger. On his return, he found that the Indians had killed two of his children before their mother's eyes. They were on the point of slaying her infant, when she snatched it from them and ran to her mother's house near by. They followed, firing at her a number of times, without success. They killed her mother, her sister, and servant girl, but, strange to say, she escaped with her infant. On the father's return, he found one of his boys, twelve years old, still alive. He was cut, bruised, and horribly mangled, but the father carried him safely to St. Peter's.

Another little boy was brought in still alive with a knife thrust into one of his eyes. A farmer and his two sons were working in a field, when all three were shot down by Indians. They then went to the house, and killed two small children in the presence of the mother, who lay ill with consumption. She and her daughter, thirteen years old, were dragged through the fields to their camp. There, as the mother lay helpless, her innocent child was outraged before her eyes until the little one died.

In another place, a woman was tomahawked while baking bread, and her infant thrust into the flaming oven. The indignities to which weak, defenseless women and children were subjected were too horrifying to be recorded in print. No imagination can conceive them. It is better that the reader of these pages should not know them. Let it suffice that no retribution too severe could be visited upon the authors of atrocities never surpassed in the history of barbarism.

The massacre had not continued long when news of it reached Fort Ridgely, whence Captain Marsh, of the 5th regiment of Minnesota Volunteers, started for the agency with forty-eight men. He rode a mule, and his men were in wagons. A mile from the fort he met a party of fugitives, who warned him that he would be killed if he attempted to cross the ferry. He was advised to pause on the bluff on that side, collect what women and children he could, and bring them to the fort.

"I have plenty of ammunition," replied the brave officer, "and enough men to whip all the Indians this side of the Pacific Ocean. I'm not only going to the ferry, but shall cross it."

Five miles from the ferry, Captain Marsh met one of his soldiers who had been at home on furlough. It was in this man's house that Dr. Humphreys and his family were slain and then burned. He had hidden in a cornfield, and stole away after the departure of the Indians. His story did not affect the courage of the officer, who pushed on, meeting other fugitives, among whom was the little boy of Dr. Humphrey that escaped because of his absence at the spring when the savages visited the house.

Captain Marsh and his soldiers reached the ferry at sunset. Seeing him, the Indians came down to the edge and held a conversation through the interpreter with the officer. The latter said he meant to cross and look into matters. Some of the Indians warned him not to do so, but White Dog advised him to come over. While the conversation was going on, a good many savages secretly crossed the stream, and, with the help of the tall, thick grass, surrounded Captain Marsh without his suspecting danger. He sent one or two of his men to the right and left to investigate. They convinced him that it was certain death to go over. The captain replied that he would for once yield his judgment, and ordered his soldiers, who were facing the ferry, to turn about.

The moment it became clear that the men would not cross the river, Little Crow gave the signal to fire. Instantly from every side was poured such a storm of bullets that almost half the men fell dead, while the wounded were tomahawked. It is said that the interpreter, who was standing at the corner of the ferry house, received twenty bullets in his body, besides a number of arrows. The survivors, seeing the desperate straits in which they were caught, fired once, killing an Indian and wounding another, and then fled with all haste.

The fierce volley slew Captain Marsh's mule, but did not injure him, though he stood within a few feet of his riddled interpreter. With nine of his men, he succeeded in passing two miles down the river, when he found the Indians had cut off his way to the fort. He decided to cross the river and led the way, holding his revolver over his head with one hand and his sword with the other. He was soon beyond his depth, but, as he was an expert swimmer, nothing was thought of that until his struggles showed he was drowning. Two of his men hurried to his help, but he sank before they could reach him, and his body was not found until several days afterward. He must have been seized with cramp on entering deep water. His companions safely reached the fort, leaving twenty-four behind.

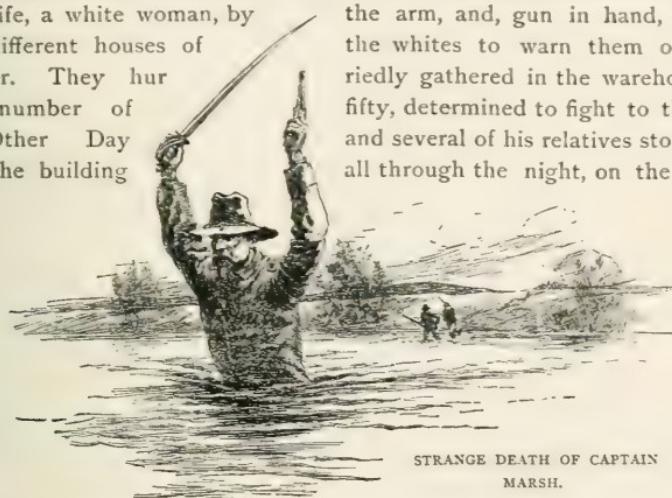
This massacre did much to inflame the outbreak. The Indians had killed a good many; they had a large number of captives, with plenty of arms,

lead, powder, and plunder. The church Indians, fearing they would be suspected of want of zeal, plunged into the carnival of blood and "out-Heroded Herod" by their atrocities.

Messengers were sent to the Indians at the Yellow Medicine. A dispute followed as to what course to take. Other Day, a civilized Indian, strenuously opposed joining in the outbreak, but, being overruled, he took his wife, a white woman, by the different houses of danger. They hurried the number of

Other Day
side the building

the arm, and, gun in hand, visited the whites to warn them of their riddledly gathered in the warehouse to fifty, determined to fight to the last, and several of his relatives stood out all through the night, on the watch



STRANGE DEATH OF CAPTAIN MARSH.

for the first evidence of attack. Frequently they caught sight of dark figures skulking about as silently as shadows, peering round the corner of the building in the hope of catching the sentinels unawares; but the dusky guards were wide awake, seeing which the prowlers slunk off in the gloom.

Just as it was growing light, the report of a gun was heard some distance off and a rush was made for the warehouse. Other Day led the whites, numbering forty-two, men, women and children, across the river, whence they safely made their way to the settlements. Friendly Indians warned the people six miles above the Upper Agency of their danger, and they, also numbering forty-two, including the missionaries, Messrs. Riggs and Williamson, got safely away.

New Ulm and Fort Ridgely were overrun with terrified fugitives, many suffering from ghastly wounds, and trembling lest the furious Indians should swoop down upon and massacre them all. In every direction the skies were lit up by the glare of burning homes, and the near and far reports of guns, the yells of savages, and the cries of the hopeless victims, made the night dreadful beyond description.

While the Indian runners were speeding across the prairies, bearing

the news to willing ears, the whites sent messengers to the settlements and after Lieutenant Shehan, who had started a few days before to accompany Commissioner Dole on his way to make a treaty with the Red Lake Chippewas. The officer was overtaken forty miles away, and the news of the massacre was carried to the surrounding towns.

At St. Peter's, the night was spent in running bullets and preparing for the relief of Fort Ridgely and New Ulm. At daylight, the bells were rung and the people gathered to decide upon the course to be taken. Agent Galbraith and his forty-five men, known as the "Renville Rangers," had already set out for the fort, and it was decided to send a detachment to the relief of New Ulm.

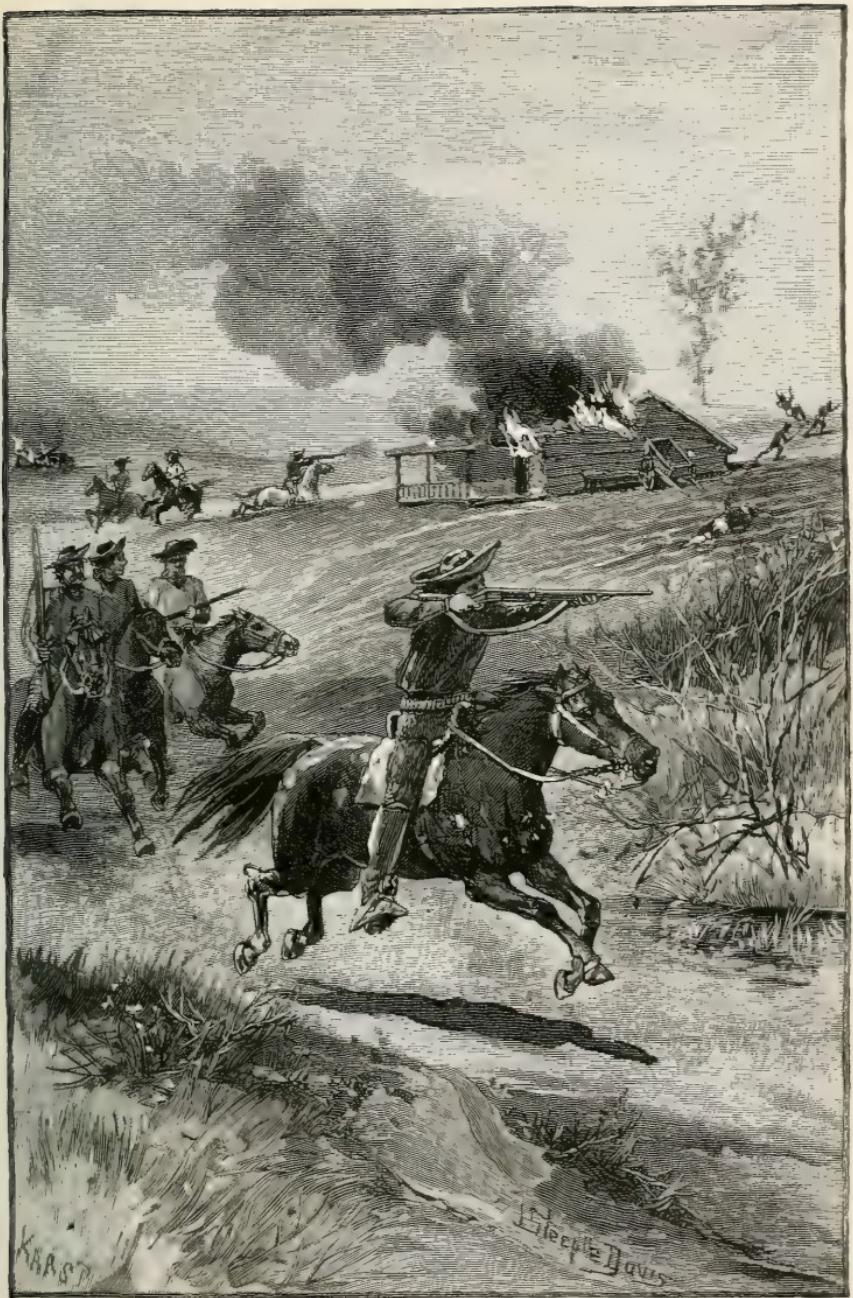
Hon. Charles E. Flandreau, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was elected captain, William B. Dodd, first lieutenant, and Mr. Meyer, second lieutenant. Wagons, horses, ammunition, and necessary utensils and provisions were soon ready, and sixteen men, under charge of ex-sheriff Boardman, set out to scout in the direction of New Ulm.

Meanwhile, Little Crow, with one hundred and twenty warriors, had appeared before the fort, but did not make an attack. Had he done so, nothing could have saved the post, for the garrison numbered only thirty men. The larger part of his band scattered in other directions. While the chief and his men were hidden near, Agent Galbraith and his rangers entered the fort unmolested, and it was safe for the time.

Near the middle of the afternoon, a hundred Indians attacked New Ulm. The population was about 1500, mostly Germans, the houses being so scattered that it could not be readily defended. While the attack was under way, ex-sheriff Boardman and his sixteen mounted men dashed into the town on a full gallop. They found the people in a wild panic. But for the brilliant work of the new arrivals, who soon drove off the assailants, the place must have fallen, and one of the most terrible massacres would have followed.

But the town was still in imminent danger, for the Indians were hourly receiving re-enforcements, and the means of defense were of the poorest character. Fortunately, Judge Flandreau and one hundred men arrived that night. Sentinels were at once stationed, and every possible precaution taken against attack. None was made, and the day was devoted to strengthening the barricades and organizing the forces for the conflict that soon must come.

Judge Flandreau was made commandant, and he organized his forces with good judgment. During the day, fifty more men arrived from Mankato, and the same number from Le Sueur. No Indians were visible, and the scouts visited the surrounding country, continually coming upon the victims of the ferocious red men.



RELIEF OF NEW ULM.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Little Crow being joined by those who had been at New Ulm the day before, unexpectedly attacked Fort Ridgely. His volley, through one of the openings, killed three, and eight more were wounded during the fight. On attempting to use the cannon, they were found stuffed with rags, the work of some half-breeds that had joined the enemy. The conflict lasted three hours, when the Indians drew off with several killed and wounded. The attack was renewed twice the following day, but it was seen that the Indians had decreased in number, many of them preferring the more congenial work of plundering and murdering through the neighborhood.

Returning to the agency that night, Little Crow found the Upper Indians for whom he had sent. He had now nearly 500 warriors, and set out in high hopes the next day to attack the fort, taking with him a large number of wagons in which to carry the plunder he was confident of obtaining. These were left on the reservation side of the river, and the Indians crossed over and hid themselves near the fort. By and by, a number appeared on the prairie, waving their blankets and uttering taunts in the hope of inducing the garrison to come out and attack them. The whites were too prudent to be drawn into the snare, and answered only with rifle shots. Then Little Crow opened the attack, which was kept up without cessation for five hours. While it was in progress, the horses and mules in the government stables were set free and the buildings around the post burned. The roof of the fort was repeatedly pierced by fire arrows, but the flames did not hold. A knot of Indians, posted in one of the stables, were driven out by Sergeant Jones, who exploded a shell among them. The casualties of the defenders were one killed and seven wounded, none severely.

A short time before the first attack, Henry Balland started out to get a horse with which to go to the settlements. Before he could return, the Indians had surrounded the place, and he hid himself for several hours in the bushes. They were all around him, and he expected every minute to be discovered. A cold August rain set in. At one time fully a hundred Indians were ranged near him, each holding his gun under his blanket to keep it dry.

The storm continued, and by the lightning flashes, when night had come, Balland crept down to the river and made his escape.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MINNESOTA OUTBREAK (CONTINUED)—ATTACK ON NEW ULM—COLONEL SIBLEY'S EXPEDITION—RELIEF OF FORT RIDGELY—DISASTER TO MAJOR BROWN'S COMMAND—ATTACK ON CAPTAIN STROUT—ATTACK ON HUTCHINSON—DISSENSIONS AMONG THE SIOUX—BATTLE OF WOOD LAKE—CAPTURE OF THE INDIAN CAMP.

FORT RIDGELY having successfully withstood the several attacks, the Indians made their way to New Ulm. Several days had passed since the fighting there, and this visit was made on Saturday the 23d of August. The smoke of burning buildings in the direction of Fort Ridgely indicated to the defenders the approach of their enemies.

New Ulm, as we have said, was ill prepared for defense, owing to the houses being so widely scattered. Judge Flandreau, believing it better to fight the enemy on the prairie, posted his men, numbering about two hundred and fifty, in the open country outside the town, a half mile away, and still further off in the direction whence he believed the attack would come. He thus describes what followed:

"At nearly 10 o'clock A. M., the body of Indians (numbering altogether probably five hundred), began to move toward us, first slowly, and then with considerable rapidity. Their advance upon the sloping prairie in the bright sunlight was a very fine spectacle, and to such inexperienced soldiers as we all were, intensely exciting. When within about one mile and a half of us, the mass began to expand like a fan and increase in the velocity of its approach, and continued this movement until within about double rifle shot, when it had covered our entire front.

"Then the savages uttered a terrific yell, and came down on us like the wind. I had stationed myself at a point in the rear where communication could be had with me easily, and waited the first discharge with great anxiety, as it seemed to me to yield was certain destruction, as the enemy would rush into town and drive everything before them. The yell unsettled the men a little, and just as the rifles began to crack, they fell back along the whole line, and committed the error of passing the outer houses without taking possession of them—a mistake which the Indians immediately took advantage of by themselves occupying them in squads of twos and threes and up to ten. They poured into us a sharp and rapid fire as we fell back, and opened from houses in every direction. Several of us rode up the hill, endeavoring to rally the men, and with good effect. **as**

they gave three cheers, and sallied out of various houses they had retreated to, and checked the advance effectually. The firing from both sides then became general, sharp, and rapid; and it got to be a regular Indian skirmish, in which every man did his own work after his own fashion.

"The Indians had spread out until they had got into our rear and on all sides, having the very decided advantage of the houses on the bluff, which commanded the interior of the town, with the exception of the wind-mill, which was occupied by about twenty of the Le Sueur Tigers, who held them at long range.

"The wind was from the lower part of the town, and this fact directed the larger part of the enemy to that point, where they promptly commenced firing the houses and advancing behind the smoke. The conflagration became general in the lower part of the town on both sides of the street, and the bullets flew very thickly both from the bluff and up the street. I thought it prudent to dismount and conduct the defense on foot. Just at this point, Captain Dodd, of St. Peter's, and someone else, whose name I do not know, charged down the street to ascertain whether some horsemen seen in the extreme lower town were not our friends coming in, and were met about three blocks down with a heavy volley from behind a house, five bullets passing through Captain Dodd's body, and several through that of his horse. The horsemen both turned, and the captain got sufficiently near to be received by his friends before he fell. He died about five hours after being hit. Too much cannot be said of his personal bravery and general desire to perform his duty manfully. Captain Saunders, of the Le Sueur company, was shot through his body shortly after and retired, placing his rifle in effective hands, and encouraging the men. The fight was going on all around the town during the whole forenoon and part of the afternoon, sometimes with slight advantage to us and again to the Indians; but the difficulty which stared us in the face was their gradual but certain approach up the main street behind the burning buildings, which promised our destruction.

"We frequently sallied out and took buildings in advance; but the risk of being picked off from the bluff was unequal to the advantage gained, and the duty was performed with some reluctance by the men. In the lower part of the town I had some of the best men in the State, both as shots and for coolness and determination. It will be sufficient to mention two as types of the class of the best fighting men—Asa White and Newell Horton, known to all old settlers.

"They did very effective service in checking the advance, both by their unerring rifles and the good example their steadiness placed before the younger men. We discovered a concentration of Indians on the side of the street toward the river and at the rear of the buildings, and ex-

pected a rush upon the town from that position, the result of which I feared more than anything else, as the boys had proved unequal to it in the morning; and we were not disappointed, for in a few minutes they came on, on ponies and on foot, furiously, about sixty in number, charging around the point of a little grove of oaks.

"This was the critical point of the day. But four or five hours under fire had brought the boys up to fighting temperature, and they stood firmly, and advanced with a cheer, routing the rascals like sheep. They received us with a very hot fire, killing Houghton and the elderly gentleman whose name I did not know. As they fled in a crowd at a very short range, we gave them a volley that was very effective and settled the fortunes of the day in our favor, for they did not dare to try it over. I think, after once repulsing them in a fair fight, we could have successfully resisted them had they returned a second time, as the necessary confidence had been gained. White men fight under a great disadvantage the first time they engage. There is something so fiendish in their yells and terrifying in their appearance when in battle, that it takes a good deal of time to overcome the sensation that it inspires. There is a snake-like stealth in all their movements that excites distrust and uncertainty, and which unsteadies the nerves at first.

"After this repulse the battle raged until dark, without sufficient advantage on one side or the other to merit mention in detail, when the savages drew off, firing only an occasional shot from under close cover. After dark we decreased the extent of our lines of barricades; and I deemed it prudent to order all the buildings outside to be burned, in order to prevent them from affording protection to the savages while they advanced to annoy us. We were compelled to consume about forty valuable buildings; but, as it was a military necessity, the inhabitants did not demur, but themselves applied the torch cheerfully. In a short time we had a fair field before us of the open prairie, with the exception of a large brick building which we held and had loopholed in all the stories on all sides, and which commanded a large portion of our front toward the bluff. We also dug a system of rifle pits on that front outside the barricades, about four rods apart, which completed our defenses.

"That night we slept very little, every man being at the barricades all night, each third man being allowed to sleep at intervals. In the morning the attack was renewed, but not with much vigor, and subsided about noon."

Mr. Heard relates the following incidents connected with the attack on New Ulm:

While the fight was going on, a heavy firing was kept up from a wood pile. The defenders were astonished to see a warrior standing upright and

in full view. Again and again he was fired upon, but he seemed to enjoy some strange protection, for none of the best marksmen could bring him down. After the battle, as he still kept his position, some of the whites went out to investigate. It was then discovered that he had been dead from the first, his body being repeatedly pierced by bullets. The others had propped him up for the purpose of drawing the fire of the whites.

One of the most desperate of the half-breeds crept up close in the high grass, from which he kept up a deadly fire. He held his place after the advance was made, when he discharged his gun and started off



INGENIOUS STRATAGEM OF A HOSTILE.

on a run, crouching down as he did so. Several bullets were sent after him, and one cut the great artery in his shoulder, from which the blood spurted in a stream. He sank down and was quickly decapitated and scalped.

A man was seen walking off with a featherbed over his shoulder. He was near by, but, as he moved in the direction of the Indians, the spectators remarked the foolish risk he was running. When he had gone a considerable distance, he threw down the bed and uttered a triumphant shout. He was one of the hostiles, that had escaped by this clever ruse.

It would require a volume to tell of the individual outrages during the Sioux outbreak. The revolt extended throughout the entire frontier of Minnesota and into Iowa and Dakota. During the first week, more

than seven hundred people were killed and over two hundred made captive. As stated in another place, the women, and even children of tender years, were subjected to indescribable mutilation at the hands of their captors. Many succumbed under the awful treatment, and welcomed death for the blessed relief it brought.

Fortunately, there were several thousand armed men in the State, summoned by President Lincoln's recent call for volunteers to serve in the Civil War. These were hurried to the frontier, and mounted soldiers were called out by the governor to join in punishing the savages. Governor Ramsey hastened to Mendota on receipt of the news of the outbreak, and requested the Hon. H. H. Sibley to take command, with the rank of colonel, of an expedition intended to move up the Minnesota Valley. He complied, and started as quickly as possible with four companies of the 6th regiment for St. Peter's, where he arrived on the day of the last battle at the fort. On Sunday, two hundred men, under the command of W. J. Cullen, came in. These, with a hundred more, were placed in charge of Colonel Samuel M'Phail. Other arrivals followed until Sibley's command was increased to fourteen hundred men.

Knowing the character of the foe before him, Colonel Sibley advanced cautiously. He met continuous streams of fugitives, while Shakopee, Belle Plain, and Henderson were overrun with the terrified people, who were in constant terror of attacks by the Indians. Detachments were sent to New Ulm, which was known to be surrounded by the savages and in great danger of capture. These detachments, after many stirring experiences, returned to St. Peter's, where they found that Colonel Sibley had left that morning for Fort Ridgely and had ordered them to follow on their return. They learned that the people of New Ulm on Monday, August 25, had abandoned the place. They numbered two thousand, including the women, children, sick and wounded, with a train of a hundred and fifty-three wagons. They had gone to Mankato, led to do so by the exhaustion of their ammunition, the sickness caused by the rotting carcases of the dead animals, the isolation of the town, and their inability to hold out against a determined attack of the Indians.

Colonel Sibley reached Fort Ridgely, and all danger of attack at that place and New Ulm (where really there was nothing to attack), was ended. On Sunday, August 31, a hundred and fifty men, under command of Major Joseph R. Brown, were sent to the Lower Agency to bury the dead and learn, if possible, what had become of the enemy.

Many of the victims of Indian atrocity were found to be shot with arrows of peculiar construction, worthy the genius of an American Indian. Along the reed, from the head to the feather tip, ran a gutter, cut in the wood and winding irregularly around it. The object of this is to prevent

the clotting of the blood in a wound inflicted by the missile. If it entered a few inches into a person's body, and was of the ordinary pattern, the wound might be closed by the clotting of the blood, but this gutter furnishes such a free outlet that the flow continues until the victim dies from weakness.

Some of the citizens who went with Major Brown came back the following evening, and told Colonel Sibley that on that morning the cavalry



THE SIOUX ARROWS.

and a few of the infantry had crossed the river at the agency, buried the dead, and scouted some distance above. They could find no evidence that any Indians had been there for several days. Captain Grant, with the infantry, buried the dead on the Fort Ridgely side, including those at Beaver Creek, and going into camp on the same side of the river, was joined by Major Brown and his command.

Colonel Sibley was relieved to be informed that no signs of Indians had been discovered by Major Brown, who was an old campaigner and ought not to be deceived. But on Wednesday morning, the sentries heard

firing in the direction of the agency. The wind was blowing toward the point whence the noise came, but by lying on the ground, the anxious listeners plainly caught the rapid discharge of firearms. There could be no mistake as to the meaning of this. The battle was "on once more," and relief must be dispatched at once to their imperiled comrades.

Colonel M'Phail with fifty horsemen, Major M'Laren with a hundred and five infantry, and Captain Mark Hendricks with a mountain howitzer, were hurried off to their relief. The anxious listeners at the fort still heard the rifle firing, and by and by, the resounding boom of the howitzer told that the relief party were also fighting. Colonel Sibley ordered all the tents to be struck and taken into the fort, and just as night was closing in, the entire command set out to the help of the two detachments.

The night grew intensely dark, but the men marched forward for thirteen miles. Then the bright flash and roar of the mountain howitzer told them they were close upon the second detachment. It was found that when within a few miles of where they believed Major Brown to be, they were attacked by Indians. Securing the best position attainable, they decided to wait for re-enforcements. The howitzer was fired to guide the main body to the spot.

No further attack was made that night, and at early dawn the whole force was in motion. Not far off they came in sight of Birch Coolie, and saw through the trees the gleam of tents, but whether they belonged to Major Brown or the hostiles could not be determined without a closer approach.

A few minutes later, the Indians appeared in the belt of woods, waving their blankets and emitting taunting shouts in the hope of drawing the soldiers in pursuit. Failing in this, they sheltered themselves as best they could, and opened a brisk but poorly aimed fire on the soldiers, who speedily drove them back. The shells from the cannon hastened their flight, and, running down Birch Coolie, they crossed the river at the agency.

The tents discerned through the trees proved to be those of Major Brown and his command. They had encamped on the spot two nights before, choosing the place because of its accessibility to wood and water and under the belief that nothing was to be feared from the Indians. A worse place in that respect could not have been chosen, and the savages, who were on the watch, assailed them suddenly and with the utmost fierceness. The men made a brave defense under most unfavorable circumstances, but suffered fearfully. When relieved by Colonel Sibley, they had been more than thirty hours without food or water, twenty-three were killed or dying, and forty-five were badly wounded. Out of the ninety horses only one was alive, and he was wounded. Among the wounded

were Major Brown, Captain Anderson, Agent Galbraith, and Captain Redfield. William Irvine of West St. Paul had been shot in the head and his brains were oozing over his face, but he lived for several hours.

Major Brown was right in his conclusion that the Indians had left the Lower Agency several days before. Learning of Sibley's march to the relief of Fort Ridgely, they had moved up the Yellow Medicine River to place their families out of danger. Ascertaining further that New Ulm had been abandoned, a war party was sent thither to procure what plunder they could, after which it was intended to attack Mankato and St. Peter's. The discovery of Major Brown's approach created a diversion, which, though resulting in a dreadful disaster, undoubtedly saved the towns named, as well as New Ulm.

A curious complication now followed. On Monday, Little Crow's party traveled thirty miles and encamped near Acton. The leader rode in a wagon, with a half-breed acting as his driver and secretary. A few of the Indians were mounted on stolen horses, and all went well until noon of the next day, when the Indians got into a wrangle, the result of which was that Little Crow and thirty-four others started for Cedar Mills to get supplies, after which they meant to return to Yellow Medicine. They went into camp about a mile from Acton. The other party were bent on a raid through the country toward St. Cloud, and encamped within a half mile of Little Crow's band, without either party suspecting their proximity to each other.

At the same time, a company of seventy-five white men, volunteers, under Captain Strout, were in camp near by in Acton, all three being ignorant of each other's location. During the night, several scouts came into Acton from Forest City with news that Captain Whitcomb had been attacked the morning before near that place, and the town was in such danger that they were begged to go at once to its defense.

The start was made early the next morning for Forest City by way of Hutchinson. The volunteers passed the camp of the larger band of Indians undetected, but one of Little Crow's warriors discovered them, and the hostiles hastily prepared for battle. Almost at the same moment, the larger body of Indians also discovered them, and came whooping and yelling at their heels. Thus the whites found their enemies in front and rear, but they charged through those in front, and continued to Hutchinson. The savages closely followed them for several miles, killing three men, wounding fifteen, capturing nine horses, and several wagons containing arms, ammunition, and supplies.

During this running fight, Little Crow's son, about fifteen years old, shot Mr. Edwin Stone, a well known merchant of Minneapolis. He was wounded while walking beside a wagon, and was unable to climb into it.

A second Indian dashed out his brains with a tomahawk. The wadding from the boy's gun set the clothing of the merchant on fire, so that his death was frightful.

The volunteers were attacked the next day in the fort at Hutchinson. Most of the town was burned. One of the Indians called out in English, daring the soldiers to come out in the open plain and fight like men. The troops accepted the invitation, and scattered their assailants without receiving any loss. Skirmishing continued until night, when the Indians drew off and encamped near Cedar Mills. They were then joined by a



A STARTLING AWAKENING.

band of fifty, that had attacked Forest City the preceding day, burning a number of buildings and securing much plunder. The following morning, the Indians divided and went home, Little Crow and his men by way of the Lower Agency, where he arrived that night.

Mr. Heard tells the following: One of the scouts while riding along was startled by his horse jumping aside. Looking for the cause, he saw a white man lying in a pile of grass which he had pulled up and piled about him for concealment. Several ears of green corn partly eaten lay around him. He was a young man, with small hands, long, fair hair, but his garments were tattered and torn with long journeyings, and the face was haggard and pale. He was asleep, with his cheek resting on his hand; so soundly asleep, so intensely engaged, perhaps, in happy dreams that the trampling of the Indian's horse did not arouse him. "What do you here,

my friend?" called the savage, in a loud voice. The sleeper raised his head and gazed with startled apprehension in the painted face before him. Before that expression had time to change, the whirring ax dashed out the brains which gave it life. Then the murderer dismounting, with his knife cut off the head; but even then that startled look did not change, for death had frozen it there, and nothing but corruption's effacing hand could sweep it away. The shuddering half-breeds who followed afterward passed by on the other side, and Little Crow said, "Poor fellow! his life ought to have been spared; he was too starved to have done us harm." But they left it there, unburied, in its pool of blood, staring upward through the gathering darkness with its fixed, wild eyes, alone in the vast desolation ringed by distant skies, there to remain until nature, by storm and frost, shoud transform it to original clay, and by the blessed sunlight "reconcile it to herself again with the sweet oblivion of flowers."

The panic which reigned in Minnesota at this time, resulting from the attacks on New Ulm, Fort Ridgely, Birch Coolie, Acton, Hutchinson, Forest City and the massacres that had taken place within Colonel Sibley's lines, was shown by the fact that people living on the outskirts of St. Paul hurriedly moved into the interior of the city. General Sibley's family, in Mendota, took refuge one night in Fort Snelling.

Little Crow, although the most prominent leader in the Sioux outbreak, saw the inevitable end from the beginning. His people must be conquered, and, though he had been forced into the fight, he only awaited the opportunity to make overtures of peace to the military authorities. He opened communication with Colonel Sibley at Fort Ridgely, where that officer was detained by lack of ammunition and supplies. This was during the first week in September, and while the correspondence was going on, something like a cessation of massacre and outrage took place. The Indians had a large number of captives, who were in danger of massacre, and the object of Colonel Sibley was first to secure the safety of these and to bring the outrages to an end.

The correspondence developed the fact that the hostiles were divided among themselves. They held frequent councils, and the debate over the course to be followed became so violent that more than once the Indians were on the point of flying at each other. Had such a wrangle taken place, every one of the two hundred and more captives would have been massacred.

A considerable minority of the Indians were in favor of the surrender of the prisoners as preliminary to peace, but others were so fiercely opposed that they threatened to kill those who took the first step looking to that end. With Little Crow were associated a number of chiefs who wished to make terms with the authorities. They maintained a clandestine corre-

spondence with Colonel Sibley, Wabashaw and Taopee being the most prominent. It was this couple that managed to keep up an "underground" correspondence with Colonel Sibley in the effort to effect their object. They were accused in their own camp of doing this, but, of course, denied it, for had it been known they would have been instantly killed.

Colonel Sibley left Fort Ridgely, September 18, to hunt the hostiles. The route was over a country still smoking hot with the blood of the victims of Indian atrocity. The Sioux scouts were continually in sight, taunting the whites and skurrying before them as they advanced over the prairie, but taking care to keep out of rifle range.

Sibley camped near Wood Lake on the 22d of September. The following morning a number of foraging teams were fired on by the Indians. The Third Regiment hurried out and was soon engaged with the enemy. They appeared in large numbers on all sides, gathering in the ravines between the Third Regiment and the camp. Colonel Sibley opened fire, making good use of the howitzer, and an impetuous charge into the gorge drove out the Indians. The fight lasted more than an hour, eight hundred being engaged on each side. The whites lost four killed and about fifty wounded. Little Crow's plan was to ambuscade the soldiers while marching through the ravine, but the taunts of the "Friendly Indians," as they were known, caused the attack to be made in the open plain.

This is known as the battle of Wood Lake. Colonel Sibley remained long enough to bury his dead, and then marched to the Indian camp near Lac qui Parle. This was reached on the 26th of September, and was found to contain about a hundred tepees. Little Crow and two hundred warriors and their families had fled northward after the battle of Wood Lake.

Sibley's camp was within a quarter of a mile of the Indian camp, which was commanded by his cannon. He soon rode over with his staff and bodyguard and took formal possession. The Indians, many of whom had conducted themselves like demons, were profuse in their professions of friendship, each insisting that he was a good Indian and all the outrages were committed by the other fellows.

Colonel Sibley's formal demand for the captives was promptly obeyed. They numbered two hundred and fifty, who for days had undergone the most agonizing suspense conceivable, for, beyond question, they were repeatedly within a hair's breadth of death. Sometimes it looked as if the friends of peace would prevail and the anguish end by their restoration to their friends, but the fiery warriors, implacable in their hostility, conquered, and the torture of hope often deferred continued. Now, however, it was over, and they were safe beyond any harm from their painted foes. The ragged, gaunt, famished women and children wept with joy, and many an eye

among the soldiers was moistened by the touching sight. There was only one white man, George Spencer, among the restored captives. He said that if Colonel Sibley had done as many of his friends had urged, attacked the Indians at certain times, every one of the captives would have been killed.

A military commission of inquiry was organized and testimony taken to ascertain the guilt of accused parties. Some thirty or forty were arrested, and the rest were sent down to the Yellow Medicine Agency, under charge of Agent Galbraith. Indians continually came in and surrendered, for all saw the end had come.

Colonel Crook, by direction of the commander, stealthily surrounded the second camp at night, disarmed the men, and placed them in a log jail erected in the middle of the camp. The same thing was done at Yellow Medicine, by bringing all the braves into the agency building under the pretense of holding a council.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MINNESOTA OUTBREAK (CONCLUDED)—ATTACK ON THE INDIAN PRISONERS AT NEW ULM—TRIAL OF THE PRISONERS—THIRTY-EIGHT EXECUTED—DEATH OF LITTLE CROW—CLOSE OF HOSTILITIES.

COLONEL SIBLEY broke camp on the 23d of October, having been joined by Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, with a number of prisoners captured upon Wild Goose Nest Lake. The other captives were taken in at Yellow Medicine, and the march continued through one of the fiercest wind storms ever encountered in that section. It cleared, however, and the sun was shining from a calm sky when camp was made in the valley of the Redwood.

Several weeks were spent at the Lower Agency, during which the investigation and trials were continued. Parties sent out still found victims of the massacre. Mr. Heard states that, on the 29th, a foraging party crossed the river, and eleven miles above discovered the remains of twelve persons. In one house a skull lay upon the bed, and in the same room was stretched a dead hog that had probably been feeding on the bodies. Close to the house the party were saluted by two howling, half-starved dogs.

The next day they came upon the remains of thirteen more bodies. One skull, evidently that of a powerful man, was fractured to bits. Cattle were running around almost as wild as buffaloes. An ox was writhing on the ground in agony, and frothing at the mouth, apparently with hydrophobia. Many of the dogs had gone mad. Desolation reigned supreme.

On the 7th of November, Colonel Marshall started for Fort Snelling with the inmates of the Indian camp, numbering about 1500, mostly women and children. While passing New Ulm the inhabitants, who were engaged in disinterring and reburying their dead, attacked the prisoners with the command. The sight of the authors of their desolation and woe inspired the men, women, and children to madness. Catching up hoes, brickbats, clubs, knives, guns, and anything upon which they could lay hands, they assailed the cowering wretches in the wagons. One woman broke the jaw of an Indian, and, had they not been restrained, more than one savage would have been killed.

Arriving at Mankato, Camp Lincoln was established and a number of

Winnebagoes were tried. The military commission, organized to try summarily the mulattoes, mixed bloods, and Indians engaged in the Sioux raids and massacres, consisted, at first, of Colonel Crook, Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, Captains Grant and Bailey, and Lieutenant Olin. Mr. Isaac V. D. Heard, the historian of the outbreak, acted as recorder. Before the trial was concluded, Major Bradley was substituted for Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, who was called away by other duties.

The prisoners were arraigned upon written charges specifying the criminatting acts. These charges were signed by Colonel Sibley or his ad-



ATTACK ON THE INDIAN PRISONERS.

jutant general, and in nearly every case were based upon information furnished by Rev. S. R. Riggs, who assembled those that had the means of knowing the truth by themselves, and closely questioned them. The names of the witnesses were attached to the charge. Mr. Riggs's long residence among the Indians, his full knowledge of their habits and characteristics, and his thorough acquaintance with the accused made his help invaluable in fixing the guilt upon the right parties.

As an example of the manner in which this famous trial was conducted, we give Mr. Heard's account of the proceedings in the case of the first person tried. He was Godfrey, a negro.

"CHARGE AND SPECIFICATIONS AGAINST O-TA-KLE, OR GODFREY, A COLORED MAN CONNECTED WITH THE SIOUX TRIBE OF INDIANS.

"Charge—MURDER.

"*Specification 1.*—In this, that the said O-ta-kle, or Godfrey, a colored man, did, at or near New Ulm, Minnesota, on or about the 19th day of August, 1862, join in a war party of the Sioux tribe of Indians against the citizens of the United States, and did with his own hand murder seven white men, women, and children (more or less), peaceable citizens of the United States.

"*Specification 2.*—In this, that the said O-ta-kle, or Godfrey, a colored man, did, at various times and places between the 19th of August 1862, and the 28th day of September, 1862, join and participate in the murders and massacre committed by the Sioux Indians on the Minnesota frontier. By order of

"COL. H. H. SIBLEY, Com. Mil. Expedition.
"S. H. FOWLER, Lt. Col., State Militia, A. A. A. G.

"Mary Woodbury,
"David Faribault, Sr.,
"Mary Swan,
"Bernard La Batte,

Witnesses.

"Godfrey denied the grave accusation, insisting that he had been forced into the fight on the side of the Indians, and had done nothing which was not justified by the situation and circumstances.

"Mary Woodbury testified that she saw him two or three days after the outbreak at Little Crow's village with a breech clout on and his legs and face painted for a war party, and that he started with one for New Ulm; that he appeared very happy and contented with the Indians; was whooping around and yelling, and apparently as fierce as any of them. When they came back, there was a Wahpeton, named Hunka, who told witness that the negro was the bravest of all; that he led them into a house and clubbed the inmates with a hatchet; and that she was standing in the prisoner's tent door and heard the Indians asking him how many he had killed, and he said only seven; and that she saw him once, when he started off, have a gun, a knife, and a hatchet.

"Mary Swan and Mattie Williams testified that when the war party took them captive, though the prisoner was not armed, he appeared to be as much in favor of the outrages as any of the Indians, and made no intimation to the contrary in a conversation the witnesses had with him.

"La Batte knew nothing about him.

"David Faribault, Sr., a half-breed, testified as to his boasting of killing seven with a tomahawk, and some more children; but these, he said, didn't amount to anything, and he wouldn't count them. Witness saw

him at the fort and at New Ulm, fighting and acting like the Indians, and he never told him (Faribault) that he was forced into the outbreak.

"Godfrey's looks and honest manner led the court to think that possibly he was not as 'black' as painted. His voice was soft, his face pleasing, and he created much sympathy for himself. It was impossible to find anyone who had actually seen him kill a white person. His case puzzled the court, but he was finally found not guilty of the first specification, but guilty of the charge and second specification, and sentenced to be hanged. Accompanying the sentence was a recommendation of a commutation of punishment to imprisonment for ten years. This was granted by the President of the United States.

"Godfrey possessed an extraordinary memory and gave great aid in the trial of the other prisoners. Most of these virtually admitted their guilt, though they tried to extenuate what they had done.

"The most terrible murderer among the lot was Cut Nose. He was the leader in most of the massacres and foremost in outrages. At Beaver Creek settlement, a party of settlers hurriedly prepared for flight. In the wagon huddled a number of helpless women and children, who gathered their shawls about them and covered their heads on the approach of the Indians. Two of these held the horses, while Cut Nose leaped into the wagon and tomahawked eleven, most of them children. An infant was then snatched from its mother's arms and riveted to the fence with a bolt taken from the wagon. When the infant had expired, the mother was mutilated and killed."

More than four hundred prisoners were tried, of which three hundred and three were sentenced to death and eighteen to imprisonment. The records of the testimony and sentences of the Indians were sent to President Lincoln, who ordered that thirty-eight should be executed on the 26th of February, 1863.

The condemned were treated with the utmost consideration. They were allowed to select their spiritual advisers, to bid good-by to their families, and every possible indulgence was shown to them. Some displayed a stoical indifference to their awful situation, while others were affected to tears.

The following details of the last scenes are from the *St. Paul Press*:

"Late on Thursday night, in company with Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, the reporter visited the building occupied by the doomed Indians. They were quartered on the ground floor of the three-story stone building erected by the late General Leech.

"They were all fastened to the floor by chains, two by two. Some were sitting up, smoking and conversing, while others were reclining, cov-

ered with blankets and apparently asleep. The three half-breeds and one or two others only were dressed in citizens' clothes. The rest wore the breech clout, leggings, and blankets, and not a few were adorned with paint. The majority of them were young men, though several were quite old and gray-headed, ranging perhaps toward seventy. One was quite a youth, not over sixteen. They all appeared cheerful and contented, and scarcely to reflect on the certain doom which awaited them. To the gazers, the recollection of how short a time since they had been engaged in the diabolical work of murdering indiscriminately both old and young, sparing neither sex nor condition, sent a thrill of horror through the veins. Now they were perfectly harmless, and looked as innocent as children. They smiled at your entrance, and held out their hands to be shaken, which yet appeared to be gory with the blood of babes. Oh, Treachery, thy name is Dakota !

" Father Ravoux spent the whole night among the doomed ones, talking with them concerning their fate, and endeavoring to impress upon them a serious view of the subject. He met with some success, and during the night several were baptized and received the communion of the church.

" At daylight the reporter was there again. That good man, Father Ravoux, was still with them, also Rev. Dr. Williamson, and whenever either of these worthy men addressed them they were listened to with marked attention. The doomed ones wished it to be known to their friends, and particularly their wives and children, how cheerful and happy they all had died, exhibiting no fear of this dread event. To the skeptical, it appeared not as an evidence of Christian faith, but a steadfast adherence to their heathen superstitions.

" They shook hands with the officers who came in among them, bidding them good-by as if they were going on a long and pleasant journey. They had added some fresh streaks of vermillion and ultramarine to their countenances as their fancy suggested, evidently intending to fix themselves off as gayly as possible for the coming exhibition. They commenced singing their death song, Tazoo leading, and nearly all joining. It was wonderfully exciting.

" At half-past seven all persons were excluded from the room except those necessary to help prepare the prisoners for their doom. Under the superintendence of Major Brown and Captain Redfield their irons were knocked off, and one by one they were tied by cords, their elbows being pinioned behind and the wrists in front, but about six inches apart. This operation occupied until about nine o'clock. In the meantime, the scene was much enlivened by their songs and conversation, keeping up the most cheerful appearance. As they were being pinioned, they went around the room

shaking hands with the soldiers and reporters, bidding them 'good-by,' etc. White Dog requested not to be tied, and said that he could keep his hands down; but, of course, his request could not be complied with. He said that Little Crow, Young Six, and Big Eagle's brother got them into the war, and now he and others are to die for it. After all were properly fastened, they stood up in a row around the room, and another exciting death song was sung. They then sat down very quietly, and commenced smoking again. Father Ravoux came in, and after addressing them a few moments, knelt in prayer, reading from a prayer book in the Dakota language, which a portion of the condemned repeated after him. During this ceremony nearly all paid the most strict attention, and several were affected even to tears. He then addressed them again, first in Dakota, then in French, which was interpreted by Baptiste Campbell, one of the condemned half-breeds. The caps were then put on their heads. These were made of white muslin, taken from the Indians when their camps were captured, and which had formed part of the spoils they had taken from the murdered traders. They were made long, and looked like a meal sack, but, being rolled up, only came down to the forehead, and allowed their painted faces yet to be seen.

"They received these evidences of their near approach to death with evident dislike. When they had been adjusted on one or two, they looked around on the others who had not yet received them with an appearance of shame. Chains and cords had not moved them—their wear was not considered dishonorable—but this covering of the head with a white cap was humiliating. There was no more singing and but little conversation now. All sat around the room, most of them in a crouched position, awaiting their doom in silence, or listening to the remarks of Father Ravoux, who still addressed them. Once in a while they brought their small looking-glasses before their faces to see that their countenances yet preserved the proper modicum of paint. The three half-breeds were the most affected of all, and their dejection of countenance was truly pitiful to behold.

"At precisely ten o'clock the condemned were marshaled in a procession, and, headed by Captain Redfield, marched out into the street and directly across through files of soldiers to the scaffold which had been erected in front, and were delivered to the officer of the day, Captain Burt. They went eagerly and cheerfully, even crowding and jostling each other to be ahead, just like a lot of hungry boarders rushing to dinner in a hotel. The soldiers who were on guard in their quarters stacked arms and followed them, and they, in turn, were followed by the clergy, reporters, etc.

"As they commenced the ascent of the scaffold, the death song was again started, and when they had all got up, the noise they made was

truly hideous. It seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose. It had a wonderful effect in keeping up their courage. One young fellow, who had been given a cigar by one of the reporters just before marching from their quarters, was smoking it on the stand, puffing away very coolly during the intervals of the hideous 'Hi-yi-yi, hi-yi-yi,' and even after the cap was drawn over his face he managed to get it over his mouth and smoked. Another was smoking his pipe. The noose having been promptly adjusted over the necks of each by Captain Libby, all was ready for the fatal signal.

"The scene at this juncture was one of awful interest. A painful and breathless suspense held the vast crowd, which had assembled from all quarters to witness the execution.

"Three slow, measured, and distinct beats on the drum by Major Brown, who had been announced as signal officer, and the rope was cut by Mr. Duly (the same who killed Lean Bear, and whose family were attacked), the scaffold fell, and thirty-seven lifeless bodies were left dangling between heaven and earth. One of the ropes was broken, and the body of Rattling Runner fell to the ground. The neck had probably been broken, as but little signs of life were observed; but he was immediately hung up again. While the signal beat was being given, numbers were seen to clasp the hands of their neighbors, which, in several instances, continued to be clasped till the bodies were cut down.

"As the platform fell, there was one not loud but prolonged cheer from the soldiery and citizens who were spectators, and then all were quiet and earnest witnesses of the scene. For so many, there was little suffering; the necks of all, or nearly all, were evidently dislocated by the fall and the after-struggling was slight. The scaffold fell at a quarter past ten o'clock, and in twenty minutes the bodies had all been examined by Surgeons Le Boutillier, Sheardown, Finch, Clark, and others, and life pronounced extinct.

"The bodies were then cut down, placed in four army wagons, and, attended by Company K as a burial party, and under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, were taken to the grave prepared for them among the willows on the sand bar nearly in front of the town. They were all deposited in one grave thirty feet in length by twelve in width, and four feet deep, being laid on the bottom in two rows, with their feet together and their heads to the outside. They were simply covered with their blankets and the earth thrown over them. The other condemned Indians were kept close in their quarters, where they were chained and not permitted to witness the execution."

It will be remembered that after the defeat of Little Crow at Wood Lake, he fled northward with a number of his band. He made his way to Devil's Lake, in Dakota. Encamping on the shores of that body of water

he was joined by the other Minnesota Sioux who had not surrendered or been captured, numbering about four thousand, and by the Yanktonais. He spent the winter in trying to induce the surrounding tribes to join him in a war, but with little success. In early summer he went to St. Joseph and Fort Garry, in British territory, to obtain ammunition, but it was refused him.

With the coming of spring, Little Crow and his men renewed their depredations. They repeated the outrages of the year before, killing some thirty during the course of the summer and losing about half that number themselves.

In June General Sibley started for Devil's Lake with two thousand men, his route being by way of the Minnesota River and Fort Abercrombie. General Sully, with a strong force of cavalry, moved up the Missouri to co-operate with Sibley in the effort to cut off the retreat of the Indians, who became so bold that they kindled their camp fires within a dozen miles of St. Paul. The failure of the regular forces to run down the savages, and their repeated atrocities, led Adjutant General Malmros to offer a reward for every Indian killed, and he organized a band of State scouts for service on the frontier. Little Crow was defiant, and sent word to General Sibley that he would soon find him at Yellow Medicine.

Late on the afternoon of July 3, 1863, Mr. Lampson and his son Chauncey were passing along the road, six miles north of Hutchinson, when they saw two Indians picking berries in a clump of bushes and vines. The savages did not see them, and they immediately hid themselves and consulted what was best to be done. It did not take them long to decide.

The father crept through the undergrowth to a poplar surrounded with dense bushes, took deliberate aim at one of the Indians, and let fly. The savage threw up his hands with a yell and fell to the ground, not killed but badly wounded. Fearing that others were near, Mr. Lampson retreated toward some bushes. On his way he had to pass over a little knoll. The wounded Indian saw him, and in turn aimed his gun.

The son, who was on the watch, leveled his weapon at the same moment, and the two Indians and Chauncey discharged their pieces simultaneously. The bullet of one Indian grazed the boy's cheek without hurting him, while a buckshot from the wounded savage struck the father in the shoulder, making a wound which bled a good deal but was not dangerous. The bullet of the boy, however, instantly killed the wounded savage.

Believing that a large band was near, the youth made all haste to Hutchinson with the news. Meanwhile the father, favored by the darkness, withdrew from his dangerous position, and following a circuitous route, reached home at two o'clock the next morning.

A detachment of cavalry hurried to the spot and brought in the body

of the dead Indian, who was recognized as Little Crow. The one who escaped was his son, captured nearly a month later in a half-starved condition by a party of soldiers on the shore of Devil's Lake. The skull of the famous Little Crow, we believe, is now among the treasures of the Minnesota Historical Society.

In July General Sibley fought battles with the Indians at Big Mound, at Dead Buffalo Lake, at Stony Lake, and on the banks of the Missouri. In all of these he inflicted severe loss and broke the power of the Indians.

The Sioux, like all of their race, yield sullenly to conquest, and while the Seminole War was perhaps the most notable illustration of this fact, it characterized, in a greater or less degree, most of our conflicts with the red men. They are fond of desultory fighting, and often seem to continue their depredations through an innate perversity of nature.

The Sioux hostiles were steadily pressed to the wall, until, in a few months, all armed resistance ceased. Outrages occurred at intervals, and more than one individual encounter of a desperate nature took place. These caused dread and consternation in many sections of Minnesota, but the Civil War was raging at that time on so gigantic a scale that the outbreak attracted less national attention than it would have done at any other period in our history. With winter, peace was restored along the harassed frontier.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FURTHER TREATIES BY THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS—CONTINUANCE OF OUTRAGES—DEPREDATIONS IN KANSAS AND COLORADO—GENERAL SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—DESPERATE FIGHT OF MAJOR FORSYTH—SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF TWO SCOUTS—DESTRUCTION OF BLACK KETTLE'S BAND BY GENERAL CUSTER—THE INDIANS SUE FOR PEACE.

In chapter xxxiii, we referred to the efforts of the Peace Commissioners, in 1867, to conclude treaties with the Indian tribes of the western plains. These were resumed and continued through the spring and summer of 1868. The three treaties made the previous year with the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches, at Medicine Lodge, were formally ratified and proclaimed on the part of our government, but those with the Pottawatomies, Sacs, Foxes, and other tribes in Kansas, were not finally acted on by the Senate, the object being to secure their removal to the reservations south of that State. A treaty was concluded in Washington, March 2, with the several bands of Utes, by which they agreed to remove from the settled portions of New Mexico and Colorado to a large reservation in the latter territory. It was arranged also that two agencies should be established among them on that reservation.

In May the Peace Commissioners concluded treaties with the Brûlés, Sioux, Crows, northern Arapahoes and Cheyennes, and the Ogalalla Sioux. Similar treaties followed in June with the Osages, Chippewas, and Navajoes. Thus, before midsummer, most of the tribes had signed treaties binding them to keep peace with the subjects and authorities of the United States.

The ultimate object of these treaties was to secure the removal of the various tribes to reservations of lands which were to be exclusively theirs for use and occupation. The government agreed to pay all the expenses of such removal and to make the most liberal provisions for their comfort, education, and civilization. The Osages sold eight million acres of land in Kansas for one million six hundred thousand dollars to the Leavenworth, Lawrence, and Galveston Railway Company, and promised to remove to the Indian country south of Kansas.

The northern Indians had just cause for complaint in 1867, because of the establishment of the river route to Montana through the choicest

hunting grounds of the Sioux. This was a violation of an old treaty; and now that the building of the Union Pacific Railway to the west of the Black Hills opened a better way to Montana on that side of the mountains, General Grant gave orders for breaking up the military posts of Fort Reno, Phil Kearny, and C. F. Smith. To General Sherman and his subordinates was assigned the duty of removing the numerous tribes to their reservations.

In spite of the nominally friendly relations with the tribes, many outrages were committed through the spring and summer. The Indians had been deceived so many times by the government that they were suspicious and sullen, and were exasperated by the delays in receiving their promised supplies and the greedy intrusion of settlers upon their lands.

In August and September the outrages in Kansas and Colorado became like those in Minnesota in 1862. Acting Governor Hall of Colorado telegraphed, on the 27th of August, to the military headquarters: "The Arapahoes are killing settlers and destroying ranches in every direction. For God's sake, give me authority to take soldiers from Fort Reynolds! The people are arming and will not be restrained." A few days later, Hon. Schuyler Colfax sent a dispatch from Denver: "Hostile Indians have been striking simultaneously at isolated settlements of Colorado for a circuit of over two hundred miles. Men, women, and children have been killed and scalped daily, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property stolen. These atrocities have been mainly near the three great lines of travel from this focal point."

General Sheridan had a force of one thousand two hundred cavalry, and one thousand four hundred infantry at the various posts, after distributing which, leaving only those that were absolutely necessary, he had eight hundred men available for active operations against the Indians, who could place six thousand well armed and mounted warriors in the field. Nevertheless, he determined upon a vigorous campaign to chastise the tribes that had committed the crimes of the summer.

Troops were kept on watch along the line of travel across the State of Kansas into Colorado, and a company of scouts under Major G. A. Forsyth was sent out to guard in the direction of the trails.

Major Forsyth left Fort Hayes, Kansas, with fifty picked men. The second in command was Lieutenant F. H. Beecher, a nephew of the late Henry Ward Beecher, while Dr. John S. Movers of New York acted as surgeon, and W. H. H. McCall was first sergeant.

This party scouted for more than a week, during which they noted many signs of Indians, though they did not see any red men themselves. Reaching Fort Wallace, Forsyth proceeded to refit his command; this was hardly done when news reached the post that the Indians had attacked

a train near Sheridan, a small railway town eighty miles distant. Forsyth's party was sent to punish the marauders.

Forsyth and his frontiersmen performed their task with their usual energy. They were soon on the heels of the dusky miscreants, who, finding themselves hard pressed, resorted to the trick so common among the Apaches and other tribes. They "dissolved into their original elements"; that is to say, they broke up into small parties, which divided still further, until the whole band was scattered and each warrior pursuing an independent line of flight.

Thus it came about that the trail vanished. Forsyth pressed on to the Republican River, where he struck another Indian trail, which showed a peculiarity directly the reverse of the one he had lost. It grew steadily broader and more distinct, until it was evident that a large number of cattle and horses had been recently driven over it.

The afternoon was well advanced on the eighth day out, when the command went into camp on the Arickaree Fork of the Republican. At the point selected the river divides so as to inclose an island, which is a strip of sand and gravel about a hundred yards long.

At this time the command had but one day's provisions, but confident that he was within striking distance of the hostiles, Forsyth decided to push on. The major was one of those officers who "meant business" from the first.

Just as it was growing light the guard called out that Indians were approaching. The men sprang to their feet, each grasping his rifle with one hand and his horse's lariat with the other, to prevent the hostiles stampeding their animals. Six warriors dashed up, rattling bells, flourishing buffalo robes, firing their guns, and emitting loud whoops and yells. Their purpose was to create a stampede, but they failed, and a few shots dispersed them. Four of the pack mules, however, broke loose and galloped off with their loads, three hobbled horses keeping them company.

A number of the men dashed in pursuit of the Indians, but Forsyth, aware that a general attack impended, recalled them and ordered all to saddle up. They were busily employed in tightening their saddle-girths when Grover, the guide, touching the shoulder of Forsyth, exclaimed:

"O Major, look at the Indians!"

The sight was enough to startle anyone. From over the hills to the west and north, on the other side of the river, and indeed from every point of the compass, swarmed the hostiles. They came by the hundred, were finely mounted and in their war paint. Their long scalp-locks were braided with eagles' feathers, and they shouted and brandished their weapons as if they would strike terror to the hearts of the little band that coolly awaited their charge.

Major Forsyth instantly ordered his men to lead their ponies across the shallow division of the river to the island of which mention has been made, there to tie them in a circle to the bushes, and lying on their faces behind them, fight to the last.

Surrender was not to be thought of, for, since mutilation, torture, and death would inevitably follow, every man preferred to die fighting. The Indians also dismounted, and crawling forward on the sand, close to the island, opened a sharp fire at point-blank range with their Spencer and Henry rifles. The savages were almost if not quite a thousand in number, and included Brûlés, Sioux, Cheyennes, and "Dog Soldiers."

Fully realizing their desperate situation, the first step of the besieged was to make their position as strong as possible. With the help of their knives they threw up little mounds of sand in the form of a circle. At such times the smallest irregularity in the surface of the ground is often worth a life. While the defenders were hurriedly fortifying as best they could, two of them were shot dead and several wounded; among the latter was Major Forsyth. A minie-ball entered his thigh, and, ranging upward, inflicted a bad wound.

It was only a short time after this, and while he was cautioning his men against firing too rapidly, that he was struck again by another bullet between the left knee and ankle, and his leg shattered. Within twenty seconds Dr. Movers, who, amid such hot firing, was unable to look after the wounded, and who had a gun in hand, fell dead from a ball that passed through his head.

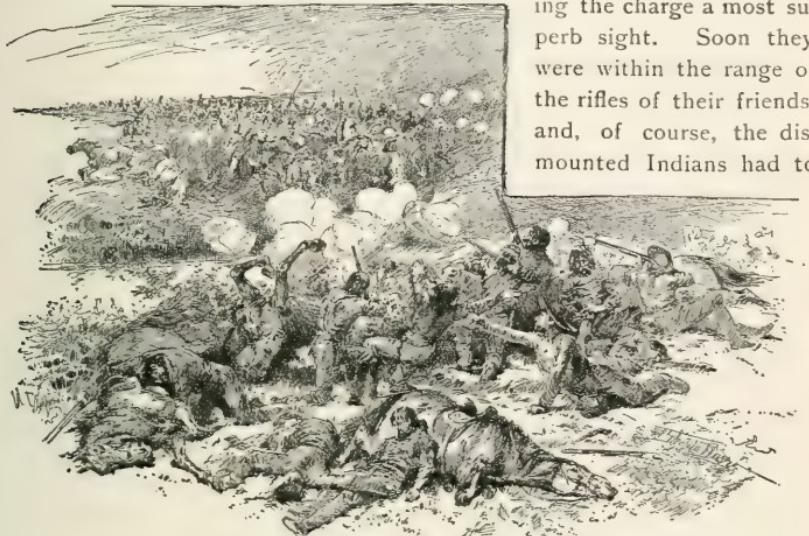
A striking feature of this fierce attack was that the surrounding hills were thronged with squaws and children who had gathered to torture the prisoners, who they were sure would soon fall into their hands. It may well be believed that the sight of these did not incline the defenders to abate the energy of their defense. The women and their offspring chanted war songs and yelled and shouted, while the medicine men and chiefs hurried hither and thither among the warriors, encouraging them to press the attack with all possible vigor.

Meanwhile, the defenders kept up a steady fire upon their assailants, and numbers continually dropped to the ground. But the savages were equally active with their guns, and in the course of a few hours every horse belonging to the defenders was shot down. When the last steed was killed, one of the Indians was heard to declare the fact in good English and with a triumphant oath.

It was still early in the day when the famous chief, Roman Nose, mustered over a hundred "Dog Soldiers," and supported by fully three hundred mounted men, just beyond rifle range, made ready to charge the little band that were fighting for their lives. The dismounted Indians first

poured in a hot fire, as artillery do when seeking to silence the guns of the enemy under similar circumstances. General Custer, who met his death under almost similar circumstances nearly eight years afterward, thus describes what followed :

" Seeing that the little garrison was stunned by the heavy fire of the dismounted Indians, and rightly judging that now, if ever, was the proper time to charge, Roman Nose and his band of mounted warriors, with a wild, ringing war-whoop, echoed by the women and children on the hills, started forward. On they came, presenting even to the brave men awaiting the charge a most superb sight. Soon they were within the range of the rifles of their friends, and, of course, the dismounted Indians had to



"I NEVER SAW SUCH A CHARGE BEFORE."

slacken their fire for fear of hitting their own warriors. This was the opportunity for the scouts. 'Now,' shouted Forsyth, and the scouts, springing to their knees and casting their eyes coolly along the barrels of their rifles, opened on the advancing savages a deadly fire. Unchecked, undaunted, on dashed the warriors ; steadily rang the clear, sharp reports of the rifles of the frontiersmen. Roman Nose falls dead from his horse. Medicine Man is killed, and for an instant the column, now within ten feet of the scouts, hesitates—falters. A cheer from the scouts, who perceive the effect of their well-directed fire, and the Indians begin to break and scatter in every direction, unwilling to rush to a hand-to-hand struggle. A few more shots and the Indians are forced back beyond range. Forsyth inquires anxiously, 'Can they do better than that, Grover?' 'I have been on the plains, Major, since a boy, and never saw such a charge as that before.' 'All right ; then we are good for them.' "

The annals of Indian and border warfare record no more gallant defense than that of the wounded Forsyth and his band of Spartans. They had lost heavily, among the killed being Lieutenant Beecher.

Having fallen back, the assailants kept up their fire until near the middle of the afternoon, but by that time the defenders had so strengthened their defenses that they afforded good shelter. Twice more—the last time at sunset—was the charge renewed; but the Indians had lost their best leaders, and they were repelled with more ease than in the first instance. They were furious to overwhelm the scouts that had inflicted such frightful loss upon them, and one must shudder to think of the fate of the white men had they fallen into the power of the treacherous redskins.

With the coming of night the firing of the savages ceased, and Major Forsyth for the first time gained an opportunity to learn how much his command had suffered. Four were dead, four mortally and four badly wounded. Ten others were slightly hurt, so that very nearly one-half of his force had been struck.

The situation at the close of the first day's fighting may thus be summed up. All of the scouts' horses were killed, their provisions gone, their surgeon dead; there were no medical stores; the Indians had completely invested them, and the nearest post was one hundred and ten miles distant. But the savages had been decisively repulsed; the soldiers had an abundance of ammunition; water was easily obtained by digging in the sand, and the bodies of mules and horses were a safeguard against starvation.

The wounded were made as comfortable as possible, the works strengthened by means of the saddles and dead animals, and a large quantity of the meat was buried in the sand against emergency.

But if any company of men were ever in need of help, it was the little party on the small sandy island. Two of the scouts, Trudeau and the famous Jack Stillwell, set out to run the gauntlet in the hope of reaching Fort Wallace, more than a hundred miles off, with Major Forsyth's appeal for help.

As soon as it was dark they stealthily left the island. The defenders waited long and listened, but heard nothing that could make known the failure or success of their brave men. It seemed impossible that they should succeed, and the general belief was that they had been captured and put to death.

The Indians kept up a continuous fire all the next day, but did not attempt any charge. The scouts were so well protected that they suffered no harm, and they returned the shots when they saw a chance to make them effective. At dusk two more scouts were sent out, but they were detected and barely succeeded in getting back to the island. Their failure convinced the rest that Trudeau and Stillwell had not been successful.

The firing continued the next day, but about noon the women and children withdrew from the hills. This was accepted as a sign of their discouragement. Some hours later the hostiles sent forward a flag of truce asking for a parley, but the frontiersmen would not accept it, knowing too well that its purpose was to entrap them.

That night the two scouts who were sent out succeeded in making their way through the lines, and pushed on with all haste to Fort Wallace. On the fourth day most of the Indians departed, but a small investing force was left. On the sixth day the stench of the dead horses almost overpowered the defenders. There was no longer any food fit to be eaten. Major Forsyth called his men around him and told them that those who chose to go and leave the wounded were at liberty to do so, or they could stay in camp and take their chances of being rescued by friends from the fort. All agreed to stay together to the end.

During the following two days they lived on putrid horse flesh rubbed with gunpowder. Finally, Colonel Carpenter and his cavalry arrived from Fort Wallace. Trudeau and Stillwell, the first two scouts sent out, had succeeded in passing through the Indian lines and in reaching the post, from which help did not arrive a moment too soon. Of the fifty-one brave defenders, eight were slain, eight disabled for life, and twelve wounded. It was afterward admitted by the Indians that seventy-five of their number were killed.

Mention is made in the preceding sketch of the two scouts sent to Fort Wallace for help to the sorely beleaguered force under Major Forsyth.

The singular experience of the two successful ones is thus told by Lieutenant W. E. Ellis of the Fifth United States Artillery, and is true in every particular :

Stillwell and Trudeau, after taking to the water, started down stream, keeping as near as practicable in the middle. The water was hardly more than knee deep, so that swimming was out of the question. Consequently the scouts advanced with the utmost caution, crawling on their hands and knees.

Nature aided the men, for the night was cloudy, and but few stars were visible. The moon had set before the scouts left the island. Stillwell and Trudeau had proceeded perhaps a mile from the island before there were any suspicious sounds to break the almost unnatural stillness of the night. Suddenly several rifle-shots followed by shouts were heard in the distance. This disturbance indicated to the scouts that either one or both of the other parties had been discovered, but it served as a diversion, for they now moved more rapidly forward.

Some three miles from the island the scouts waded ashore, and concealing their trail as only the experienced plainsmen can, directed their steps toward the nearest timber.

The break of day found them about ten miles from the locality at which they left the water. While it may be truly said that they had passed the enemy's lines in safety, the most difficult as well as the most dangerous part of the journey was still before them. The prairie grass was so short that it was no easy task to conceal themselves from the keen eyes of the Indians patrolling the Fork. Moreover, there was great danger from roving bands of hostiles.

It was clearly out of the question for the scouts to continue their journey any farther until nightfall. Their success depended upon finding some kind of cover.

The two carefully studied their surroundings, but not a sign of a hiding-place was visible. After advancing some distance further, Stillwell suddenly whispered :

"Look yonder! there is just the place."

About a hundred yards further on was a small patch probably a foot higher than the surrounding grass. Upon reaching the spot it proved to be one of those miniature oases of healthy green grass that grow up around the body of a dead animal, the carcass and bones serving as a fertilizer. In the present case, the remains were evidently those of a buffalo. The bones and small pieces of hide were all that was left, the flesh long since having disappeared.

As soon as the scouts reached the spot, they hastily hid themselves, for it was now so light that objects were plainly visible at a considerable distance.

The concealment had not been effected any too soon, for they had hardly finished their frugal morning meal, when it was broad daylight. From their hiding-place they saw figures moving along the banks of the Fork, and the occasional puffs of smoke told that the besieged and besiegers were wide awake.

The scouts now agreed upon a system of reliefs. One was to sleep three hours while the other acted as a sentry. Trudeau had the first watch, and Stillwell, making himself as comfortable as possible among the buffalo bones, settled down for a nap.

His companion, after taking a liberal chew of his army plug of tobacco, proceeded to make himself comfortable also. He lay upon his side, gazing in a contemplative manner at the island which they had left some hours before.

It was a long time since he had taken a survey of the entire horizon, and he now proceeded to repeat it. The sight caused him to utter an involuntary exclamation and poke his companion in the ribs.

"Wake up, Jack, but don't rise."

"What is it, old man?" was the instant question.

"There's a party of about twenty Indians comin' this way, and as I calculate it, they'll pass pretty close, even if they don't stumble on to us."

"You're right, Trudeau. We've got to hug the ground and make ourselves as scarce as possible. Remember, if—well, we come high."

"You bet," was the only response. Gradually the Indians approached, until it became apparent that they would pass within a hundred yards of the prostrate men.

The scouts were lying at full length, in breathless suspense, almost afraid the throbbing of their own hearts would betray them. The slightest motion was sure to attract the attention of the keen-eyed savages. Five minutes more and their fate would be decided!

When unseen danger threatens us there seems to be an instinct in our nature, or a sort of "sixth sense," that warns us of the evil which is beyond the power of the five senses to detect.

It was this vague feeling of impending danger that caused Stillwell to turn his head, even at this most critical moment. His eyes met a sight which unnerved him, brave old frontiersman that he was. From out of the grass, on the opposite side of the carcass, and noiselessly moving among the bones, he espied a huge rattlesnake gliding directly toward him.

To the average traveler of the South and Southwest, a "rattler" is no more of an event than the sight of the ordinary garter snake is to a country lad. The old plainsman knew that, although the rattlesnake's bite is deadly poison, "trouble won't trouble him until he troubles trouble." In fact, a "rattler" is hardly worth the expenditure of ammunition to kill him.

But a rattlesnake cornered or molested is quite another creature, and he becomes a most fearful foe.

Whether in the present case the men had unwittingly invaded his snakeship's home, or whether the reptile, passing that way, had, by some serpentine instinct, realized the helplessness of his natural enemies, and had determined to attack them, must remain a matter of conjecture.

At all events, every movement of the hideous folds, as well as the vicious glitter of the beady eyes, left no doubt of the snake's intention to assail them at once.

The first thought that suggested itself to the scouts was to shoot the reptile or to club him to death, but the proximity of the Indians placed this out of the question. The next suggestion was to stare the serpent out of countenance, after the fashion of the East Indian snake charmer. But this particular specimen had no intention of being charmed. On the contrary, he glided to within four feet of Trudeau, and slowly coiled himself to strike.

There was hardly a moment to act, and Stillwell had made up his

mind to shoot, preferring death at the hands of the Indians, when Trudeau, who was a trifle in advance, shot a large accumulation of tobacco spittle straight from his lips at the rattlesnake's head.

Lucky shot! The nicotine solution struck the reptile squarely in the mouth, and played the mischief with him. He hurriedly unwound his coils, and, turning tail, slunk away into the grass as noiselessly as he had come.

Meanwhile the party of Indians had passed by, little dreaming of the presence of the two scouts. No other incident occurred during the day to



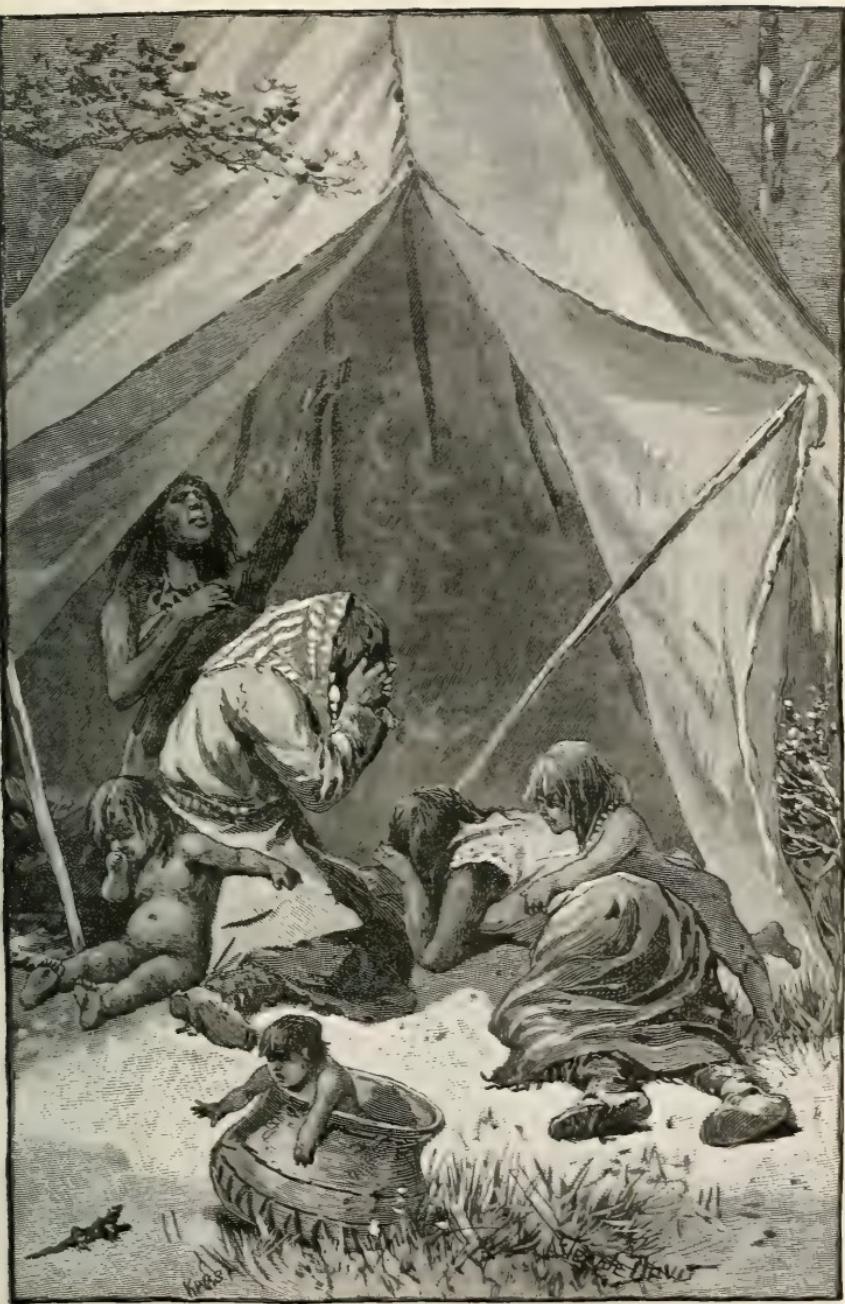
AN HYDRAULIC EXPLOIT.

disturb them in their hiding-place. At midnight they again made a forced march, and in due time arrived at Fort Wallace.

Major Bankhead, with four troops of cavalry, immediately started to the relief of Forsyth's command. The Indians, after making an unsuccessful attempt to jump Bankhead's camp some twenty miles from the Arickaree, gave up the siege on the approach of the relieving troops without giving them battle.

Of course, the scouts wasted none of their valuable time in exploring the scene of their encounter with the snake to determine whether or not he died, so that point cannot be decided.

There is a superstition on the plains to this day that tobacco is a deadly poison, and if you ask any old frontiersman about the matter, he will probably tell you the above incident, adding (if you are a "tenderfoot"); "Yes, sir, it killed that rattler deader'n a door nail."



MOURNING FOR THE FALLEN.

After this affair, troops were sent to the field of action from other departments, the services of volunteers from Kansas were accepted, and operations were pressed. Skirmishing and indecisive fighting followed until the 27th of November, when something approaching a battle took place in Washita.

General Custer had gone south, with eleven companies, in search of hostiles, and struck the trail of a band of Cheyennes under Black Kettle. Following this up, they soon came upon the Cheyenne camp, consisting of fifty-one lodges. The weather was cold, and snow lay deep on the ground. With his usual impetuosity, Custer charged upon the village, and a desperate fight took place. Black Kettle and about one hundred and forty of his warriors were killed, all the arms, ammunition, and rifles captured, fifty-three women and children taken prisoners, and the village destroyed.

On Christmas Day Colonel Evans burned a Comanche village. "This," said General Sheridan, "gives the final blow to the backbone of the Indian rebellion."

General Sheridan's stern course toward the Indians had the effect of forcing them to sue for peace. At midnight on the last day of the year, to quote Sheridan's words, a "delegation of the chief fighting men of the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, twenty-one in all, arrived at this place on foot, their animals not being able to carry them. They had ruled the village. They begged for peace, and permission for their people to come in, asking no terms, but for a paper to protect them from the operations of our troops while *en route*. They report the tribes in mourning for their losses, their people starving, their dogs all eaten up, and no buffalo."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

. INDIAN TROUBLES IN THE NORTHWEST—GENERAL CROOK'S CAMPAIGN— THE MODOC WAR—ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL CANBY AND DR. THOMAS—THE EXPERIENCE OF TWO YOUNG RANCHMEN IN THE BAD LANDS.

SOMETIMES previous to the incidents related, the Shoshone and Piutes played havoc in northern Nevada, northeast California, northeast Oregon, and western Idaho. The culmination of their daring may be said to have been reached in 1866, when they massacred eighty-six Chinamen on their way to the mines near Boisé. This roused the authorities. The best selection possible was made in the person of General George Crook, who had well won his spurs in the campaigns of Virginia and Tennessee, and who had proven himself a skilled soldier, an excellent general, and a devoted patriot.

General Crook left the Dalles, in Oregon, with his troops in the winter of 1866, and advanced with several converging columns upon the center of operations, old Camp Warner, in southeastern Oregon. His plan was to move out from the center, and deliver his blows as necessity might demand. Each column had a train of pack mules, and a corps of Indian guides.

General Crook was hardly at work when his wily enemies one dark, stormy night succeeded in stampeding his horses and mules, and placing nearly all his command on foot. This discouraging misfortune was accepted as one of the incidents of war, and the general quickly began his work over again. A remount was procured from the Dalles, and by the middle of summer all were in the saddle once more.

The troops were encamped on the eastern side of Warner Lake, a long, narrow sheet of water, extending north and south. The Indians were on the watch for military expeditions around either end, but General Crook built a causeway of rock across a very strait portion, hurried his troops over, and, by a number of stealthy marches, descended upon the enemy before his presence was suspected.

The general direction was toward the lava beds of California. The Indian scouts were kept a day or more in advance and covered a large extent of country on the right and left. The marching was done at night. The advance scouts were continually involved in skirmishes with the hostiles. General Crook followed the shrewd plan of making his daily marches uneven

in extent. Sometimes he would travel twice as far one day as on the preceding. The enemy were thus prevented from knowing where to attempt an ambuscade. The march was exhausting. The men and horses were worn out; the former were in rags, and skirmishing was continuous, the strength of the command being frittered away without reaching any substantial result.

Nearly four hundred miles were passed, mostly at night, and the Indians had successfully eluded a general engagement. The soldiers had lost a couple of men, and not more than a dozen warriors had been killed. Winter was approaching, and the troops were ill prepared for it. General Crook, however, concluded that it was as safe and easy to go forward as to retreat. Accordingly, he made his way to Lost River, where he encamped his command for three days. While there he was visited by Captain Jack and several Modocs, who told him that the hostiles had scattered, turned to the southeast, and would reunite further down the country.

General Crook took the direction named, and the next day struck the Piute trail. He followed it for four days, and, upon reaching a point on one of the forks of Pitt River, discovered the hostiles. A large and impassable swamp was near, and to prevent the Indians taking refuge in it, an immediate charge was made. The object was attained, the savages scampering up the slope of a hill which began a couple of hundred yards from the swamp. It was quite steep for a short way, and covered with chaparral and bowlders. Beyond was a grassy slope, extending a half mile, when it became rocky until lost in a belt of scrubby timber. The scouts seized this, under orders not to attack until the troops were in position.

The hostiles were seen hurrying from all directions and hiding themselves in a rim of basalt between the belt of timber held by the scouts and the swamps below. The ledge was so small that Crook was puzzled to know what had become of all the Indians after reaching it, for not one of them could be seen. The curving ridge, however, proved to be the rim of an extinct crater, broken off on one side, and impregnable except in the direction occupied by Crook. It was about two hundred yards from north to south, and somewhat less from east to west. It was appropriately named the Hell Caves, and was a wild, rugged region, where it would seem that a small force might defy an army.

The east and west sides of the crater were charged, and the hostiles, thinking that Crook's whole command were thus engaged, exposed themselves to the fire of the scouts, who had crept down from their first position to within a few rods. Lieutenant Madigan, of the Twenty-third Infantry, and seven men were killed, and nine wounded, in the charge to secure possession of the rim of the crater.

The besieged Piutes crawled out during the darkness and scattered. Their loss could not be ascertained, but it was considerable. Crook returned to Camp Warner, looked after his sick and wounded, and again took the field. The winter set in early and was unusually severe. Snow fell almost continuously, and became so heavy early in November that all the roads and trails were blockaded. The snow forced the Indians to come down from the mountains into the valleys, where the soldiers gave them no rest. Numerous engagements took place, and the hostiles suffered severely.

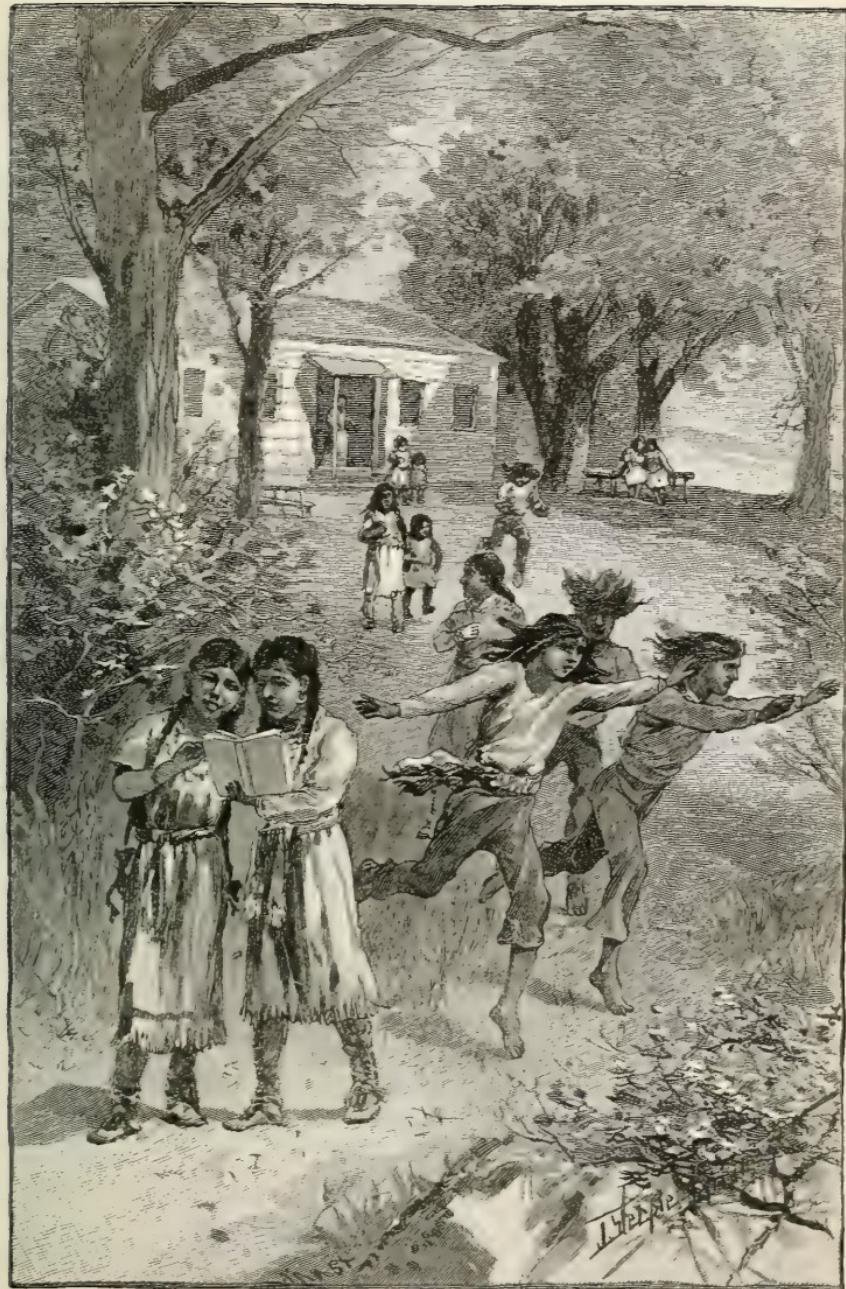
The supply train was delayed a long time by the great fall of snow, and did not arrive at Camp Warner until March, 1868. A "chinook," or warm wind, turned the snow into slush, and only after the greatest labor was the command able to reach Camp Warner. But Crook resumed his work without delay, and on the 17th of March, in a blinding snow storm, defeated the Piutes so disastrously that they begged for peace. They were granted the terms of unconditional surrender and work. The district thus released from peril and devastation is six hundred miles long by three hundred in breadth. General Crook's campaign was brilliant, and stamped him as one of the most successful Indian fighters in the army.

No one appreciated his abilities more than General Grant, who soon afterward became President. There was sharp and decisive work to do in Arizona, and General Crook was the man to do it.

In the month of December, 1870, a council of delegates from a large number of Indian tribes met at Ocmulgee in the Choctaw division of the Indian Territory. This meeting was in accordance with the suggestion of President Grant to consider the project of an Indian republican government, under the general rule of the United States. A second council met in July, 1871, and a provisional government was organized.

The result has been most beneficent. Anyone who visits the Indian Territory is astonished and gratified at the wonderful progress made by the various tribes in education and all the attributes of civilization. They have excellent schools, academies, and colleges, publish bright and well-edited newspapers, excel in various trades and professions, show good taste in their dwellings, and in short are civilized in every respect. Their government is patterned after our own, and the laws are executed with a faithful conscientiousness which might serve as a model for many of our own States.

The proposition was made that our government should set aside certain tracts to be known as "reservations," which were to belong exclusively to the Indians. So long as they remained on the reservations, they were to be guarded against all molestation, and, that there might be no excuse for straying off, nearly six hundred acres apiece were given to them.



INDIAN CIVILIZATION.

It was not to be expected that all the tribes would look favorably upon this proposition. Many had dwelt from time immemorial in remote parts of the country, where the soil, climate, and general characteristics pleased them. They regarded these hunting grounds and homes as immeasurably superior to those in the Indian Territory, which, despite its mineral wealth and fertility, contains many tracts that are comparatively worthless. It was the opposition to such removal that brought about many late difficulties with the red men.

The Modoc tribe numbered only a few hundred, and were removed by the government from their fine lands, south of Oregon, to other territories, where the soil was so poor that they were filled with wrathful disgust. They went back to their old homes and defied the United States.

Finding that the attempt would be made to bring them into subjection, the Modocs, under the leadership of Captain Jack and Scarfaced Charley, withdrew to some lava beds, just over the frontier, in northern California. With the exception of this small band, the other Modocs and the numerous Klamath Indians were removed to their reservation without trouble.

The Modocs were surrounded in the lava beds, but the region was almost inaccessible, and it seemed impossible to conquer them. A dozen men could defy a hundred times their number, and it was certain that many valuable lives would have to be sacrificed before they were whipped into submission.

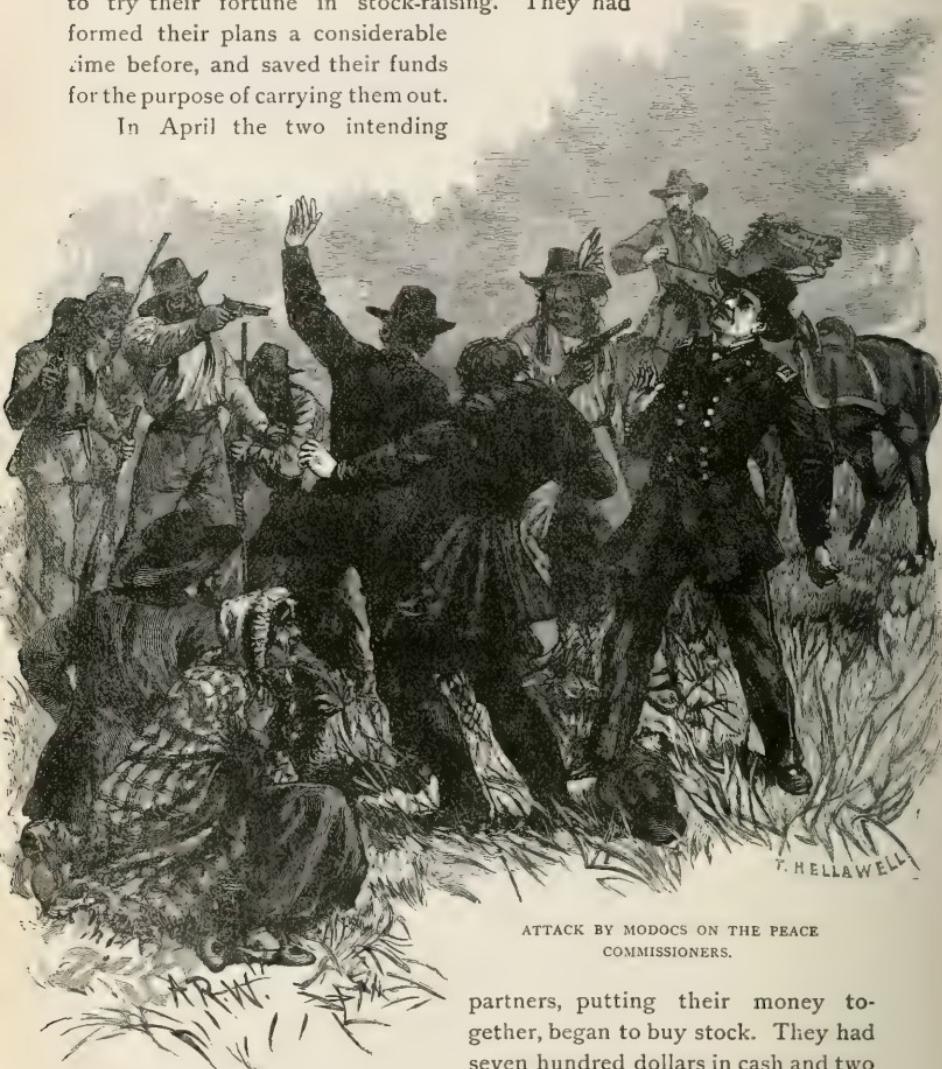
April 11, 1873, a conference was held with the disaffected Modocs under a flag of truce, by six members of the Peace Commission, at the head of which was General Edward S. Canby. While the interview was under way, the Indians suddenly assailed the white men with great ferocity. General Canby and Dr. Thomas were killed on the spot, and General Meachem, another commissioner, was shot and stabbed, but escaped with his life.

This act of treachery shocked the whole country, and the war against the Modocs was pushed with sleepless energy. But the Indians were so hard to reach that it was not until July that General Davis and a force of regulars succeeded in bringing Captain Jack and his handful of warriors to terms. Having surrendered, the members of the conference concerned in the assassination of the Peace Commissioners were put on trial, and seven of them were sentenced to be hanged. The sentence of four was commuted, but Captain Jack and two brother chiefs were executed on the 3d of the following October. The remaining Indians were removed to a reservation in Dakota, where they adopted peaceful and industrious ways, and gave no further trouble.

It may be well in this place to insert, as illustrative of life in a region of the West made famous by Indian troubles, the experience of two young

men in the "Bad Lands." Harland Davis and Curtis Stone were cousins. The home of the latter was in Minnesota, from which point the two made a tour westward on horseback in quest of a suitable place for locating a ranch, for they, like many of their age, were eager to try their fortune in stock-raising. They had formed their plans a considerable time before, and saved their funds for the purpose of carrying them out.

In April the two intending



ATTACK BY MODOCES ON THE PEACE
COMMISSIONERS.

partners, putting their money together, began to buy stock. They had seven hundred dollars in cash and two riding ponies. During the month they bought thirty yearling heifers and ten fine new-milch cows, with their calves by them; also a blooded animal for breeding purposes, which they named Duke.

On the 24th day of May they set off to drive their herd by easy stages across the country from Minnesota to their new ranch in the "Bad Lands" of the Little Missouri. The distance—as I should estimate it—was at least four hundred miles. Stockmen in the western territories not



THE BAD LANDS.

unfrequently drive their herds six or even eight hundred miles, letting them graze as they move on, making not more than from six to ten miles per day. Stock thus carefully driven will commonly arrive at its destination in good condition, often fat.

Some stockmen hold that the exercise of such daily driving is better for a herd than the inaction of a fixed range. The Tartar herdsmen of the Asiatic steppes have from time immemorial pursued this course with their herds and flocks, migrating with the season along extended routes, pasturing as they go.

Our two adventurers moved on day by day across the rolling prairie lands of Dakota. They commonly made their night camp beside some little lake, or "slew." It was late in June when they reached the Missouri River, which they crossed at Old Fort Yates (I think they said); and here they lost a cow, which fell overboard from out the old barge used as a ferry, and was carried down the strong, muddy current. They were not even able to recover the carcass, which was lost in the quicksands and mud.

The Missouri is a stream which never gives up its prey; once in its clutches, man or beast is as good as drowned and buried too. It may not sound patriotic for an American to say it, but it is, on all accounts, about

the meanest river of its size—and it is plenty large enough—on the whole face of the globe. It runs mud porridge the year round, and it is always either up at flood-height, tearing its banks to pieces and sweeping away everything on the bottoms, or else it is down burrowing half out of sight in the sand. Nature never intended it for a navigable river.

The boys had also lost one calf from wolves, two or three of which came sneaking into their camp one night and throttled it before they had time to beat them off. But they had come upon three stray steers on their route, which fell into their herd. As these animals were not branded, they made no scruple of taking them in as their own, according to common practice in the Far West.

For their own brand they had adopted the initial letters H.C. with a bar over, thus, H.C., branded on the flank.

Everything went on without serious disaster with them until the fifth day out, west of the Missouri. That was a black day, indeed! They were following up the bottoms of the Cannon Ball River, so called, having that small tributary on their north.

About three o'clock that afternoon, as they were resting their cattle, which were lying down chewing their cuds among the willow-clumps along the bank, they heard a singular, low, rumbling noise, which immediately grew louder.

"That can't be thunder, can it, Harl?" said Curtis.

"Sounds too steady for thunder; it sounds like a train of cars," replied Harland.

"But there isn't a railroad within a hundred miles of here," said Curtis.

The rumbling noise grew louder every second. It seemed to come from behind the bluffs to the south of the river.

"It is either a railroad or something heavy, coming directly this way, too!" exclaimed Harland, jumping from the ground.

Just then they heard shots, then shouts and yells, and saw an immense cloud of dust rising over the bluffs. Both boys bounded into their saddles, and started up their cattle. They tried to get them into a run up the river. But the drowsy animals started slowly; and before they had proceeded a hundred yards, there burst over the top of the bluffs above them, and came plunging down upon the bottom, an immense herd of buffaloes—all in mad flight.

A whirlwind of dust, like spray from the foot of Niagara, rolled up from under them; and in the rear of the struggling mass of bodies could be seen a score of tawny horsemen, spurring their ponies into the midst of the bellowing mob, firing rapidly on all sides, and yelling like fiends at every shot.

Both shots and shouts were well nigh drowned by the confused bellowing and roar of the flying herd. The very ground shook beneath their headlong rush. Antelope, several deer, and a big silver-tipped bear headed the



THE DESTRUCTIVE HUNT.

stampede, and all bore directly out across the bottom toward the river, where our two young stockmen were vainly trying to get their animals out of the track of the hunt.

In less time than it takes to write this line they were in the midst of the thundering *mélée*, struggling and spurring for their lives.

Their own hitherto quiet cattle, struck with terror, or else catching the wild spirit of the fleeing buffaloes, sprang away with loud bawlings and tails erect, and in a moment were lost to view amidst the shaggy groups of their wild congeners.

Our two friends could do nothing to keep them under control. Each had all he could do to keep from being overborne and trampled under foot. Luckily, they were mounted on well-trained and sturdy ponies.

Somehow, neither could tell exactly how, they found themselves wallowing in the middle of the river, with the whole gang of hunters—Indians and

half-breeds—shouting and whooping around them, and the stream literally red with blood. Buffaloes were dropping thickly all about. The bank was strewn with bodies of the huge animals, and with desperately wounded bulls which roared horribly in their dying throes; while upon the jammed mass of bodies in the water the infuriated hunters fairly leaped their horses, and drawing their knives, struck right and left.

The slaughter was sickening. To Harland and Curtis's alarmed and astonished eyes the hunters looked to be veritable demons, whose one motto was *Kill—Kill!*

But the hunt swept past as swiftly as it had poured down upon them. In a minute they found themselves in the rear of it—amidst a whole riverful of dead and disabled buffaloes. Among these lay nearly all their own cows and calves and several of the yearlings. The rest had crossed with the buffaloes, pursued still by the wild hunters, who seemed determined to slaughter the entire herd.

The two young men rode out of the water and gazed anxiously and sadly about them. Save their ponies, they had lost, or as good as lost, everything. Their whole herd of cattle had been swept away, and that, too, when after a long journey they had arrived within forty miles of their new ranch.

Accustomed to the quiet prosperity of New England, Harland could scarcely control his emotion.

"We're ruined! We're ruined! Everything has gone!" he cried out bitterly.

"Wal, that's about the size of it," replied Curtis, who possessed perhaps more of the phlegm of a Westerner than his cousin.

Disasters like these are always liable to befall the pioneer in the Far West. And it depends upon whether he has in him the true grit, or "sand," as they say, to rally from such "crushers," that determines the question of his final success. A great many, after such a reverse, go back home wilted, and heaping anathemas on the West.

Harland Davis and Curtis Stone sat on their ponies and looked about them upon the scene of the slaughter in the rear of the hunt. The stream was fairly clogged with the bodies of buffaloes and those of their luckless cattle. The whole bottom, too, and the sides of the bluffs were strewn with dead and disabled animals.

"This is a bad day for us, Harl," said Curtis.

Harland was too much discouraged to even speak.

Ere long the hunters—a party of thirty or forty Sioux and half-breeds, with two or three frontiersmen—came riding back on their reeking ponies, reviewing the spoils of the slaughter.

Presently one of the white hunters rode up to them.

"Sorry for yer," he said. "I see ye've lost yer drove. It's rough on yer, but we couldn't 'a helped it anyhow. We's bound to have them buffels; an' yer might's well try to stop a norther as ter stop a crew of these pesky redskins when they gits arter buffels. But pitch in an' help yersel's to meat. There's enough for all, I reckon, an' hides too."

This was friendly, though rather small consolation. Taking their tents and such of their outfit as had survived the stampede, they went about half a mile back along their morning's trail, and camped for the night.

They stayed there by the Cannon Ball River for four or five days, living on buffalo-meat, a stock of which they hung up to dry in the hot sun. Meantime a whole tribe of Indians, twenty or thirty lodges, had come up and were stripping the slain buffaloes and feasting on the flesh.

The night following, a pack of wolves rushed in and held carnival on the refuse. When our two friends rode over the ground next forenoon, there was nothing left either of the buffaloes or of their own late fair herd save scattered white bones, and three or four hundred black-horned skulls, each guarded by a snarling coyote.

Not much in the way of capital to start again on! And yet the alert eye of Curt Stone saw something in these three or four hundred horned skulls out of which to retrieve their fortunes!

"Truly," I said to myself, when they told me of it, "there is no such thing as beating a young fellow who has true grit in him and a good eye for chances."

The year before, Curtis had been at Fargo, Dakota, and in the hotel there had been several sets of buffalo-horns, each nicely polished to a shining black and bound about at the middle, where the coarse bone connects the two horns, with pink and blue silk. Such sets make very pretty office and dining-room ornaments, and at that time were more rare than now. Curtis had never seen horns thus polished before. He asked the price, and was informed that they brought seven dollars per set. Curtis then asked the young man who had them for sale what he would *give* for such sets, and was offered four dollars for each and every perfect and well-polished set he would bring in.

He was told, too, that the way to prepare the horns was to take them "green," or at least before they became much dried, and after first cleansing them, scrape them with glass and then polish them with sand-paper, till they took on the beautiful ebony-black which makes a set of buffalo-horns so handsome a present to a friend.

Harland was at first astonished to hear Curtis talk of making a thousand dollars out of these old skulls; but he soon caught the spirit of the project, and they both set to work to collect the heads and carry them down to their camp. In two days they gathered up four hundred and

twenty heads, from which they selected three hundred or more which they thought would do to polish.

Going down to Fort Yates, they procured a quantity of glass, a saw, and some old knives for removing the flesh and superfluous bone, and, with no better tools, fell to work to prepare the horns.

They worked at this job through July and the most of August, never once changing their camp there on the Cannon Ball River; and they did not fare very sumptuously, for they had nothing to eat save the dried meat and a very scanty supply of hard-tack from the Fort. They were even reduced to eat prairie dogs during one week; but they stuck to their job, and finished off three hundred and four sets of horns.

It took four days to get this stock down to Fort Yates. Here they sold one of their ponies, and, after letting the other out for his keeping, bought a large bateau, into which they carefully packed their horns, and then set off on a long voyage, for they had nothing less in mind than to peddle out their stock of horns at Omaha, Kansas City, and St. Louis. At the former place they stopped a fortnight; and, before offering any of the horns for sale, they purchased a quantity of red plush and ribbon for binding and ornamentation.

For some of the finest sets they received six and seven dollars, and they sold none for less than three dollars. For their entire stock they received thirteen hundred and eight dollars, and their expenses at the three cities above-named rose to a little over two hundred dollars, so that they had not far from eleven hundred left as the net result of the operation in buffalo horns.

During all this hard struggle to start again, they had not forgotten their prospective ranch in the "bad lands." From Kansas City they wrote letters home, and, getting work in the freight house in this latter place, remained there during the rest of the winter, rather more than paying their expenses.

Among other freight which they saw handled, or shifted, at Kansas City, was a great quantity of old dry bones which, they were told, were gathered up on the great plains to the northwest, where buffalo and elk used to wander in vast herds, and were being shipped East, where they were manufactured into superphosphate of lime, to be used as a fertilizer for worn-out soils. They learned the price paid per ton for old bones at Kansas City, and this bit of information served them in good stead at a subsequent crisis of their fortunes.

As soon as the ice went out of the Missouri in the spring, Harland and Curtis were on the move again. They took passage on the first freight steamer of the season up to Fort Yates, where they found their riding pony, and they were able to buy back the one they had sold the previous season,

Next they took a canter across the country eastward to Curt's home in Minnesota, where they found the family rejoiced to see them after their long absence.

It gave Harland a twinge of home-sickness to see Curtis warmly welcomed home by his parents; his aunt's kindly greeting, however, and several letters from his own home, enabled him to conquer it, and then the two partners set about the real business which had taken them that way. They had hoped to purchase a new herd of cattle, at favorable rates, in that section. But they found stock very high in price and scarce, and, after a few days, they bade farewell to their relatives and friends again (this time for a long absence, as it proved), and set off across the country for the region of the North Platte River, in Western Nebraska, where are located many large cattle farms. Here they hoped, and, as it turned out, were able to purchase more favorably.

It will not be necessary to go into the full particulars of this long trip, or give the details of their new purchase. From various stock-farms they bought sixty head of yearlings and two-year-olds; and during July and August of that season (1876), they drove this herd, along with three pack mules and two milch cows, up from the North Platte, through the western portion of the Black Hills country, to the head waters of the Little Missouri River.

Down this stream they moved, by easy stages, during the first week in September, and, after three or four days of "prospecting," found the plateaux on the buttes which they had discovered and "located" two years before. There were the old stone piles and stakes. Nobody had "jumped" their claim, and there was nothing to hinder their taking possession.

Remote from settlements, and buried in the heart of the "bad lands," they had heard nothing, though so near, of the last and worst war of the Sioux, nor of the massacre of Custer and his entire command, which had occurred but a few weeks before on the Big Horn River, two days' march to the west of their new ranch.

In blissful, yet perilous, ignorance of all this, and of the bloodthirsty war parties that were moving hither and thither on the warpath around them, our two young stockmen set to work to build them a comfortable "shack" on the grass slope, nigh to the little gulch where the spring was, and also to construct yards for their cattle. This done, they connected the two plateaux by a path which they cut down by the sides of the separating gully, as had been previously planned, and shoveled a passage-way down the high bank of the hither plateau to the grassy slope where their shack and yards were.

In November came rough weather; there was snow but once, however, which remained for more than twelve hours, and, until the 20th of Decem-

ber, the cattle got their living on the two plateaux. On that day there came a storm, which lasted a week, and from this time forward they occasionally fed hay to their stock.

From December till late in February, the weather was so uncomfortably cold that our two settlers (as we may now call them) abandoned their shack and constructed for themselves a singular house.

The sides of the buttes are often of a soft, half-formed sandstone; and in this, on the south side of the bank above their shack, they cut a *cave*, with an old ax, having an entrance-way, or mouth, five or six feet in length, opening into a room some ten feet square, back in the bank. Here they had a fireplace, with a flue leading up through the strata of the roof. For fuel they had only to dig out the lignite coal from the side of the butte, sixty or seventy feet below, and bring it up in a basket to their cave-house.

This was as good as having a dry wood-pile close at one's door; so that, on the whole, they managed to live quite comfortably. Game was plentiful, particularly black-tail deer; and they had brought with them an abundant supply of cartridges for their two Winchester rifles. During storms deer frequently joined their cattle. They had, they told me, two young deer as pets, which had been driven into the yard along with a herd of the yearlings; and these became so tame that they would come into the shack of their own accord and eat dainties from the hand.

Their cattle lost flesh somewhat during the winter; only one died outright, however; but the snow and the severity of the season proved to the boys the necessity of cutting a liberal supply of hay, and also of having for their cattle an occasional foddering of green vegetables, either turnips and beets, or else potatoes. They determined to cultivate a few acres in these crops every season, and also a plat of sweet corn, melons, tomatoes, etc., for their own use.

Early in April, therefore, Curtis set off to ride to Deadwood, in the Black Hills country, to purchase a stock of seeds for planting. He took one of the pack-mules along with him, and assured Harland, who remained in charge of the shack, that he should be back in four days, if the weather held bright.

Up to this time they had not seen a single redskin, and had little fear of an attack, believing that there had been no trouble of late by the Sioux.

Curtis had been gone two days, I think they said, when Harland—who had just driven the cattle up from the yards to the plateau, and was distributing to them the last few handfuls of salt which they had in store—was startled by hearing a shout.

It seemed to come from across the cañon, in the direction of the high

butte to the northward. He turned to look and saw a mounted party over there—half a mile away, perhaps—sitting on ponies. That they were Indians he knew by their bright-colored blankets and trappings. They sat looking toward him.

Presently they shouted again, as if hailing him. Harland was alarmed somewhat, yet he did not think they were really hostile, and stood watching them without answering their hail.

Soon the party started forward, and immediately our solitary pioneer saw that they were descending the butte with the evident intention of coming round to the shack. His carbine was at the cabin, and he at once ran down there, loaded it, and put a box of cartridges in his pocket. This done, he stepped outside the door and watched the party—there were eleven or twelve of them—come up the valley. He felt afraid of them. Still he thought they might be friendly, and that his best way was to make no show of alarm. They came up on the farther side of the gulch from where the shack stood, and the nearer they came the less Harland liked the looks of them, for they were all fully armed, feathered, and had on their war-paint.

When they had got within two hundred yards, or thereabout, three of them dismounted and came along the opposite bank of the gulch, on foot, while the rest sat on their ponies.

When these three had come off opposite, being now fifty yards, or less, from where Harland stood, one of them called out, "Hola, broder! hola, broder!"

Harland said, "Hallo, brother! What do you want?"

They laughed. Then one of them said, "Good-day, Good-by! All right, Yank-Doodle," and other English phrases.

Harland could not help laughing to hear them; and since they seemed so merry, he felt less alarmed, and answered, "All right; nice day, Yank-Doodle."

The foremost redskin then made motions for him to come across the gulch where they were—still laughing. Harland shook his head. The savage then pointed up toward the cattle and held up three fingers. In response to this, our friend held up one finger, thinking he would give them one steer to keep on good terms with so formidable a party.

At this they roared with laughter again.

But they were merely fooling with him. For almost at the same moment—finding probably that they could not easily lure him across—the two standing behind the foremost shot at him; so quickly that the first intimation which he had of their treacherous purpose was the crash of the balls through the shack door beside him.

Almost simultaneously with the two shots fired by the treacherous red-

skins there rang in Harland Davis's ears that terrific yell—new to him till that moment—the Sioux war-whoop.

'Twas all so sudden—the shots, the yells—that a cold thrill of horror filled Harland's heart; rather from instinct than design, he raised his carbine, seeing which the three Indians on the opposite side of the gulch jumped down the steep bank into it, among the cedar and thorn bushes. At the same instant a third bullet whizzed past his face, fired from the party on ponies further down the ravine.

Harland did not stop to fight. He ran. Terror, the instinct of self-preservation, and visions of a horrible death awaiting him, overcame all considerations of valor. With that third ball, he cut round the corner of the shack and ran, under cover of it, back up the slope toward the plateau; for he had no other line of retreat. He had not fired once as yet, but hung on to his rifle.

The redskins on the ponies below saw him running. They shouted and fired half a dozen shots, which flew past the young settler's head and struck into the hillside in front of him with a spitefulness not calculated to make him stop.

His first thought was to gain the plateau above, and thence make his escape, if possible, into the ravine on the other side of it; but, even as he ran, he reflected that there were no bushes or cover of any sort over there in which he could hide or steal away through it. Turning for an instant at the foot of the steep path up the bank, he saw that half a dozen of the Indians had put their ponies at a gallop, and were spurring down the hillside, to come round into that very ravine to head him off.

His heart gave a flutter and sank. If only he had the saddle on his own trusty pony, he felt that he would stand some chance against them; but there was no time for this, no time for anything! His eyes fell on the hole in the sandstone bank which had served as an entrance to their cave-house during the winter.

"They couldn't get me out of there," he thought, "unless they smoked me out." Meantime the three redskins, who had jumped into the gulch, had climbed up the bank to the shack, fifty or sixty rods below. Catching sight of him, they fired once, and then started after him, up the slope.

Seeing that he must be surrounded, Harland hesitated no longer but crawled into the cave-house, thinking that he might as well fight for his life there as be winged on the run. This "dig-out," as described before, had been cut with an ax in the steep, soft sandstone side of the butte, and consisted of a cave-room some ten feet square, into which an empty hole, about five feet in length, led from the outside.

Besides this entrance-hole, they had cut a little window-hole about a foot



"TURNING FOR AN INSTANT AT THE FOOT OF THE BANK."

square. Above these holes the bank rose almost perpendicularly twelve or fifteen feet, and thence sloped up to the level of the plateau overhead.

Poking the barrel of his rifle out at the window-hole, our young pioneer, like a badger in his burrow, waited for his foes, determined, since they would have it so, to make as good a fight as he could. He had a good weapon, with seven shots at command for instant use without reloading.

But the savages, who had now got up within fifteen or twenty rods, no sooner saw the muzzle of the carbine in the hole, than they ran sidewise and began dancing about to prevent him from getting aim. Still dancing and dodging, they sheered off to the right, and got out of range immediately.

Our friend did not fire; nor, indeed, did he like to kill any of them unless they came to close quarters, knowing if he took the life of one or more of the party, the others would make the greater efforts to get him for revenge's sake.

This was no doubt the wisest course. As he had not fired at them, the redskins, perhaps, thought it not worth the while to storm him in his retreat—seeing that he had a pretty strong place. He saw three or four of them overhauling the shack and carrying off blankets; and in the course of an hour or two he heard some of them on the top of the bank over the cave-house; none of them came round in sight, however.

After a time he heard them driving and shouting to the cattle. This was the hardest thing of all to bear; and he was at times half-tempted into rushing out and emptying his carbine among them.

By noon the marauding party had probably left the place, but, fearing they might be lying in wait, Harland did not venture out during the entire afternoon, nor, indeed, till as late as nine o'clock in the evening. Very cautiously, then, he poked his head forth from the hole, and, finding that all was quiet, went down to the shack and got something to eat. Not daring to sleep in the cabin, he took a blanket and went back to the cave-house, where he passed the night.

In the morning, seeing no further signs of the redskins, he went up the plateau to look after the stock. Not an animal was in sight! He walked round the edges of the steep banks, and, for a time, concluded that the savages had made a clean sweep of their whole herd.

Presently, however, he came to a place where, by the tracks, he saw that some of their cattle, frightened by the Indians, had leaped down the high clay bank. Letting himself down, he found two of the steers lying with broken legs nearly two hundred feet below. And at a distance down the ravine, at a water-hole, he discovered twenty-three of the yearlings and two-year-olds. Apparently the Indians had not thought it worth the trouble to get them out of the ravine.

Thankful to have recovered even a fraction of their herd, Harland

drove the animals round to the side next the shack. He then made preparations for getting away from the place as soon as possible, fearing every hour that the Sioux would pay him another visit.

His pony and both the pack-mules had been captured along with the cattle. He could take but little of their property at the shack. So he carried some of the most valuable things up to the cave-house, and then blocked up the entrance to it with stones and clay. By noon he was ready for a start off, and, in fact, had started down the ravine, when he was both surprised and gladdened to see Curtis riding back—without the pack-mule.

Each had uncomfortable news for the other.

Curtis had been waylaid and shot at by redskins ten or twelve miles out of Deadwood, and had only escaped by hard riding. Feeling sure there had been a serious Indian outbreak, he made no attempt to reach the town, but came back to their ranch as fast as he could ride. Both felt themselves fortunate to see each other's faces again.

They set off that night and drove the remainder of their herd out toward Fort Yates and the Missouri River, along their old trail into the "bad lands" in 1874. And, from what they learned of Sitting Bull and the state of the country at the Fort, where they arrived five days later, they concluded that they had been lucky to get away as easily as they did.

Our two friends felt rather "blue." Thus far the tide of fortune had been against them. In three years they had made nothing, but rather lost money. Judging that, in the present condition of the the "Indian Question," stock-raising west of the Missouri was risky business, they sold out what cattle they had left to a Dakota stockman east of the river, and then began to cast about for some new enterprise to redeem their steadily wanning fortunes. For after three years of toil, and often peril, they found themselves in possession of less than *three hundred dollars*. They were none the less determined not to go home with that ugly word *failure* written across their faces.

It was then that the item of information about *old dry bones*, picked up in Kansas City almost two years before, rose to the surface of their thoughts. The question was not, "Do we like this business?" but, "Is there any money for us to be got out of it?" In their movements about the country to the west of the Missouri, they had seen and traversed many old buffalo ranges where the turf was fairly paved and packed with bones. In fact, the entire country was once one great buffalo range, as their old "paths" and "wallows," seen everywhere on the Dakota prairies, abundantly testify.

The price paid at Kansas City for these old bones was then, and is

now, fifty cents per hundredweight, or ten dollars per ton, delivered. Thence they are shipped *via* St. Louis to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other points east, to be manufactured into superphosphate of lime, which is extensively sold to farmers as a fertilizer for impoverished soils.

During the month of June that season, our two friends "prospected" for bones at various points up and down the river. They even went as far north as the Knife River. To test the quantity on the ground, they set to work and collected piles of bones in many places, to see how many they could get on a given piece of ground—an acre, for example—and also how long it would take a man to pick up a ton. The result of the month's explorations convinced them that there was very good pay in the business—if they were willing to work hard.

How to transport the bones to market at least cost was the next question; and during July, Curtis made a trip to St. Louis, where he made inquiries, and at length concluded an arrangement for delivering bones on the bank of the Missouri, to be shipped down the river, either on steamboats or in barges or flat-boats, which could be towed up for the purpose. An immense pile of the bones—sixty or seventy tons—could be loaded upon one of these barges. By the arrangement which Curtis concluded, they would receive fifty-eight cents per hundredweight for bones loaded on the barge ready to go down the river.

On his return they invested their three hundred dollars, or the most of it, in a "bone team," and began the business of getting bones to the river-bank from out the back country to the westward, first from a tract to the south of the Morran, or Owl River, and afterwards at many other points. During this first season, they prosecuted the business wholly by



"STILL DANCING AND DODGING THEY SHEERED OFF."

their own hands, having but one team, consisting of a large wagon and four mules. If I remember aright, they said that they drew in and loaded for shipping one hundred and forty (odd) tons that year. It is easy to see that they must have labored patiently and well. Many a New England farmer's crop of corn was the heavier for their hard work on the banks of the Upper Missouri that season.

The following year, they enlarged their business, buying four new teams and hiring five men as drivers. They had five teams now, but worked none the less steadily with their own hands; for they collected and piled the bones in ricks, out in the back country, to keep these five teams steadily employed hauling loads to the river. The writer was not informed how much they cleared for the second year; but I judge that they made a good thing of it, for they had *eleven* teams employed the next year, at various points, both above and below the Grand River Agency.

Not to dwell on this bone business (which, if not the pleasantest vocation in the world, is at least an honest and a useful one), it may be stated that our two young friends continued in it quite extensively till the spring of 1881. By that time they had, as Curtis expressed it, "got the old ranges along the river pretty well cleaned of bones."

This was, as the reader will recollect, the year of the "great flood" on the Missouri. Our friends had two barge-loads of bones frozen in up the river, the fall before. The flood washed them both away along with a vast floe of ice in which they lay imbedded. One capsized, or was crushed and sank. The other one they heard of, in May, at a distance of over a hundred miles below. Afterward they found that it had "sot down on" a settler's log-house upon the bottoms. Apparently it had stranded, at high water, on the top of the house; and as the flood abated, it settled upon the cabin, crushing it to pieces.

Curtis and Harland were both very active in saving property, cattle, and even human lives, during those weeks of the uncivilized Missouri's furious ravages. An account of their adventures at that time would fill an entire chapter, had I the space for it. One had not to look far for a hero on the Upper Missouri that spring. It was a time of common danger and of many wonderfully brave and unselfish deeds, which ought not to be left unrecorded in the history of Dakota and Nebraska.

As to their profits during the four years our young friends were in the bone business, the writer is not exactly informed. When men make a good thing they are often modest, or at least not anxious to herald it to everybody. But some idea of it will be gathered from the fact that, early in the season of 1881, they bought outright five hundred head of young cattle to recommence the business of stock-raising. For during all

this time, they had never lost sight of this first object which had led them West ; still they saw money in it, and they were now able to begin on a larger scale. Later that same year they brought three hundred head more, and have made some purchases since.

This brings us down to the present time. When the writer made their acquaintance, they were pasturing their cattle down to the southwest of Sentinel Butte, near the boundary of Montana, and employed ten "cowboys"; their herds at present number about two thousand head, which are probably worth over forty thousand dollars. This estimate does not include ponies and much other property.

It must certainly be conceded that for young men, twenty-six and twenty-seven years old, they have done fairly well. The hardships they have endured seem not to have told severely on them physically ; they looked hale and hearty.

From this plain narrative, the reader will not, I think, find it difficult to draw his own conclusions and frame his own moral. For it is easily framed, and, if I mistake not, will run as follows:

The Far West is a good place for young men of courage and perseverance. Shirks and weaklings had better stay at home.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CAMPAIGN OF GENERALS TERRY AND CROOK AGAINST SITTING BULL—THE CUSTER MASSACRE—DEFEAT OF SITTING BULL BY GENERAL MILES—DEFEAT AND DEATH OF CRAZY HORSE—CHIEF JOSEPH AND HIS WONDERFUL RETREAT AND DEFENSE—DEATH OF MAJOR THORNBURGH AND AGENT MEEKER.

BY the treaty of 1867, the Sioux agreed to give up all the territory south of the Niobrara River, west of the one hundred and fourth meridian and north of the forty-sixth parallel of latitude. They promised to retire to a large reservation in southwestern Dakota, before the first of January, 1876.

Meanwhile, as stated, gold was discovered among the Black Hills, most of which by treaty belonged to the Sioux reservation. Our authorities warned the emigrants to keep away, but they flocked thither, and soon thousands of desperate men were engaged in the scramble for the precious metal.

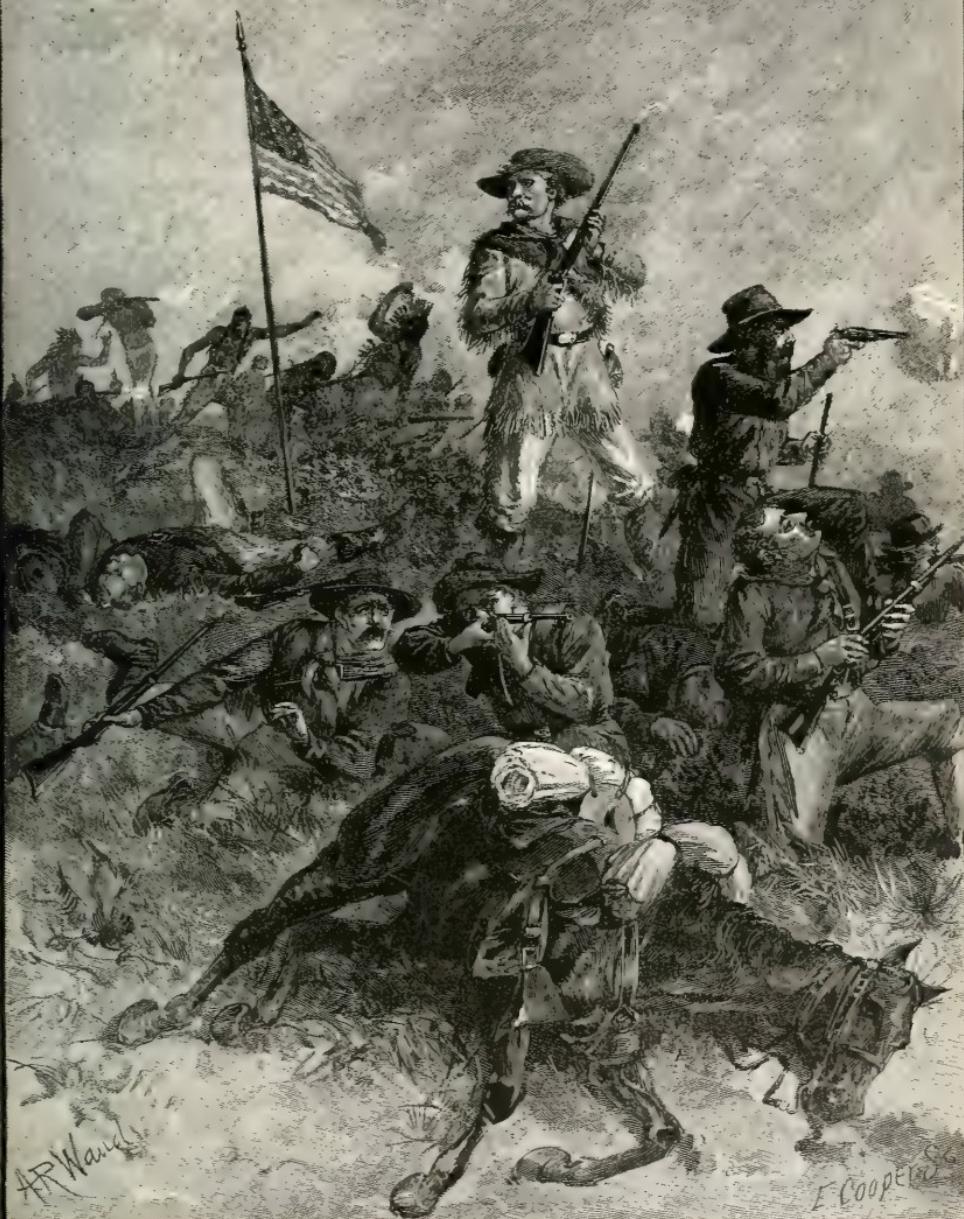
By way of retaliation, the Sioux left their reservation and began burning houses, stealing horses, and killing settlers in Wyoming and Montana. Generals Terry and Crook, with a strong force of regulars, marched into the mountainous country of the Upper Yellowstone and several thousand warriors under Sitting Bull were driven back toward the Big Horn Mountains and the river.

Generals Custer and Reno rode forward with the Seventh Cavalry to locate the hostiles and found them encamped in a large village extending nearly three miles along the left bank of the Little Big Horn River. General Custer, without waiting for support, detached General Reno with three companies to assail the rear of the Indian village, while, with his usual dash and daring, he charged the savages in front.

The particulars of what followed can never be known, since Custer and everyone of his command were killed. As in the case of the fall of the Alamo, in 1836, there was no messenger of defeat. The meager details of the awful slaughter have been obtained from some of the Indians who took part.

On the 25th of June, 1886, at the tenth anniversary of the massacre, the great Sioux chief Gall went over the field, and, with considerable emotion, described how Custer and his command were annihilated. He said:

"We saw soldiers early in the morning crossing the divide. When



CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

Reno and Custer separated, we watched them until they came down into the valley. The cry was raised that the white soldiers were coming and orders were given for the village to move. Reno swept down so rapidly upon the upper end that the Indians were forced to fight. Sitting Bull and I were at the point where Reno attacked. Sitting Bull was the big medicine man. The women and children were hastily moved down the stream where the Cheyennes were encamped. The Sioux attacked Reno and the Cheyennes Custer, and then all became mixed up. The women and children caught horses for the bucks to mount, and the bucks mounted and charged back on Reno, checked him and drove him into the timber. The soldiers tied their horses to trees, came out and fought on foot. As soon as Reno was beaten and driven back across the river, the whole force turned on Custer, and fought him until they had destroyed him. Custer did not reach the river, but was met about half-way up the ravine now called Reno Creek. They fought the soldiers and beat them back step by step until all were killed.

"The Indians ran out of ammunition and then used arrows. They fired from behind their horses. The soldiers got their shells stuck in their guns and had to throw them away. Then they fought with pistols. The Indians were in couples behind and in front of Custer, as he moved up the ridge, and were as many as the grass on the plains. The first two companies [Keogh's and Calhoun's] dismounted and fought on foot. They never broke, but retired step by step until forced back to the ridge, upon which all finally died. They were shot down in a line where they stood. Keogh's company rallied and were all killed in a bunch. [This was evidently true, as thirty-eight bodies of Keogh's troopers were found piled in a heap]. The warriors directed a special fire against the troopers who held the horses, and as soon as a holder was killed, by waving blankets and great shouting, the horses were stampeded, which made it impossible for the soldiers to escape.

"The soldiers fought desperately and never surrendered. They fought standing along in line on the right. As fast as the men fell, the horses were herded and driven toward the squaws and old men, who gathered them up. When Reno attempted to find Custer by throwing out a skirmish line, Custer and all who were with him were dead. When the skirmishers reached a high point overlooking Custer's field, the Indians were galloping around and over the wounded, dying, and dead, popping bullets and arrows into them.

"When Reno made his attack at the upper end, he killed my two squaws and three children, which made my heart bad. I then fought with hatchet [meaning that he mutilated the soldiers]. The soldiers ran out of ammunition early in the day. Their supplies of cartridges were in the

saddle pockets of their stampeded horses. When their ammunition was gone, the Indians killed the soldiers with hatchets; a lot of horses ran away and jumped into the river, but were caught by squaws. Only forty-three Indians were killed altogether, but a great many wounded ones came across the river and died in the bushes.

"We had Ogallalas, Minnconjous, Brule, Teton, Uncapapa, Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and Gros Ventre. When the big dust came in the air, down the river [meaning Terry and Gibbon], we struck our lodges and went up a creek toward the White Mountains. The Big Horn ranges were covered with snow. We waited there four days, and then went over to the Wolf Mountains."

As intimated in this account, by one of the most active participants, General Reno, who had been engaged with the Sioux at the lower end of the encampment, held his position on the bluffs of the Little Big Horn, until General Gibbon arrived with re-enforcements and saved what was left.

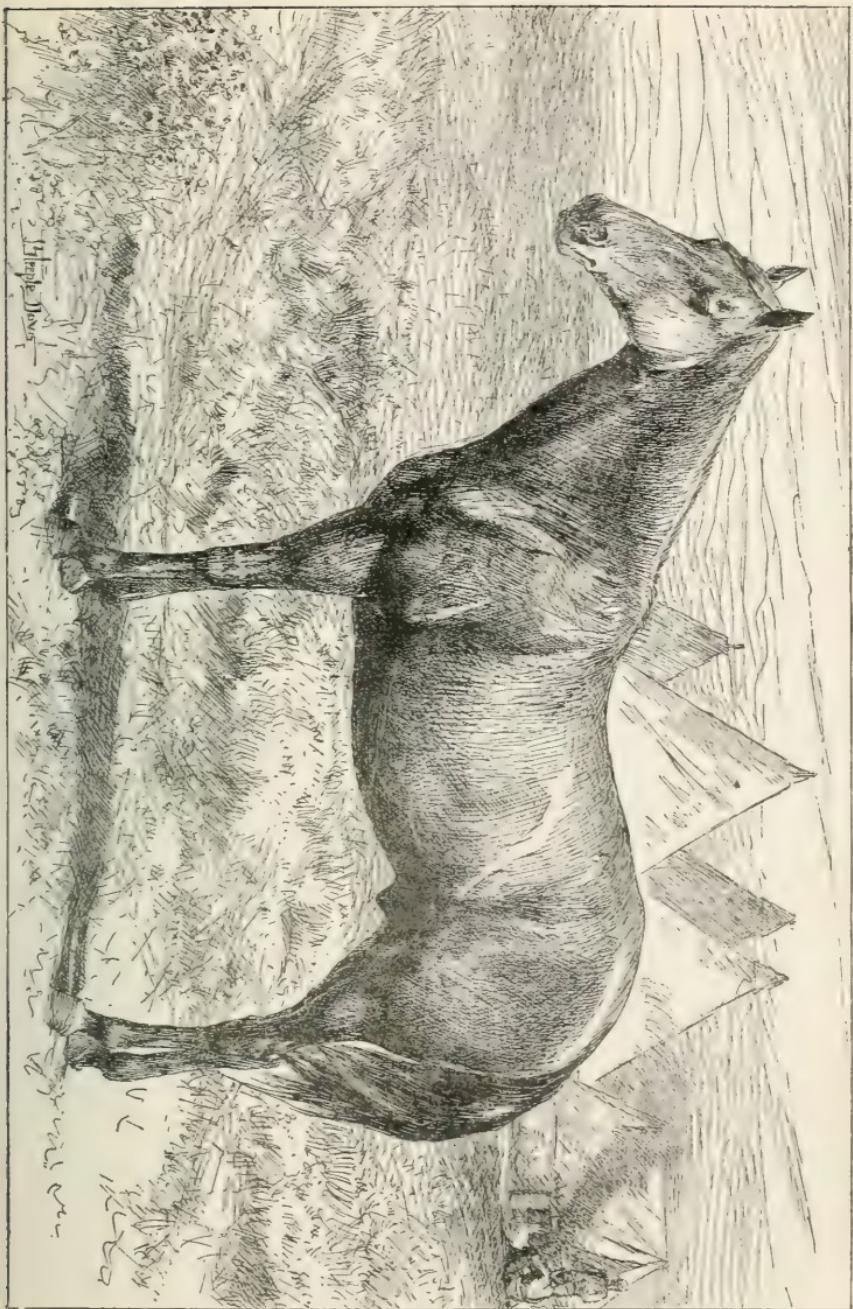
In this shocking disaster, fifteen officers and two hundred and thirty-two men were annihilated. With Custer fell two brothers and a nephew.

It has been stated that the Custer massacre had no survivor, but there was one—Comanche, the horse of Captain Keogh, a relative of General Custer. He was found about a day's journey from the scene of the battle, and the soldiers, who recognized the well-known horse of Captain Keogh, never expected that they could get him back to camp alive, for he had seven bad wounds and was very weak from loss of blood. With good treatment, however, he fully recovered.

Special provision was made for the care and support of Comanche at Fort Riley. Once in a while, when the cavalry troops were on inspection, Comanche was led out, saddled and bridled, but no one ever sat in his saddle after the battle of the Little Big Horn.

It will be remembered that Custer's command used the dead bodies of their horses killed by the shower of Indian bullets as a barricade, as far as possible. All the horses were saddled, as the troop had ridden into the valley and attacked the Sioux camp: and, as Comanche was found stripped of his accoutrements, it has always been supposed that his saddle and bridle were taken by the victorious Indians, who, believing that he would die of his wounds, turned him loose. The body of every other horse that carried the brave cavalry into battle on that fateful morning was found among the heaps of the slain soldiers.

Comanche was one of the original mounts of the Seventh Cavalry, which regiment was organized in 1866, and had been in almost every battle with the Indian service. After the famous massacre, he was taken in charge by Captain Rowlan and sent to Fort Riley, where for fourteen years he was not subject to bridle and was in charge of the Seventh Cavalry. He



"COMANCHE," THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE.

received the kindest care and died from old age, November 6, 1891. He was forty-five years old. His skin was stuffed and mounted and placed in the museum of the Kansas State University, to be sent for exhibition to the World's Fair in Chicago.

A somewhat similar incident occurred during the Minnesota outbreaks in 1862. At Birch Coolie, it will be remembered, everyone of the horses, with a single exception, was killed. This exception was an eight-year-old bay mare, owned by a Hennepin county farmer. Not a bullet had touched her. Instinct seemed to have told her to "lie low." She served through the campaign, and, when peace returned, resumed her duty at the plow on her owner's farm.

Upon the arrival of news of the Custer massacre at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, General Miles and the Fifth Infantry were ordered to proceed to the scene of hostilities, and form part of the large command already there. The orders were obeyed and the autumn passed without any important military movement.

General Miles became satisfied in October that a large number of hostiles were near him, and, because of the delay in the arrival of a supply train, expected from the cantonment of Glendive, he marched down the left bank of the Yellowstone with the Fifth Infantry. Some days later he met the train under the escort of a battalion of the Twenty-second Infantry. The train had been obliged to return to Glendive, because of the large number of Indians, and the teamsters were so panic stricken that their wagons were places filled by soldiers. On his second advance, and two days before General Miles was met, an Indian runner left the following note on a hill top:

"YELLOWSTONE.

"I want to know what you are doing traveling on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt in this place. I want you to turn back from here. If you don't I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here and turn back from here."

"I am your friend,

"SITTING BULL.

"I mean all the rations you have got and some powder. Wish you would write as soon as you can."

General Miles started after Sitting Bull and overtook him near the head of Cedar Creek, one of the tributaries of the Yellowstone. They met under a flag of truce and had a sharp interview. Sitting Bull tried to entrap Miles, but the latter was too prudent and told him that he would drive him out of the country or Sitting Bull would drive him out.

The angry chief hurried back to his lines, and, true to his threat, General Miles attacked the Indians, whose force was much more numerous

than his own, and drove them back so precipitately that many of their dead were left on the field. The chase was kept up for nearly fifty miles, when the Sioux abandoned everything, even their ponies, in their desperate efforts to save themselves.

In the latter part of October, two thousand Indians and four hundred lodges surrendered to General Miles, and five chiefs were taken as hostages for the carrying out by the Indians of the terms of surrender, which was that they should go to their various agencies. During the pursuit, Sitting Bull and a few followers broke away from the rest and escaped northward, where he was afterward joined by Gall and other Indians.

Returning to the camp on Tongue River, General Miles organized a force and started after Sitting Bull, but the trail was destroyed by the



A NOTICE TO GENERAL MILES FROM SITTING BULL.

falling snow. Unusually severe weather followed, but Miles kept his men continually scouting through the surrounding country. Sitting Bull's camp was overtaken on the 5th of January, and the old medicine man, with his one hundred and ninety lodges, was driven pell mell across the Missouri. Some two weeks later, the Indian camp was attacked again, near the head of the Redwater, and most of the camp equipage captured, the warriors dispersing south of the Yellowstone.

Sitting Bull pushed northward, and, after encamping on the left bank of the Missouri until near the close of winter, he crossed into Canada, where for a time he disappeared from the scene of operations in our country.

Crazy Horse was hardly a less important chief and leader than Sitting Bull. He was at the head of the Ogalallas, had taken part in many battles, and was probably the real leader in the massacre of Custer and his com-

mand. He was encamped along the Tongue River and other southern tributaries of the Yellowstone, with a large force of Sioux and Northern Cheyennes. There was no doubt they meant to dispute the advance of General Miles.

A severe engagement took place, January 8, 1877, and, for a time, the soldiers were in great peril, for the Indians largely outnumbered them and had much the better position. A blinding snow storm set in, and the troops not only fought heroically, but were handled with great skill. Finally, the Indians broke and fled through Wolf Mountains toward the Big Horn range.

Some time later, General Miles put himself in communication with Crazy Horse, to whom he gave the choice of surrendering or fighting. After considerable dallying, the submission was made. Crazy Horse, and Little Hawk, his uncle, led most of the hostiles, numbering more than two thousand, to the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, in the department of the Platte, where they surrendered.

After Crazy Horse's surrender, he and his followers were put on the reservation, near Camp Robinson, in Northern Nebraska. He gave no trouble for a time, but in September, 1877, there was reason to suspect he was planning to lead his people again on the warpath. His arrest was ordered, but while taking him to the guard house he attempted to break away, slashing with his knife everyone who opposed him. He was so badly wounded in the struggle that he died. Lame Deer and Iron Star, the leaders of another band of hostiles, were attacked in May, those chiefs killed, and, before the close of the summer, peace reigned throughout Dakota and Montana.

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces is one of the most remarkable Indians that ever lived. He is six feet in height, of magnificent physique, strikingly handsome and graceful, with a native dignity and a mind of great strength. He is a natural born general, and, could he have received the training of West Point, he would have become the peer of any of his Caucasian brethren.

The Nez Perces, in 1877, were living in Idaho, beyond the Rocky Mountains. They were quite advanced in civilization, but they became involved, too, in trouble, because of governmental mismanagement, and Joseph formed the daring scheme of transporting his whole tribe, men, women, and children, across the Rocky Mountains into British territory. He knew he would be pursued, and so he was. Before he could leave Idaho, General Miles was forming his plans to capture him.

Referring to this remarkable series of incidents, General Merritt says that in 1877, occurred the wonderful retreat and defense of Chief Joseph with the Nez Perces, pursued by General Howard and his command from

Idaho Territory to Montana, a distance of more than thirteen hundred miles, along which, at different points, were intercepting forces, which hacked and cut at the Indians, till at last, reduced in numbers and equipment, they surrendered to an intercepting force, part of the original pursuers being present at the surrender. It was a wonderful pursuit, pluckily persisted in, in the face of every possible hardship; but who can do justice to the labor, courage, and endurance of the retreat? How intensely interesting would be an account from Chief Joseph, if he had the pen of a ready writer and could make his own report! his feints, stratagems, and ambuscades; the resolute marches in which he distanced his pursuers; his defense and passage of rivers, with all his impedimenta, including women and children; the meeting and battling with intercepting forces, or the avoidance of these and escape across difficult and unknown country, until finally, deceived only in reference to the character of the country he was seeking and the friends he was to meet, he was brought to bay like a hunted lion, terrible even in his death struggle.

It was on the 5th of October, after fighting several days, that Chief Joseph handed his rifle to General Miles, and, with impressive dignity said, pointing to the sun:

"From where the sun now stands I fight no more against the white man."

Four hundred and eighteen Indians surrendered; a number were killed or wounded during the last fight, and one hundred escaped into Dominion Territory. Among them was the daughter of Joseph. The captives were taken to Kansas and finally sent to Indian Territory. It is pleasant to record that some seven years later, when General Miles was promoted, he succeeded in having Chief Joseph and the remnant of his band returned to the neighborhood of their old home.

The Utes of Colorado felt bitterly resentful, in 1879, toward Agent Meeker because he insisted upon their learning farming—a species of labor which they utterly detested. Major Thornburgh, with a small force, announced that he would help him in his task, but the agent begged him not to approach with his soldiers as the Indians would take it as a declaration of war. It was arranged that the major should advance with five soldiers to the agency, the agent agreeing to meet him on the road with several chiefs. The savages lay in wait and killed eleven citizens, two officers and twelve soldiers, and wounded forty-one. The Indians admitted a loss of thirty-nine. Major Thornburgh was killed in action and Agent Meeker at his residence.



"FROM WHERE THE SUN NOW STANDS I FIGHT NO MORE AGAINST THE WHITE MAN."

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CHAPTER XL.

THE CONQUEST OF THE APACHES—THE MOST TERRIBLE OF ALL ABORIGINES—CAPTAIN BOURKE'S DESCRIPTION—THE MASSACRE AT CAMP GRANT—A REIGN OF TERROR—INCIDENTS—GENERAL CROOK ASSUMES COMMAND—HIS PLANS INTERFERED WITH BY A PEACE COMMISSIONER.

THE Apache Indian is the most terrible of all the aborigines. It is conceded that in cunning, endurance, ferocity, and what may be expressed as "deviltry," he has never had an equal on this continent, and it is safe to say the world has never known his superior.

General Crook has seen an Apache lope for fifteen hundred feet up the side of a mountain without showing the first sign of fatigue, there being no perceptible increase of respiration. A band of those fearful warriors have been known to ambush a party of whites on an open plain, where there was not a tree, shrub, or blade of grass growing. They did it by burrowing in the sand, and covering their bodies, all but their eyes, and remaining motionless until the unsuspecting whites were within a hundred yards.

The climate of Arizona and other portions of the Southwest, for weeks at a time, is like a furnace. Were not the air dry, life would be unbearable to the whites. If those who remained at home had any conception of the sufferings of our officers and soldiers when prosecuting their Indian campaigns, their lips, instead of speaking criticism, would utter expressions of wonder and admiration.

When the troopers were trying to run down the Apaches, the thermometer, day after day, marked one hundred and twenty degrees, and often more. The metal work on their guns became so hot that it could not be touched with the bare hand. The air pulsated, and the soil was baked under their feet. Sometimes, when aflame with thirst, they toiled mile after mile, cheered by the expectation of reaching some spring, they found the Apaches had been there ahead of them and befouled it beyond all use for man or beast.

The practice of the Apaches, after striking one of their murderous blows, was to break up into small parties, which, if hard pressed, would dissolve still further, until each member was pursuing his way alone through the mountain fastnesses. When the danger was past, they reunited at some far-removed rendezvous.

It must be remembered, too, that these people were familiar with all the ravines, caverns, cañons, defiles, gorges, and places inaccessible to horses, which exist without number in the wild recesses of the various mountain ranges. The Apache, when on a raid, lived on rats, mice, rabbits, and, if hard pressed, killed and ate his horse. After that, he would stand starvation, if necessary, for days, and, if beyond the reach of water, would go without it.



AN APACHE WARRIOR.

When he wished to indulge in a debauch he would swallow a horrible decoction from the maguey plant, called "Tizwin," and which brought out all the latent devil in him, provided it had not already come to the surface.

The foregoing facts should be borne in mind in following the attempts to conquer the Apaches, who form one of the divisions of the American aborigines. They are generally separated into two great classes—those who cut the front hair in bangs, reaching the level of the eyebrows, and those who do not. Captain John G. Bourke, of the Third Cavalry, states that the Apaches who do not trim their hair in the fashion named belong

to the widely disseminated Apache-Navajo family, one of the branches of the Tinnich stock, which has conquered its way from the circumpolar regions of the north, where many bands speaking the same language still live on the affluents of the Yukon in Alaska, of the Mackenzie in the Dominion of Canada, and of the Great Bear and Great Slave Lakes in the same desolate region. The other tribes in Arizona have been, until recently, sedentary Indians, who in manners, customs, and personal appearance strongly resemble the Pueblos of New Mexico.

Captain Bourke thus describes the Apache:

→ "Physically, he is perfect; he might be a trifle taller for artistic effect, but his apparent "squattiness" is due more to great girth of chest than to diminutive stature. His muscles are hard as bone, and I have seen one light a match on the sole of his naked foot. Twenty years ago, when Crook took him in hand, the Apache had few wants and cared for no luxuries. War was his business, his life, and victory his dream. To attack a Mexican camp or isolated village, and run off a herd of cattle, mules, or sheep, he would gladly travel hundreds of miles, incurring every risk and displaying a courage which would have been extolled in an historical novel

true

as having happened in a raid by Highlanders upon Southrons; but when it was *your* stock, or your friend's stock, it became quite a different matter. He wore no clothing whatever save a narrow piece of calico or buckskin about the loins, a helmet, also of buckskin, plentifully crested with the plumage of the wild turkey and eagle, and long 'egged' mocassins, held to the waist by a string, and turned up at the toes in a shield which protected him from stones and "cholla" cactus. If he felt thirsty, he drank from the nearest brook; if there was no brook near by, he went without, and, putting a stone or a twig in his mouth to induce a flow of saliva,

journeyed on. When he desired to communicate with friends at home, or to put himself in correspondence with persons whose co-operation had been promised, he rubbed two sticks together, and dense signal smoke rolled to the zenith and was answered from peaks twenty and thirty miles away. By night-fall his bivouac was pitched at a distance from water, generally on the flank of a rocky mountain, along which no trail would be left, and up which no force of cavalry could hope to ascend without making noise enough to wake the dead."

General Stoneman's campaign in the Apache country cannot be pronounced a success. His concentration of the troops at two posts and abandoning the others which the people deemed necessary for safety, caused great dissatisfaction. They were exasperated by the activities of the Apaches, and declared they would take care of themselves if the military authorities would not do it.



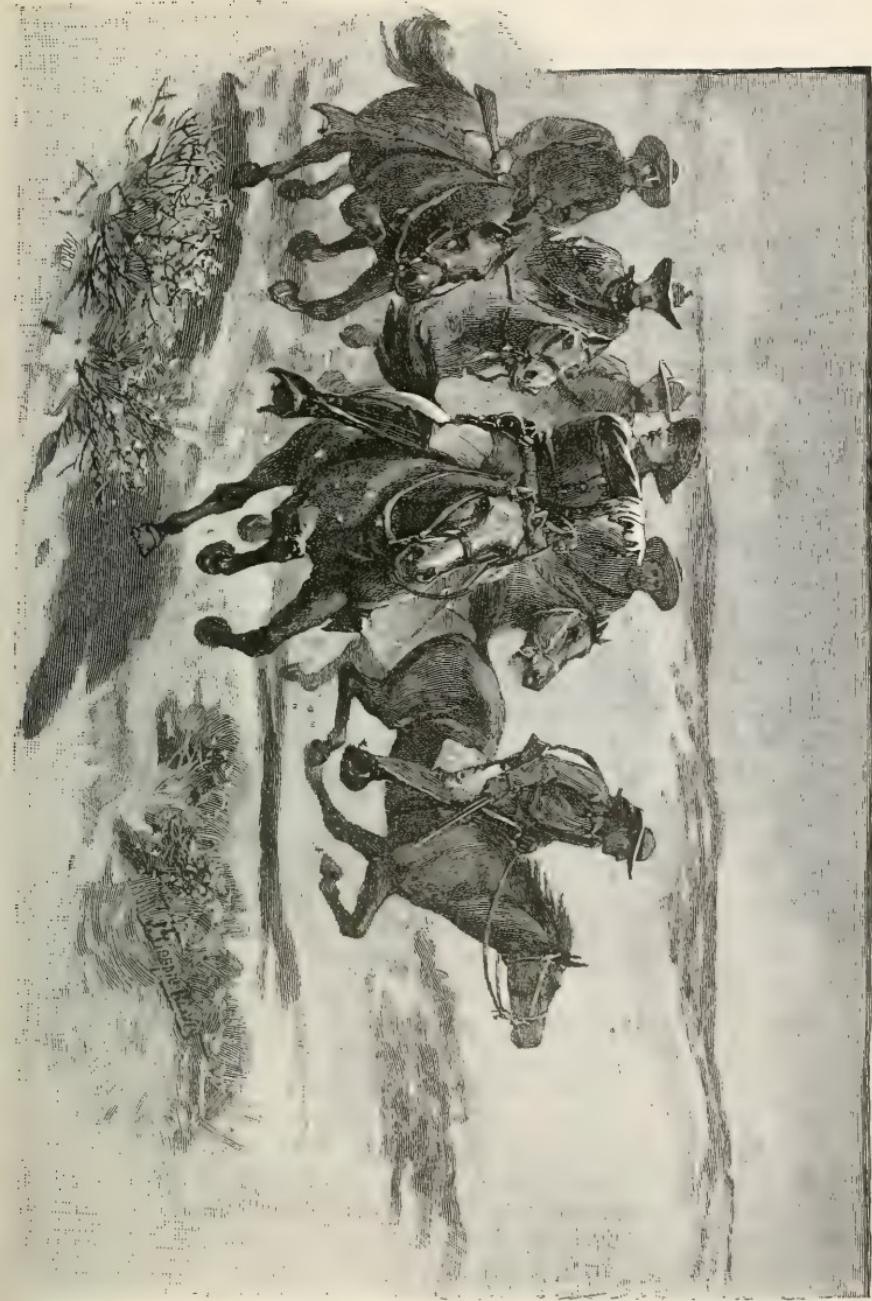
ON THE WARPATH.

Some four hundred of these Indians had been gathered near Camp Grant, where they were fed by the officers on condition that they desisted from their depredations. Undoubtedly some of the warriors were guilty of many atrocities, for, as shown below, they had abundant opportunity to absent themselves without the knowledge of the officers, and the temptation was too great to be resisted by such people.

April 28, 1871, a party of white men and one hundred Papago Indians set out to trace some Apache marauders, and did so to the band at Camp Grant. Two days later they attacked the party, killed eighty-five men and women, and carried away twenty-eight children as prisoners.

A grand jury of the Federal court investigated the affair at Camp Grant, indicted several parties, and made the following report:

"We find that the hostile bands of Indians in this territory are led by many different chiefs, who have generally adopted the policy of Cochise, making the points where the Indians are fed the base of their supplies for ammunition, guns, and recruits for their raids, as each hostile chief usually draws warriors from other bands when he makes an important raid upon the citizens, or the neighboring State of Sonora, where they are continually making their depredations. We find that the habit of beastly drunkenness has generally prevailed, with few marked exceptions, among the officers commanding at Camp Grant, Camp Goodwin, and Camp Apache, where the Apache Indians have been fed; that the rations issued at these camps to the Indians have frequently been insufficient for their support, and unjustly distributed, sometimes bones being issued instead of meat; that one quartermaster of the United States said he made a surplus of twelve thousand pounds of corn in issuing rations to the Indians at Camp Goodwin. We find that a commanding officer, while commanding at Camp Apache, gave liquor to the Apache Indians, and got beastly drunk with them from whisky belonging to the Hospital Department of the United States Government; also, that another officer of the United States Army gave liquor to the said Indians at said camp; that officers of the United States Army, at those camps where the Indians are fed, are in the habit of using their official position to break the chastity of the Indian women; that the present regulations of Camp Grant, with the Apache Indians on the reservation, are such, that the whole body of Indians might leave the reservation and be gone many days without the knowledge of the commanding officer. In conclusion of the labors of this United States Grand Jury, we would say that five hundred of our neighbors, friends, and fellow-citizens have fallen by the murdering hand of the Apache Indian, clothing in the garb of mourning the family circle in many of the hamlets, towns, and cities of all the States of our country. This blood cries from the ground to the American people for justice—justice to all men."



The Apaches instituted a reign of terror through certain portions of the Southwest. There was no deed too daring for them to perpetrate, and no cruelty too atrocious for them to commit. Many a time the ranchmen, returning from the care of their cattle, found their houses in ashes, and the wife and little ones tomahawked. Perhaps, to add refinement to torture, the marauders had carried away the boy of tender years. Some gallant army officer within reach, feeling for the stricken parent and eager for adventure, gathers two or three of his scouts, including, probably, a friendly Indian, and takes their trail with their wearied horses forced to a dead run.

Through the flaming heat the animals are urged, until a sight of the dusky miscreants is obtained. Knowing that pursuit is almost certain,



TAUNTING THEIR PURSUERS.

they are prepared for it, and their tough ponies are fresher than those of the white men on their trail. They plunge into the shallow river, splash to the other side, where they wheel about, and while one of the warriors holds the little fellow aloft to let the stricken parent know they still have him, the others utter tantalizing shouts and make defiant gestures.

By the time the pursuers have crossed the stream, the Apaches are scurrying away through the hot dust to their fastnesses in the mountains. If the little band continue the pursuit and avoid an ambuscade, they may come upon the body of the child, mangled and killed by the wretches, who know no such sentiment as pity.

Mr. John T. Shy, now of Deming, N. M., lived on a ranch seventeen miles from any other settlement. His family consisted of his wife and

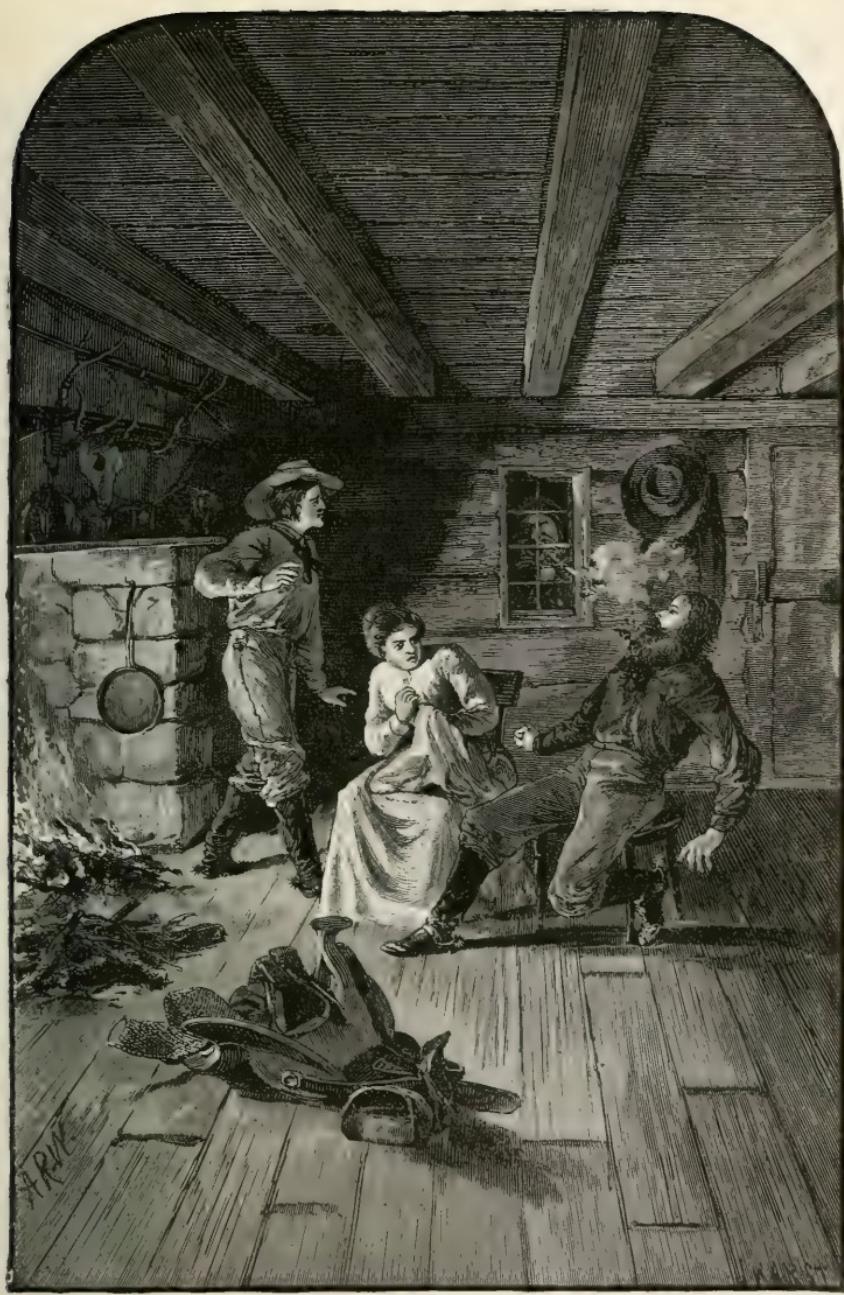
young son. His ranch was attacked by a roving band of Apaches, who attempted to drive off his stock. Mr. Shy was not caught unprepared. He was well armed and had plenty of ammunition. He removed his wife and child to a place of safety within the house and then opened fire, which was returned. The fight was waged for some time, till one of the Indians succeeded in crawling up and setting fire to the house. This necessitated flight; so, sending Mrs. Shy forward under cover of the smoke of the burning building, the husband and father, carrying his young son under his arm, made a dash for the cover of some thick brush which was growing near by.

An Indian's bullet went through the child's hip and lodged in the father's body, but the fight went on. Mr. Shy ran forward some distance, and then, dropping the child in the brush, would face about and fire at the leading pursuer, who would thus be brought to a standstill for a time. Then another short flight and another stand to gain time for Mrs. Shy, who was fleeing in the front, and so the day was spent. The Indians finally gave up the chase, which had cost them no less than six warriors, and the exhausted fugitives managed to reach the city of Deming with their lives. The wounds received by both father and son were rapidly healed, and now, when the hostiles are forever expelled from or killed out of that neighborhood, there is no more flourishing or happy family in New Mexico than that of valorous John T. Shy.

William Brandenburg, a ranchman, was sitting by his fire one night, in Arizona, talking with his son, a young man, and his wife, who was engaged with her sewing. The evening was unusually cold, and the blaze on the hearth diffused a grateful warmth through the room.

There had been no trouble for more than a year with the Apaches. Mr. Brandenburg had served as a captain in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, and had been in many brushes with the red men on the plains. He knew that danger was liable to burst upon them at any moment, but, like many others, was hopeful that the long series of depredations by the Apaches were at an end. So he allowed his Winchester to rest on the deer's prongs over the fireplace, and talked with his wife and son about a rumor that a small band of hostiles had been reported on a raid at a point more than a hundred miles distant. He had just remarked that, according to the rumors, the Indians were working in another direction, when the face of an Apache suddenly appeared outside the window, and, almost at the same instant, he discharged his gun through the pane of glass.

An involuntary movement of the captain, who caught a glimpse of the visage, saved him, though the Indian's bullet shattered the pipe in his mouth. The inmates of the room instantly whisked back out of range, and each, including the wife, seized a gun.



ATTACK ON THE RANCHMAN'S FAMILY.

The very band about which they were talking, and which, according to the last reports, was a hundred miles distant, had swooped down upon them, attacking with the suddenness to which they frequently owed their success.

They circled about the building, firing through the windows and making several attempts to burn the structure. Twice they nearly succeeded, but the vigilance of the defenders saved them.

More than that, Captain Brandenburg shot the leader of the band from his pony, and sent one of his old time defiant yells after the band, as they galloped off in search of less troublesome victims to their cruelty.

Not always did the ranchers fare as well as the captain. The rule was that the descent of the Apaches was as sudden, and often as destructive, as the cyclone. They had struck their blows and were off before the most watchful cavalry could thunder down upon them. The smoke of the burning buildings had scarcely stained the clear sky, warning the soldiers of the mischief afoot, when the raiders were assailing some other dwelling, miles away.

In June, 1871, to the delight of all citizens of Arizona, General Crook took command. He proceeded at once to enlist the friendly Indians against the hostiles, securing the aid of the powerful chief Miguel. This was unquestionably the most effective means that could have been adopted, for these Indians were familiar with the haunts of the hostiles and would have hunted them down as unerringly as bloodhounds; but, at this juncture, Vincent Colyer, one of the Peace Commissioners, app ared on the scene, and announced that he was going to run things. He forbade the



GENERAL GEORGE CROOK.

employment of the friendly Indians, and General Crook was obliged to submit.

This was anything but soothing to the citizens of the territory, for Colyer had not consulted the authorities, and his peace policy showed no abatement in Indian outrages. Among them was the attack on the stage coach from Prescott to Tucson. This happened near Wickenburg, on the evening of November 5, 1871. Several persons were killed, including Mr. Frederick W. Loring of Boston. It will be admitted that the residents of the territory ought to be qualified to pass judgment on the various policies which had been tried among them. There was but one opinion of the well intended but unfortunate experiment of Mr. Colyer. It was utterly condemned, and a petition sent to Congress asking that his policy should be supplanted by that of General Crook, already proven to be the only one that could bring peace and prosperity to that sorely tried section. It was a long time before the prayer was heeded, but finally Congress listened to the reasonable appeal and granted what was asked.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CONQUEST OF THE APACHES (CONCLUDED)—GENERAL CROOK'S CAMPAIGN—A HAPPY ENDING DESTROYED BY POLITICAL INFLUENCES—GERONIMO—HIS DARING EXPLOITS—CAPTAIN LAWTON'S BRILLIANT WORK UNDER GENERAL MILES—END OF THE WAR—GERONIMO IN CAPTIVITY.

GENERAL CROOK having completed his arrangements for his campaign against the hostile Apaches, the different columns were ordered, on the 9th of December, 1872, to converge at Tonto Basin, the stronghold of the worst members of the tribe. This rough section is inclosed by the Mogollen, the Mazatzal, and the Sierra Ancha Mountains, covered with timber, and white with snow during the winter months. General Crook stationed himself at Camp Grant, which army officers declared to be the meanest and most squalid post in the country.

The campaign having opened in December, was pushed remorselessly to a conclusion, which was reached in the following April. For the first time, the Apaches found themselves matched at their own game, for the scouts of their enemies were Indians as skillful, daring, and untiring as themselves. When several small parties of hostiles had been gathered in, the bucks belonging to them were used as trailers, and they did their work well.

Captain Bourke, already quoted, was a member of the Fifth Cavalry, commanded by Major William H. Brown, which belonged to the column moving out from Camp Grant. This swept through the Mescal, Pinal, Superstition, Sierra Ancha, and Mazatzal ranges, and later the southern and western extremity of the Mogollon plateau. Captain Bourke thus describes the operations in which he took part:

"The different detachments crossed and recrossed each other's trails, frequently meeting and always being within supporting distance of one another. The Apaches were unable to reassemble in rear of any passing column, as had so uniformly been done on previous occasions, and had to keep an eye open for danger from all points of the compass, in darkness as well as in daylight. In this extremity they concentrated in their strongholds, the most impregnable being the cave in the cañon of Salt River, the summit of Turret Butte, and the cliffs of the Superstition Mountains.

"The first of the three was struck by Major Brown's command at the first peep of day of a very cold morning, December 28, 1872. The evening

before, our Apache scouts told Major Brown that, although the command had been very successful in its work thus far, yet there was a big rancheria only a short distance off in which the hostile Apaches felt that they were perfectly invincible. One of the scouts had been brought up in

this fortress, for such he claimed it to be, and would guide us there because he bore enmity to the chief and some others of the band.

"By starting from our present bivouac, which was in a small box cañon on the east side of the Mazatzal Mountains, at the first appearance of a certain star in the east, and marching briskly all night, we could reach by first dawn of the morning the cañon of the Salt River, where, in a cave half way down the face of the vertical cliff, the Apaches dwelt. A dangerous trail led to this spot, and it would be all we



could do to reach there by the time fixed. If we were fortunate enough to get down there before the enemy discovered our presence, we could count upon destroying the whole band; if we did not, the last of the Americans would die on the trail, trying to escape out of that cañon.

"Did his American brothers have the 'sand' to follow him? They did. There was very little bustle or confusion, as we were all ready for a fight at a moment's notice. All that was really done was to examine our carbines and ammunition, and see that everything was slick; put some crackers, bacon, and coffee in the blanket which each was to sling over his shoulder; fill canteens with water, and give a final look at our moccasins, which we wore through preference because they made no noise going over the rocks. The mules and horses were to be left back in this bivouac, under a strong guard, and there was plenty of time for all who so desired to scratch off a line to the folks at home for whom this might, in some cases at least, be the last letter.

"The Apache scouts wasted no time in this sentimental way. They

gathered about little fires and stuffed themselves with the meat of one of our mules which had died that day; its ribs were picked clean and not a particle left. This kind of feasting before going into battle is the ceremony described by the French missionaries in Canada two centuries ago under the title *festins à manger tout*. The medicine men of the Apaches and Pimas told their followers what they were expected to do, and by eight in the evening Nantaje's star twinkled on the horizon and we were on the trail.

"For half an hour or more our progress was leisurely. The top of a high mesa was reached, and there we halted to let the column close up and every man get his second wind. The air blew keenly across this barren mountain, dotted here and there with a scraggly growth of cedar, and we were all glad when Nantaje took up a brisk gait which started the blood into better circulation. We moved like a long file of specters; not a word was spoken; there was no whistling, humming of tunes, coughing, or anything to betoken that we were anything else than a battalion of ghosts coming in on the keen breath of the north wind. At the crest of each hill the front of the column halted for a few minutes until a warning '*Tzit! Tzit!*' hissed from the rear, signaled that the last man had reached his place.

"About midnight Nantaje suddenly turned, and seizing Major Brown with both arms about the body held him firmly in place. The Indian's foot had struck a depression in a sandy spot on the trail, and his keen instinct told him it was the imprint of a human foot. He lay down on the trail, and with some comrades alongside of him, with their blankets spread over their heads so that not the slightest gleam of light could escape, struck a few matches and inspected the sign. It was the track of a big bear's foot, which is not at all unlike a man's, and had been made only an hour or so before. The Apaches believe that if Bruin crosses the trail of a war party it is an omen that they will soon meet the enemy, consequently our scouts were in a flutter of excitement.

"We moved onward again for three or four hours until we reached a small, grassy glade, where we discovered fifteen Pima ponies, which must have been driven up the mountain by Apache raiders that very night; the sweat was hardly crusted on their flanks, their hoofs were banged against the rocks, and their knees were full of the thorns of the cholla cactus, against which they had been driven in the dark. There was no moon, but the glint of stars gave enough light to show that we were in a country filled with huge rocks and adapted most admirably for defense. There in front, almost within touch of the hand, that line of blackness blacker than all the other blackness about us was the cañon of the Salt River. We looked at it well, since it might be our grave in an hour, for we were now within rifle shot of our quarry.

"Nantaje now asked that a dozen picked men be sent forward with him, to climb down the face of the precipice and get into place in front of the cave in order to open the attack; immediately behind them should come fifty more, who should make no delay in their advance; a strong detachment should hold the edge of the precipice to prevent any of the hostiles from getting above them and killing our people with their rifles. The rest of our force could come down more at leisure, if the movement of the first two detachments secured the key of the field; if not, they could cover the retreat of the survivors up the face of the escarpment.

"Lieutenant William J. Ross, of the Twenty-first Infantry, was assigned to lead the first detachment, which contained the best shots from among the soldiers, packers, and scouts. The second detachment came under my own orders. Our pioneer party slipped down the face of the precipice without accident, following a trail from which an incautious step would have caused them to be dashed to pieces; after a couple of hundred yards this brought them face to face with the cave, and not two hundred feet from it. In front of the cave was the party of raiders, just returned from their successful trip of killing and robbing in the settlements near Florence, on the Gila River. They were dancing to keep themselves warm and to express their joy over their safe return. Half a dozen or more of the squaws had arisen from their slumbers, and were bending over a fire and hurriedly preparing refreshments for their valorous kinsmen. The fitful gleam of the glowing flame gave a Macbethian tinge to the weird scene, and brought into bold relief the grim outlines of the cliffs between whose steep walls, hundreds of feet below, growled the rushing current of the swift Salado.

"The Indians, men and women, were in high good humor, and why should they not be? Sheltered in the bosom of these grim precipices, only the eagle, the hawk, the turkey buzzard, or the mountain sheep could venture to intrude upon them. But hark! What is that noise? Can it be the breeze of morning which sounds 'Click, click'? You will know in one second more, poor, deluded, redskinned wretches, when the 'Bang! boom!' of rifles and carbines, reverberating, like the roar of cannon, from peak to peak, shall lay six of your number dead in the dust.

"The cold, gray dawn of that chill December morning was sending its first rays above the horizon and looking down upon one of the worst bands of Apaches in Arizona, caught like wolves in a trap. They rejected with scorn our summons to surrender, and defiantly shrieked that not one of our party should escape from that cañon. We heard their death song chanted, and then out of the cave and over the great pile of rock, which protected the entrance like a parapet, swarmed the warriors. But we outnumbered them three to one, and poured in lead by the bucketful. The

bullets, striking the roof and mouth of the cave, glanced among the savages in rear of the parapet, and wounded some of the women and children, whose wails filled the air.

"During the heaviest part of the firing a little boy, not more than four years old, absolutely naked, ran out at the side of the parapet and stood dumfounded between the two fires. Nantaje, without a moment's pause, rushed forward, grasped the trembling infant by the arm, and escaped unhurt with him inside our lines. A bullet, probably deflected from the rocks, had struck the boy on the top of the head and plowed round to the back of the neck, leaving a welt an eighth of an inch thick, but not injuring him seriously. Our men suspended their firing to cheer Nantaje and welcome the new arrival: such is the inconsistency of human nature.

"Again the Apaches were summoned to surrender, or, if they would not do that, to let such of their women and children as so desired pass out between the lines; again they yelled their defiant refusal. Their end

had come. The detachment left by Major Brown at the top of the precipice, to protect our retreat in case of necessity, had worked its way over to a high shelf of rock overlooking the enemy beneath, and began to tumble down great boulders, which speedily crushed the greater number of the Apaches. The Indians on the San Carlos reservation still mourn periodically for the seventy-six of their relatives who yielded up the ghost that morning. Every warrior died at his post. The women and children had hidden themselves in the inner recesses of the cave, which was of no great depth, and were captured and taken to Camp McDowell. A number of



GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE GUIDE

them had been struck by glancing bullets or fragments of falling rock. As soon as our pack trains could be brought up, we mounted the captives on our horses and mules and started for the nearest military station, the one just named, over fifty miles away."

This was one of the worst blows received by the hostiles. Driven to bay in their chosen fortress, loaded with plunder and red with blood, the whole band was exterminated with a loss to the soldiers of only one man killed.

A few days later, Major Randall, of the Twenty-third Infantry, delivered an almost equally fatal blow at Turret Butte, and, two weeks later, one hundred and ten hostiles in the Superstition Mountains surrendered to Major Brown's command and went back with him to Camp Grant.

In April, 1873, Buckskin Hat, head chief of all the Indians in the Tonto Basin, went to General Crook and said he wished to surrender. Crook took his hand and told him if he and his people would stop killing the whites and behave themselves, he would be the best friend they ever had. He said he would teach them to work, and find a market for everything they could make to sell.

It sounds almost incredible, but, within a month, General Crook had all the Apaches in Arizona, excepting the Chiricahuas, who were not within his jurisdiction, at work at Camp Apache and Camp Verde, digging irrigating ditches, planting vegetables, cutting hay and wood, and with everything on the highway to prosperity.

"The transformation," says Captain Bourke, "was marvelous. Here were six thousand of the worst Indians in America, sloughing off the old skin and taking on a new life. Detachments of the scouts were retained in service to maintain order; and also because money would in that way be distributed among the tribes. Some few at first spent their money foolishly, but the majority clubbed together and sent to California for ponies and sheep. Trials by juries of their own people were introduced among them for the punishment of minor offenses, the cutting off of women's noses was declared a crime, the manufacture of the intoxicant *tizwin* was broken up by every possible means, and the future of the Indians looked most promising, when a gang of politicians and contractors, remembered in the Territory as the 'Tucson Ring,' exerted an influence in Washington, and had the Apaches ordered down to the desolate sand waste of the San Carlos, where the water is brackish, the soil poor, and the flies a plague. It is the old, old story of Indian mismanagement.

"There is no brighter page in our Indian history than that which records the progress of the subjugated Apaches at Camp Apache and Camp Verde, nor is there a fouler blot than that which conceals the knavery that secured their removal to the junction of the San Carlos and Gila."

The most famous Apache leader was Geronimo, chief of what is known as the Warm Spring Indians. He is the son of Mangus Colorado, one of the worst miscreants that ever breathed. Mangus had no grievance against the white people, but was bad "clean through." He boasted that he had never been beaten and never would be. He raided over a large extent of territory, stealing stock, killing settlers, and plundering their homes. Finally he was shot, dying with his boots on, rather, moccasins on, and the well trained son, Geronimo, started out on his career.

Chato is a cousin of Geronimo. The latter always insisted that Chato was his mortal enemy. One reason why Geronimo took the war-path, as he claims, was through fear that Chato would kill him if he didn't.

Chato was enlisted to help run Geronimo down. More than once his actions excited suspicion, and there are many who believe that

he and Geronimo were really friends, and that an understanding existed between them. To this may be due a prolongation of the war. Chato is the wretch who killed Judge Comas and his family, near the river Gila.

Geronimo escaped from Fort Apache in May, 1885, taking with him thirty-four warriors, eight boys, and ninety-one women. They traveled one hundred and twenty miles before camping. The cavalry were hard after them, but never got within gunshot. The chase was continued for hundreds of miles, but the band safely reached the Sierra Madre Mountains, and were beyond reach for the time.

General Crook was on his mettle, and he pushed matters so hard that he finally corralled Geronimo. He held him just one night, when he escaped again. Several nights later he stole into camp with four warriors, and, seizing a white woman, told her that the only way to save her life was to point out his wife's tent. She obeyed, Geronimo set her down, caught up his better half, and was off before the alarm could be spread.

Fortunately, a treaty existed with Mexico at this time, by which our



GERONIMO.

troops were permitted to follow any Indian raiders beyond the Rio Grande, when, as was often the case, they undertook to escape by crossing the boundary line between the two countries.

Captain H. W. Lawton, Fourth Cavalry, took the field with his command, May 5, 1885. He intended to operate exclusively in Mexico, it being thought at the time that Geronimo would



CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE.

flee to his stronghold in the Sierra Madre, but his band broke up into small companies and began a series of raids in southwestern Arizona and northwestern Sonora. This forced Captain Lawton to change his plan and follow the raiding party.

Captain Lawton's command consisted of thirty-five men of Troop B, Fourth Cavalry, twenty Indian scouts, twenty men of Company D, Eighth Infantry, and two pack

trains. In June, fresh detachments of scouts and infantry took the places of those first sent out, and, early in July, the hostiles had been driven southeast of Oposura. By this time, Lawton's company had marched a distance equal to two-thirds of the way across the continent, surprised the Apaches once, and compelled them three times to abandon their camps. The country was burned over so that there was no grass and very little water.

"Every device known to the Indian," says Captain Lawton, "was practiced to throw me off the trail, but without avail. My trailers were good, and it was soon proved that there was not a spot the enemy could reach where security was assured."

The work of June was done by the cavalry, who were so worn out that a fresh start was made the following month with only infantry and Indian scouts. Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, at his own request, was given the command of the infantry, while Lieutenant Brown led the scouts. These charged the hostile camp and captured all the animals and baggage. The pursuit was kept up for several days, but the Apaches escaped.

The sufferings of the soldiers cannot be described. The country was of the most rugged character, the weather frightfully hot, and it rained almost every night. Only fourteen men of the infantry were fit for duty, and as they had no shoes and were exhausted, they were sent back to the supply camp for rest, while the cavalry under Lieutenant A. L. Smith, who

had just joined his troop, continued the campaign. General Miles succeeded General Crook, who was relieved at his own request in April, 1885.

Surgeon Wood in his report describes Sonora as chiefly "a continuous mass of mountains of the most rugged character. Range follows range with hardly an excuse for a valley, unless the narrow cañons be so considered." The pursuers were forced to send their horses around through gaps, while they followed the direct trail, climbing in the ascent and sliding in the descent. Lieutenant Brett once did this for twenty-six hours without rest, unable to find a drop of water for eighteen hours, with the heat all



GALLANT EXPLOIT OF LIEUTENANT CLARKE.

the time far above one hundred degrees. Scout Eduardy, while seeking "pointers," rode one horse nearly five hundred miles in less than seven days and nights.

The hunt for the Apaches was taken up in succession by twenty-five different commands or detachments, representing four regiments. This was in obedience to General Miles's order: "Commanding officers are expected to continue a pursuit until capture, or until they are assured a fresh command is on the trail."

This persistent trailing, and five encounters with the red men, convinced Geronimo and Nachez that there was no safety in Arizona, and they made haste to the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre in Mexico. Lieutenant Spencer thus describes the landscape of Sonora, where the Sierra Madre rises frequently 6000 or 7000 feet above the plain, which is a mile above the sea level:

"Down, down, down, upon a rocky, dangerous trail, now along a narrow divide, now a narrow side cut into the middle of a precipice hundreds of feet high, leading one's horse for hours, riding only for a few minutes, looking now almost vertically into a cañon whose bottom is a mile below, and, from the same point, at the ridge now thousands of feet above—the descent of the Sierra Madre is made."

After a hot pursuit of two hundred miles, Captain Lebo of the Tenth Cavalry brought the Apaches to bay, and a brisk conflict followed, just within the confines of Mexico. While it was in progress, Corporal Scott was stretched helpless under a hot fire of the Indians. Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke, fresh from West Point, rushed out at the peril of his life, lifted the body of the veteran from the ground, and brought it to a place of safety. Sergeant Samuel Adams and Packer Bowman did a like service for Conradi, a private, who was killed while they were carrying him off.

Lawton's command now took the trail, clinging to it like bloodhounds, insensible to heat, hunger, thirst, and fatigue. Geronimo and his band could not shake them off. The pursuit reached a point three hundred miles south of the boundary line, winding in and out, and repeatedly intersecting itself through the mountains and cañons of Sonora. Finally, the band was worn out and ready to give up. Lieutenant C. B. Gatewood of the Sixth Cavalry, at the imminent risk of his life, went unattended by troops into the hostile camp, meeting Geronimo face to face, and giving him the demand for surrender. The chief was helpless, and submitted.

About the same time the four hundred Warm Spring and Chiricahua Indians at Fort Apache, who were on the point of revolting, were hurried eastward.

So long as Geronimo and the members of his band were in Arizona or New Mexico, or indeed anywhere in the Southwest, no matter how closely confined, no settler felt safe. There was no saying when they would break out and renew their plundering and murder. Accordingly an heroic remedy was adopted.

Geronimo, with sixteen men, including the leading chiefs, was sent to Fort Pickens, Fla., and the rest were forwarded to their relatives at Fort Marion, St. Augustine. On the 1st of May, 1887, the captives were removed to Mount Vernon, Ala., on account of their health. Afterward Geronimo and his small band joined them there.

The Indian prisoners now at Mount Vernon are three hundred and ninety, of whom a hundred and thirty are children, a hundred and eighty women, and eighty warriors. They are industriously engaged in various pursuits, and it is hard to believe, in looking on the quiet, good-natured workers, that many of them not long ago were the worst red desperadoes that ever cursed American soil.

In October, 1888, through the instrumentality of the Boston Citizenship Committee, a school was opened at Mount Vernon, the War Department erecting the building, and the committee furnishing the teachers. The Indians did not take kindly to it at first, because a hundred of their brightest children had been recently removed to Carlisle, Pa. The Apaches are very fond of their children, and mourned their absence. As a consequence, they looked askance at the provision made for their improvement and education, and were sullen and dissatisfied, despite the assurances of those who really had their good at heart.

General Howard, however, poured oil upon the troubled waters. He visited the Indians in the spring of 1889, and pledged his word that the school was not a preparatory one to Carlisle. They knew he did not speak with a "forked tongue," and his promise could be relied upon. They were satisfied, and Geronimo himself was not only present at the opening of the school, but acted as chief usher. Think of it! The school is flourishing and the Indians, young and old, make excellent progress in their studies. Under the circumstances, it seems safe to say that the Indian problem, so far as the Apaches are concerned, has been successfully solved.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE INDIAN UPRISEING OF 1890-91—THE CAUSES OF THE NUMEROUS INDIAN WARS—THE BOARD OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS—CORRUPTION IN THE INDIAN BUREAU—VIEWS OF GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

FEW people understand the peril which we escaped in the winter of 1890-91. There were days and weeks when a hasty act, an inconsiderate movement, or the accidental firing of a single gun would have precipitated the most fearful Indian war in American history. It needed but a spark to kindle a conflagration that would have swept from the British Possessions to Mexico, and involved the loss of thousands of lives and the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property. The hands would have been turned back on the dial of progress for a hundred years. Of the quarter of a million of Indians, one-half would have been drawn into a war, marked by atrocities from which the imagination recoils.

It has been truly said that back of the numerous Indian wars, with their scenes of spoliation and cruelty, will always be found some act of injustice on the part of the white man. General Grant, when he became President, was so impressed by this fact, and the belief that the American Indian is susceptible to civilization and contains within himself hopeful elements, that he said in his inaugural address:

"The proper treatment of the original occupant of this land, the Indian, is one deserving of careful study. I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization, Christianization, and ultimate citizenship." As a consequence of this avowal, a delegation of citizens from Philadelphia called on President Grant in March, 1868, and thanked him for his utterance. Some time later, Congress passed a bill authorizing the President to appoint a Board of Indian Commissioners, who should act as an advisory body with the President, in the effort to civilize the Indians, calling to the help of the Government the agencies of education and religion. The members of the board received no salary. The following gentlemen were asked to become members of the board, and most of them accepted the invitation: Honorable John V. Farwell, Chicago; James E. Yetman, St. Louis; William E. Dodge, New York; E. S. Tobey, Boston; Honorable Felix R. Brunot, Pittsburg; George H. Stuart and William Welsh, Philadelphia. These were good men and true, and they did beneficent work. They visited various Indian tribes, carefully studied their

condition, and brought to bear their broad and enlightened views in the attempts to ameliorate their condition.

As might have been anticipated, however, the board were hindered by the political conditions of the times. Those were the days when corruption stalked through the land, and the Indian Bureau was the hotbed of fraud and dishonesty. There was a riot of robbery, the government and the Indians being plundered on every hand, while scoundrels grew rich, and crime went unpunished. Herbert Welsh, the intelligent and devoted friend of the red man, relates the following incident, which is but a type of scores of similar ones:

"An Indian agent, located at one of the agencies among the Sioux, was suspected of defrauding the Government and the Indian to the extent of about eighty thousand dollars. An investigating committee was sent from Washington to inspect his affairs. The agent got wind of their coming and determined to outwit them. He bribed one of his interpreters to meet the committee at a point on the Missouri where they would be obliged to take stage for the agency. The committee, in the long drive to the agency, fell into conversation with their unsuspected fellow traveler, found him well acquainted with the Indians, and were especially overjoyed to discover that he spoke Dakota. 'The very thing,' they said. 'We will secure his services as an interpreter.' The fellow consented, and received fifty dollars in payment for his services. Thus an interpreter was secured who translated the bitter complaints of the Indians in a way to make them appear as warm commendations of their agent. The committee returned, baffled, to Washington."

The Board of Indian Commissioners, while doing great good, were so crippled by the political powers arrayed against them, that they fell short of what they should have done and what they expected to do. Several of the most active members resigned, believing they could accomplish more by independent action. The body is still in existence, but not so active as formerly. Mr. Herbert Welsh has done much to enlighten the country by his writings and addresses on the true relation of the Indian to the Government.

General O. O. Howard, of the United States Army, a Christian soldier eminent for his culture and humanity, gives the following clear idea of the causes of the trouble with the powerful Sioux, a tribe of Indians in whom the student of American history must always be deeply interested:

"At the beginning of this century, the country of the Sioux Indians was that portion of the United States lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, north of the fortieth parallel of latitude. Their domain extended beyond our limits and into the possessions of Great Britain on the north. It was drained by the great Missouri River and its

many tributaries. Their reserved lands have been made smaller and smaller, until, after omitting several detached portions, about 30,000 Sioux Indians inhabited one tract of country called the 'Sioux Reservation,' which contained a little more than 35,000 square miles, or 20,000,000 acres.

"This is a grass-covered, rolling prairie country, with timber only along the creeks and rivers. The soil is unusually alluvial, and all streams cut deep ravines. Therefore the country is much broken. In places apparently underlying deposits of coal have been formed in ages past, and such portions are called 'Bad Lands,' being very rough and almost without vegetation.

"Some twenty-five years ago, to distinguish between Indians raiding or hostile and Indians merely hunting, reservations were established. That now occupied by the Sioux is what remains of that then allotted to them by a treaty with some of their bands. The reservation itself has been several times reduced, the United States being the purchaser of the portion surrendered.

"When the buffalo became extinct and other game scarce it was necessary to furnish the Indians with clothing and food or put them into a condition of self-support. The emergency was too sudden for the latter, so that the feeding and clothing was accomplished by collecting them in groups at several points in their vast domain, under the care of civil agents charged with this work and also with their instruction in the peaceful arts.

"There are now five Sioux agencies, from one to two hundred miles from each other, viz., Standing Rock, Cheyenne River, Brûlé, Rosebud, and Pine Ridge.

"At each of these agencies there are two distinct classes of Indians, the progressive and those who resist progress, *i. e.*, the reactionary. The progressives are willing to till the land, live honestly, and are more or less Christianized. The reactionary are, as one would suppose, at all times subject to excitement, and delighting from youth to age in war and pillage. They have habitually made raids and forays against other Indians, with now and then a hostile expedition against the white men in their neighborhood. Over these latter spirits Sitting Bull exercised his power, instanced in the war with General Terry, which resulted in the bloody massacre of Custer and his cavalry during the summer of 1876. What has been called the 'Messiah' craze was taken advantage of by Sitting Bull and other medicine men like him to divide the Indians still more, excite them to intense enthusiasm, and so have them ready to carry out his peculiar machinations. Doubtless Sitting Bull's death, resulting, as it did, in a fierce combat on the spot, had no immediate effect to pacify the wilder Sioux; it rather increased the terror of the timid and infuriated those who were already intoxicated by the weird dancing.

"Sitting Bull was combative and possessed great power of endurance and an unusual amount of diplomatic tact. He was a dangerous character, and probably his death will, in the end, be a benefit to all the Indians in the country, and certainly to the settlers of South Dakota and Nebraska.

"There are a few further facts which may give a clear idea of the situation at one of the agencies, namely, the Pine Ridge. A report to Washington, of date April 7, 1890, says: 'In former years this agency was allowed 5,000,000 pounds of beef. This year it has been reduced to 4,000,000 pounds. These Indians were not prepared for this change, no instructions had been given the agent that 1,000,000 pounds of beef would be cut off from the Indians this year, consequently issues were made from the beginning of the fiscal year, July 1, 1889, until the date of the final delivery of beef, October 15, 1889, on the basis of 5,500,000 pounds for the year. This necessitated a large reduction in the beef issued afterward to catch up with the amount, and came at just the worst season of the year.' This report was official. The object of the reduction of rations on the part of Congress has uniformly been to compel the Indians to increased industry and more active provision for their own wants. Certainly this explanation was due to the agent and to the Indians at a very early date. The same report further alleges another important fact relating to the Government Commissioners who last year went to them to negotiate a further reduction of their reservation. The report says: 'Their enforced absence attending the Sioux Commission caused them to lose all they had planted, by the stock breaking in on their farms and destroying everything that they had. They have been compelled to kill their private stock during the winter to keep from starving, and in some cases have been depredating upon the stock of white people living near the line of the reservation.'

"The report near its close had a significant paragraph: 'Men will take desperate measures sooner than suffer from hunger. Not much work can be expected with the present feeling. The Indians who advocate signing away their lands are now laughed at and blamed for being foaled. They don't get even their former rations, and ask where all the promises are that were made. The Government must keep faith as well as the Indians.'

"This early report would doubtless have been an ample warning could the consequences of delay have been foreseen. The field was so vast that a mistake like this at a single agency then (in April) appeared a small matter, to be regarded perhaps as only a spur to more persistent efforts for self-support. It is some time since I have had much to do with the Indian tribes that have centered at the Cheyenne River, Pine Ridge, or Rosebud agency, but, providentially, I have had much to do with many of the best and some of the worst of the Indian tribes.

"First. As to the causes of the outbreak of 1890-91. If we consult

either the reports that have been made to the War and Interior Departments or our own experience of Indian wars, we find the causes of the trouble uniformly the same. They proceed primarily from the minds and hearts, as yet unchanged, of a large proportion in each tribe, where the outbreak comes, of savages—Indians—whose thoughts, whose manners and customs, and modes of living and government, are not our manners and customs and modes of living.

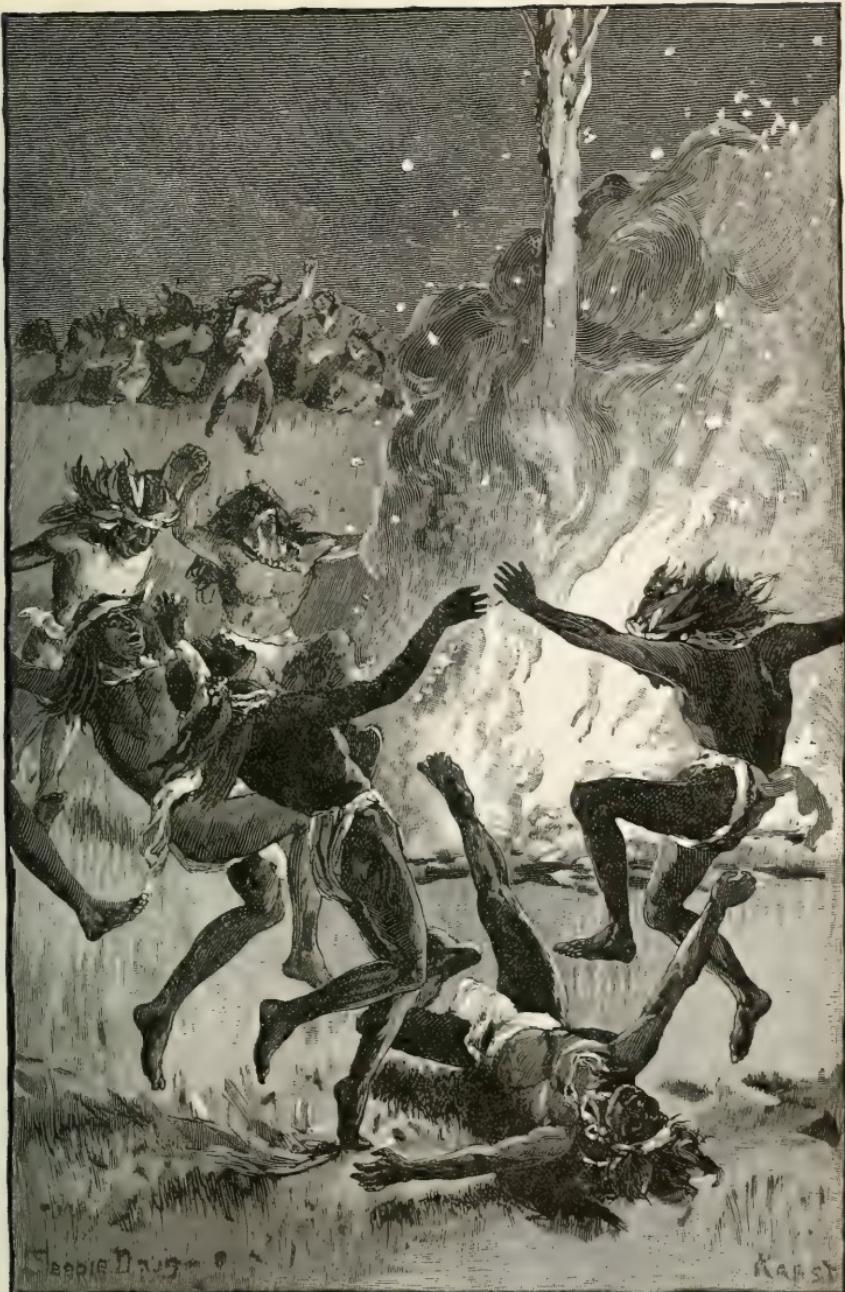
"One of the greatest friends of the Indians, and one of the best men of our time, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, said that in the work of converting, educating, and civilizing the Indian the efforts were more remunerative than among any other people. He is certainly right. But that work itself has thus far been but a drop, a fragment; not faithful except in spots, not continuous, and, according to the errors of teachers, too often proceeding upon untrue and untenable theories.

"Still, when the Nez Perce war broke out both Catholic and Protestant separated themselves from the hostiles, and remained so to the end of that terrible conflict. Some, of course, took the red man's side. True enough, but it was not the rule. Christian Indians worked hard in council to prevent the war. They protected teachers and escorted them with a large force for seventy miles to places of safety. They did not want, like many of our loyal Southern officers in 1861, to go out and fight against the non-treaty savages who went to war, for they were all Nez Perces, but they did often furnish us with guides and scouts.

"And we notice the same conduct among the Sioux of the Northwest. The Santee Sioux, for example, are a quiet, orderly, well-behaved band. Many of them are sincere Christians, many are respectable farmers. They have good schools and churches, and, if the reports are to be believed, none of them went to war. The reason is that the majority of them are already Christian in their minds, in their manners, and modes of living.

"Another Episcopal minister, Bishop Hare of Dakota, to the northwest of the Santees, wrote: 'One thousand seven hundred Sioux Indians communicants, Sioux Indians contributing \$3000 annually for religious purposes. . . .' He remarks further: 'The very leaders of this disturbance, which alarmed the whole Northwest, covered the better Indians with shame, brought scorn upon their essays into civilization, robbed many of them of their hard-earned possessions, and exposed them to personal peril, should not be left at liberty hereafter to repeat the baneful operation.'

"Again he said: 'The friendly Indians fear that in the event of any trouble their ponies will be taken from them, whether innocent or guilty.' Here is a significant fact: 'I have visited several agencies, and have late news from all the Sioux Indian country, but I have yet to learn of a single case of insult, much less of violence, offered to any teacher or missionary



GHOST DANCE.

in any of the fifty odd stations scattered all over the disturbed districts in South Dakota.' This was before the death of Sitting Bull, the battle at Wounded Knee, and the attack at the Catholic Mission not far from Pine Ridge. Still, the fact is patent that the Christian Indians, clergy and laity, have struggled hard against the terrible wildness that recently stirred up the reactionary classes. There are more than 5000 Christian Sioux, who, in spite of the influence of race prejudice and misinterpretations of white-men, have stood firmly to their choice of Christian and civilized ways, and I think all good people the world over have no reason to be discouraged during this storm of heathenism. White men and women are led into a furor of enthusiasm often, and behold a Messiah coming, *in propria persona*, and they have at times done extravagant things at which the worldly world has jeered and laughed. Some satanic agencies delight in raising up false Messiahs and false Christs, and good, well-disposed men are decried. The Piute Indian who started his wild theory, who is reported to have walked a thousand miles to carry it from tribe to tribe, was another false Messiah. He pretended to miraculous power. He submitted, ostensibly, to be shot, and then was found alive. He encouraged the wild dance, that grew wilder and wilder under his inspiration. He demanded peace and submission, it is true, but he might as well ask the untamed lion not to roar, or the tigress robbed of her young not to spring upon the robber as to ask the wild Sioux to keep the peace when their old dances had roused all the fierceness of their unchanged hearts.

"One distinguished personal witness, speaking of the Messiah craze, calls it 'the delusion which has taken possession of the minds of the wilder portion among the Indians. The leaders in the movement have invigorated old heathen ideas with snatches of Christian truth, and have managed to excite an amount of enthusiasm which is amazing. They teach that the Son of God will presently appear as the avenger of the wild Indian; the earth will shiver; a great wave of new earth will overspread the present face of the world and bury all the whites and all the Indians who imitate their ways, while the real Indians will find themselves on the surface of the new earth, basking in the light. The old ways will all be restored in primitive vigor and glory, and the buffalo, antelope, and deer will return.'

"Behold the dancing picture—a special garb; a calico shirt, short, like the army jacket; they call it the 'mysterious shirt.' The leaders preach; the people sing and cry out: 'The buffalo are coming! the buffalo are coming!' Now they seize each other's hands and go round and round in circles, half confused, wilder and wilder, till one after another the dancers fall unconscious. The medicine men call these dead, and declare that they are making a visit to the great spirit world, where they will meet the Son

of God and all true friends who have gone before. Coming back to life, they tell of their strange visions.

"The good Bishop of Dakota remarks: 'I look upon the movement as the efforts of heathenism, grown desperate, to recover its vigor and reinstate itself. Many of the missionaries have long expected such a struggle.'

"Once when the writer was in council with a body of wild Indians who believed in spiritism, who drummed continuously about every sick man, woman, or child, and listened to the wizards among them, called medicine men, they questioned him as follows:

"'Will you give us schools and churches and farms and houses and implements for all kinds of work if we will do as you want?'

"'Yes, the Government will do all that, and teach you to live as the white men do.'

"'Now, General Howard, we tell you that those are the very things we do not want. We want the earth to be as it is—nothing should break up the surface of the earth. We will not have schools nor churches nor farms nor white men's houses nor their ways of living. We will always be Indians.'

"This is still the real bottom spirit that actuates every wild Indian who has the fire of Indian manhood in his soul. As to secondary causes of Indian wars, some have already been hinted at.

"I. Promises of money not speedily fulfilled. For years the Sioux have had several of these promises given by general officers, United States Commissioners, and Government agents. It takes a long, long time to get the necessary appropriation through both Houses of Congress. No officer or commissioner can transfer his sympathy to our legislators. They, like all legislative bodies, have a way unto themselves. Years and years' pledges to sundry tribes, we own it with sorrow, have remained unfulfilled.

"As to the Sioux, their consent to the great breach of their reservation was by no means unanimous. The dissenters quickly embrace a chance to revenge themselves. Minorities among white men often are dissatisfied and occasionally turbulent. The Sioux minority exceeds the fervor of white legislators.

"When white men have claims against the Government they prosecute them with patience and wait, sometimes for months and sometimes for years, for the essential appropriations. The reactionary Sioux cannot be made to understand the reasons for such long periods of waiting. They interpret them as resulting from forked tongues and bad hearts. For example, after the war of 1876, when certain Sioux Indians were disarmed and deprived of their ponies, all who were not engaged among the hostiles

were promised payment for their losses. This payment has not yet been completed.

"2. In some parts of our new States the land boom has ended badly, and white men are land poor. They become panicky. They fear a drunken Indian at a brothel or saloon corner. They magnify the situation: 'Indians are near! Indians are insolent! Indians are dancing! Indians are coming! They can wipe us out!' Governors, congressmen, and newspapers are besieged and urged to help. 'Troops, troops, more troops!' they cry. The governor sends militia or volunteers. The United States finally sends to the panicky place a few companies of regulars. Money comes and trade is quickened. Men who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by such rows get congenial employment and the means often for a renewal of dissipated lives.

"But this does not make war!" Yes, it does. Poor ranchmen, far and near, get frightened at the rumors, and rush with their families to the nearest settlement. The Indians get the rumor ten times exaggerated and the wild become wilder, and women and children are often blinded by terror. Young ambitious fellows among them catch a special inspiration, rush off perhaps in small parties, kill cattle, take horses, and murder mining prospectors and individual travelers. They then return with their booty and the scalps to be the lions of the tribe. Every peace council is now overborne, and war is upon us with all its supreme outrage and horror.

"Indian agents have a hard and trying position. They must be gigantic in ability and character to control at such times. We must not blame them too much. Some are not suited at all to such work; some are not wise governors; but I have found among them very competent men. But no one man can quench the fire of a blazing house after it has passed the first stage of ignition.

"A journal, speaking of this outbreak, well remarks that the Indian 'tests practically the agent put in charge of him. If he finds him a man of good qualities, firm, true to his word, fearless, yet generous and kind, he makes of him a friend. . . . An agent who has established such relations with the Indian can exercise over him almost unlimited control. But an agent who has incurred suspicion or dislike may discharge his duties with fidelity and still be only a cause of constant irritation. . . . An agent whom he trusts can do more with the Indian in peace or war than an army with banners. It is by the influence of such men that treaties have been concluded when the whole power of the government could not have secured the assent of a score of Indians. . . . It is by their influence that conflict has been avoided in numberless cases. And this individual way of dealing with the Indians is the only way that has ever met with the slightest success.'"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE INDIAN UPRISING OF 1890-91 (CONTINUED)—THE LEADERS OF THE REACTIONARY PARTY—FRAUD IN THE PURCHASE OF INDIAN LANDS—INDIAN COMMISSIONS—BISHOP HARE'S VIEWS—THE MESSIAH CRAZE—SITTING BULL—THE INDIAN POLICE.

THE most prominent leaders of the reactionary party among the Sioux were Spotted Tail, killed by Crow Dog in a wrangle in 1881, Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull. These chieftains, all of whom possessed great native ability, brooded over the wrongs their people had suffered at the hands of the whites, dreamed of the day when the Cacausian should be driven into the sea, and were not only untamable in their resentment, but continually fomented discontent among their own people. The part that Sitting Bull took in the Indian troubles fifteen years before, has been told elsewhere.

The opportunity which the malcontents wanted in order to rouse their followers to fury was certain to come. It never fails to come when matters are in a critical condition.

A glance at the Sioux reservation will show how desirable it was for the inhabitants of Dakota to open a highway through the heart of the Indian lands, and to secure the settlement of the reservation by white people. It would immeasurably help the red men and the whites, and there was no reason why it should not have been done. All that the owners demanded was to be treated with justice, and, had this been the case, there would have been no trouble.

In 1882, a Commission sent out from Washington offered the Sioux eight cents an acre for their land. They used deception in some instances to secure the consent of the Indians, whose friends were warned in time to prevent the passage of the bill by Congress.

In 1887, another Commission presented a new proposition to the Indians. It was an improvement on the former, but the red men had been rendered suspicious by the previous attempt and refused to sign. The terms were made more favorable to them, and finally a new Commission, of which the distinguished General Crook was chairman, succeeded in winning over the Sioux, who signed the new treaty, by which about 11,000,000 acres were given up and the reservation was reduced one-half.

The Indians signed with great reluctance and only after much pres-

sure had been brought to bear on them. In referring to this matter, Bishop Hare says:

"Some preferred their old life the more earnestly because schools and churches were sapping and undermining it. Some wished delay. All complained that many of the engagements solemnly made with them in former years . . . had been broken--and here they were right. They suspected that present promises of pay for their lands would prove only old ones in new shape. When milch cows were promised—cows having been promised in previous agreements—the Indians exclaimed, 'There's that same old cow!' and demanded that no further surrender be expected until former promises had been fulfilled. They were assured that a new era had dawned, and that all past promises would be kept. So we all thought.

"The Indians understand little of the complex form sand delays of our government. Six months passed and nothing came. Three months more, and nothing came. But in the midst of the winter's pinching cold the Indians learned that the transaction had been declared complete, and half of their land proclaimed as thrown open to the whites. Surveys were not promptly made; perhaps they could not be, and no one knew what land was theirs and what was not. The very earth seemed sliding from beneath their feet. Other misfortunes seemed to be crowding on them. On some reserves their rations were being reduced, and lasted, even when carefully husbanded, but one-half the period for which they were issued. In the summer of 1889, all the people on the Pine Ridge Reserve—men, women, and children—were called in from their farms to the agency to treat with the Commissioners, and were kept there a whole month, and, on returning to their homes, found that their cattle had broken into their fields and trampled down or eaten up all their crops. This was true in a degree elsewhere. In 1890, the crops, which promised splendidly early in July, failed entirely later, because of a severe drought. The people were often hungry, and the physicians in many cases said died, when taken sick, no' so much from disease as from want of food.

"No doubt the people could have saved themselves from suffering if industry, economy, and thrift had abounded; but these are just the virtues which a people merging from barbarism lack. The measles prevailed in 1889, and were exceedingly fatal. Next year the grippé swept over the people with appalling results. Whooping-cough followed among the children. Sullenness and gloom began to gather, especially among the heathen and wilder Indians. A witness of high character told me that a marked discontent, amounting almost to despair, prevailed in many quarters. The people said their children were all dying from diseases brought by the whites, their race was perishing from the face of the earth, and they might as well be killed at once. Old chiefs and medicine men were losing their

power. Withal new ways were prevailing more and more, which did not suit the older people. The old ways which they loved were passing away. In a word, all things were against them, and to add to the calamity, many Indians, especially the wilder element, had nothing to do but to brood over their misfortunes. While in this unhappy state, the story of a Messiah coming, with its Ghost Dance and strange hallucinations, spread among the heathen part of the people. The Christian Indians, on the whole, maintained their stand with praiseworthy patience and fortitude; but the dancers were in a state of exaltation approaching frenzy. Restraint only increased their madness. The dancers were found to be well armed. Insubordination broke out on several reserves. The authority of the agent and of the native police was overthrown. The civilized Indians were intimidated. Alarm spread everywhere."

Rev. William J. Cleveland, the well-known missionary among the Indians, says in explanation of the craze about the coming Messiah, that they told it to him, "from the people who wear rabbit-skin blankets (whoever they are), far west of the Yellow Skins, who are far west of the Utes." Mr. Welsh surmises that the Indians thus referred to are the Pueblo or village Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. They use rabbit-skin blankets, live far west of the Utes, and, moreover, hold the old Aztec tradition of Montezuma, their Saviour, returning to free their race. It is one of their customs to look from their housetops at dawn, for the coming of Montezuma over the eastern mountains. This tradition, formerly confined to the southwest and certain tribes of Indians, spread and affected other tribes.

Be that as it may, there can be no question of its overpowering influence on the Sioux. It ran like wildfire among them and was eagerly turned to account by Sitting Bull and the other leaders, to foment the fury of the red men against the whites. The revelation from the Messiah was that he had once descended to save the white race, but they rejected and killed him. In turn, he now rejected them and would come in the spring, when the grass was about two inches high, and save his red children and destroy the white ones. It was enjoined upon all those who believed in him to wear a peculiar dress and to practice the Ghost Dance as often and as long as they possibly could, as a proof of their faith. If any died of exhaustion while performing this weird ceremony, they would be taken immediately to the Messiah, where they were given communion with the departed and whence they would come back to tell the living of what they had heard and seen. When the Messiah came in the spring, a new earth would be created, covering the present world and burying all the whites and those red men that had not joined in the dance. The Messiah would again bring with him the departed of their own people, and the earth would once

more be as their forefathers knew it, except there should be no more death.

Sitting Bull was the leading marplot in spreading discontent among the Indians. He had his runners everywhere and they were specially active where there was the most prospect of success, such as among Big Foot's people on the Cheyenne River Reserve, the Lower Brules lower down the Missouri, the Upper Brules, or Spotted Tail's people, at Rosebud, Red Cloud's people and among the Ogalalla's at Pine Ridge. Here was the best of soil for sowing the dragon's teeth, for the Indians were desperately fanatical, hungry, and resentful because of the numerous broken pledges of the Government to them.

Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, one of the most faithful and energetic of Indian agents (who had been displaced through political influences), was present at Pine Ridge, as the representative of Governor Mellette, and under date of December 4, 1890, wrote:

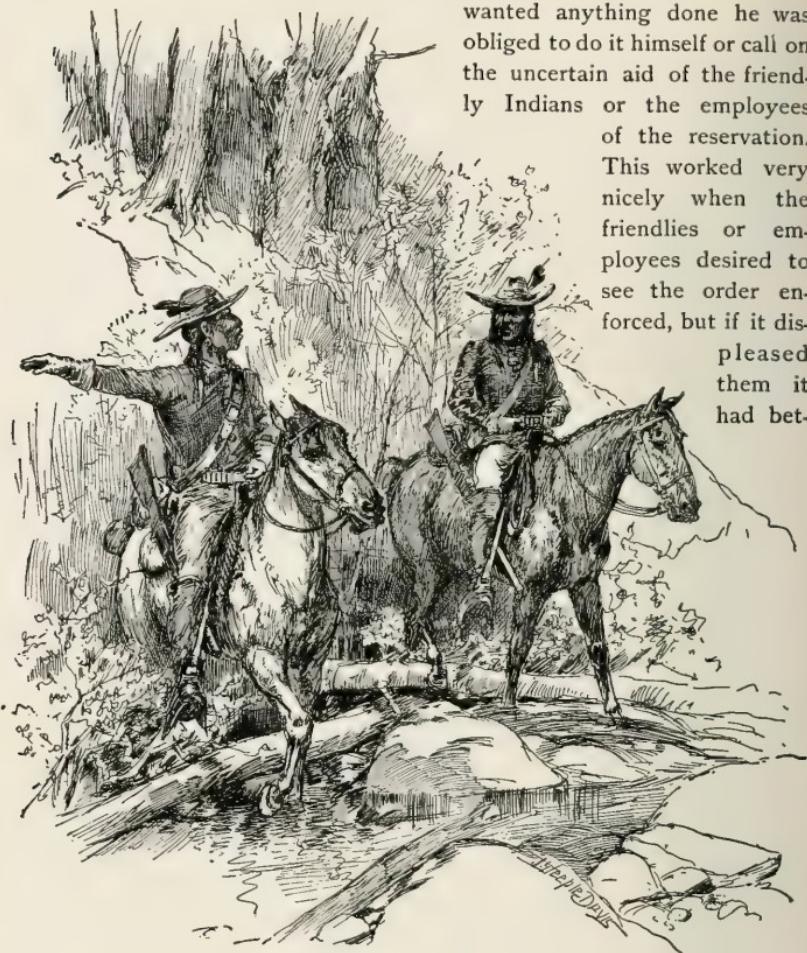
"The condition of affairs when I left there last week was as follows: About four thousand of the agency Indians were camped at the agency. The outlying villages, churches, and schools were abandoned. About two thousand Brules and Wazazas were camped twenty-five miles distant on Wounded Knee Creek, uncertain whether to come into the agency or not, on account of the presence of troops. Emissaries of Sitting Bull were circulating among all of the Indians, inciting them to revolt, and ranging through the abandoned villages destroying the property of friendly Indians. Indians by the dozen were beseeching me to obtain permission for them to go to their homes and protect their property, their horses, cows, pigs, chickens, etc.—the accumulation of years. Runners came to me from the Brule camp, asking me to come out and explain what the coming of troops meant. They said they knew me, would believe in me, and come in. Red Cloud and other chiefs made the same request of Agent Royer and Special Agent Cooper. The request was refused; no white man was sent to them. On Sunday last Sitting Bull's emissaries prevailed; the Brules became hostile, stole horses and cattle, and are now on the edge of the Bad Lands, ready for a winter's campaign. Many Indians who were friendly when I left the agency will join them. They have possession of the agency beef herd of thirty-five hundred head of cattle. The presence of troops at the agency is being rapidly justified. What I state investigation can substantiate."

Before giving an account of the arrest and death of Sitting Bull, a brief statement should be made concerning the Indian police, who have proven themselves unsurpassed in heroism and devotion to duty.

It was discovered a number of years ago that the Indian agent could issue orders, but that only he himself was likely to enforce them. There

were soldiers and United States marshals in plenty, but none of them admitted the rule of the Department of the Interior. So when an agent wanted anything done he was obliged to do it himself or call on the uncertain aid of the friendly Indians or the employees of the reservation.

This worked very nicely when the friendlies or employees desired to see the order enforced, but if it displeased them it had bet-



INDIAN POLICE.

ter never have been made, for they only laughed at the agent, and even occasionally refused to obey the orders of the Indian Commissioner, unless the "Great Father" backed it up with an array of bayonets and deputy marshals. So the force, which soon gained notoriety, was found to be a necessity.

An order from the Secretary of the Interior first allowed the agents to employ friendly members of the tribe or tribes under their charge to "preserve order and protect the property of the Government and its wards."

At first two or three members were chosen on each reservation. The police were sometimes under the charge of a native captain; more often they were captained by some white man. They were paid the munificent salary of \$10 a month to officers, and \$8 a month to non-commissioned officers and privates. From the time of the appointment of the police the discipline of the reservations became better. Only the best men, morally and physically, were accepted by the Government, which was thus able to secure the best material for its force at the smallest remuneration paid to any of its numerous employees. The entire Indian police now musters about 1000 men, who are the sole agents of the Interior Department for the enforcement of its rules and the preservation of the peace. Besides their salary they receive the usual rations and supplies of wards of the Government.

Their duty, as prescribed by the general orders, is "To obey the instructions of agents, protect the property of the Government and the natives against cattle thieves, prevent the sale of liquor, the inroads of outlaws and bad whites, and to suppress every kind of vice and lawlessness on the reservations."

The Indian police wear a uniform, or at least are supposed to. This uniform, which is made of the national blue cloth, partakes of both the civil and military habit. It approaches the cavalry in the cut of the blouse, and the trousers with the high top-boots. But the military aspect is lost in the broad sombrero and the cartridge belt and Winchester. Occasionally the uniform is discarded, and then the members of the force dress as they please. Sometimes a cast-off cavalry suit, or a coat belonging to a missionary or agent, finds the back of a member of the force its last resting-place before being cast into the rag-bag. But among this brigade, the members of which stand between the natives and their white guardians, the most absolute discipline is maintained. Most of the men belonging to it are married, and live near the agency of whatever reservation they may be attached to. They have no general headquarters, being distributed among the various agencies.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE INDIAN UPRISEING OF 1890-91 (CONTINUED)—DEATH OF SITTING BULL—SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS CHIEF AND MEDICINE MAN—BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE—INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT—BURNING OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION BUILDING—GLOOMY OUTLOOK—DANGER OF PINE RIDGE.

SITTING BULL was so implacable, active, and dangerous that his arrest became a necessity. Accordingly, General Ruger, at St. Paul, telegraphed, December 12, 1890, to Colonel Drum, commanding at Fort Yates, the military post adjoining Standing Rock agency, to arrest the chief. General Ruger desired that the military and civil agent should co-operate. Major McLaughlin, the agent, wished to effect the capture through the Indian police, so as not to irritate the followers of Sitting Bull. The time fixed was when most of the Indians were absent from the camp, drawing their rations from the agency.

The arrest would have been made on the date fixed, but for the attempt of Sitting Bull to leave the reservation. This precipitated action five days earlier than the time named. The Indian police to the number of forty set out to perform their errand, followed at some distance by two troops of cavalry under Captain Fechét and a body of infantry under Colonel Drum.

It was forty-three miles in a southwesterly direction to the camp of the old medicine man. Five miles from the tepees on Grand River the United States troops stopped and held a consultation with the Indian police. It was agreed that the soldiers should station themselves within two or three miles of the Indian camp, where they could be readily signaled.

Bull Head, Shave Head, and eight policemen entered Sitting Bull's house, raised him from his bed and brought him out. They tried to persuade him to go peaceably with them, but the wrathful chief raised the alarm by yelling. Catch the Bear dashed out of his tepee, and, seeing what was going on, ran through the camp, calling upon the warriors to bring out their guns. They began instantly flocking about the police, who hurriedly hoisted Sitting Bull on a horse. Catch the Bear fired the first shot, wounding Bull Head in the leg. The latter instantly wheeled and sent a bullet through Sitting Bull's head at the moment he was shouting his commands to his followers. Simultaneously Red Tomahawk, of the police, shot the old chief in the stomach.

The firing now became general. The police pressed the hostiles so hard that they retreated to the stables, a hundred yards distant. The police followed and drove them out, and obtaining possession of a house, they carried their dead and wounded into it. There were a hundred Sioux fighting furiously, and the position of the police was fast becoming critical.

At the first outbreak, a policeman dashed off, his horse on a dead run, and signaled to the waiting cavalry, who, having heard the firing, hurried forward to the help of the police. They opened with their Hotchkiss and Gatling gun on the hostiles, who fled in such haste that their families were left behind. Then, having thoroughly searched the woods and tepees, the cavalry and police fell back to Oak Creek, eighteen miles north of Grand River, where they camped for the night.

The foregoing account of the death of Sitting Bull is the one generally accepted. There is no denying, however, the prevalence of the belief that, when his arrest was arranged, it was understood that an excuse was to be found for putting him out of the way.

The following dispatch, dated St. Paul, December 6, 1891, has been widely published:

"Sitting Bull was murdered. Conrad Disstler, who made the sixty-mile march across the sand plains of the Sioux Reservation from Fort Yates to Grand River with Troop F, Eighth Cavalry, on December 6 last, told the story of the killing of the aged chief here this afternoon. He read the affidavit of Sitting Bull's wives, charging that Bull was murdered, and said it was substantially correct. Disstler was an eye witness of the killing. He said:

" 'Red Tomahawk never liked Bull, and he was glad of an opportunity to go into his camp under Government orders. Troops F and G, Eighth Cavalry, under Captain Fechét, arrived at Grand River at six o'clock on the morning of December 7. The Indian police were ahead of us, and Red Tomahawk, their leader, found and entered the tepee of Sitting Bull. When he told the chief that he was to come with him Bull made no resistance, but came out. He was surrounded by women, and they, alarmed, made an outcry. Tomahawk suddenly drew his pistol and shot the aged chief. Bull fell to the ground wounded, but not fatally, while Tomahawk and his party made for a log cabin, where they were quickly besieged by the hostiles.'

" 'Captain Fechét brought the two field-guns into play at once. He and Troop G protected them, while we of F were dismounted and sent down the hill on a charge into the camp. As we started the Hotchkiss and Gatling guns began their fire, and the hostiles fled with but a poor offer of resistance.'

" 'Sitting Bull, after receiving his wound, had crawled into a bush, and

there with his rifle was making a fight. He was dragged forth, and an Indian policeman sprang forward with a broken pole, used on the sides of wagons, and beat in his head, while others broke his rifle over his head, and still others slashed his face horribly with their knives. In this manner he died.

"Lieutenant Slocum did all he could to prevent this brutality, but the police were infuriated, and having lost five or six of their number in the scrimmage, they were not to be pacified."

Of the police there were killed Bull Head, the lieutenant in command; Shave Head, first sergeant; Little Eagle, fourth sergeant; Afraid-of-Soldiers, private; John Armstrong, special police; Harsh Man, special police, and Middle, wounded.

Bull Head, who was the bitter enemy of Sitting Bull, was severely wounded in the arm, leg, and stomach. The surgeons were hopeful of pulling him through, but he died three days after being shot.

The hostiles known to be killed outright were: Sitting Bull, Black Bird, Catch the Bear, Little Assiniboine, Crow Foot (son of Sitting Bull, seventeen years old); Spotted Horse Bull, a chief; Brave Thunder, a chief, and Chase, wounded. Several others were badly hurt but were carried off.

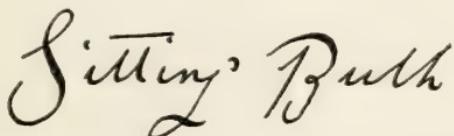
The bodies of the five Indian police, and that of Sitting Bull, were buried at Fort Yates several days later.

Sitting Bull, whose stormy career ended thus tragically, was born in Dakota, in 1837. He was a leader from boyhood among the discontented Sioux, his hatred of the white race being inextinguishable. After the Minnesota massacres of 1862, many hitherto peaceful Indians joined Sitting Bull, who kept up a continual warfare on the frontier. In 1874, he drove the Crows from their reservation. The Interior Department ordered him to remove with his band to his reservation by January 31, 1876. He paid no heed to the order, and the following day the Interior Department turned him over to the Department of War. In March, General Crook destroyed the village of Crazy Horse in Yellowstone Valley. The severe weather compelled a cessation of hostilities for some time. On June 25 occurred the frightful disaster on Little Big Horn, the particulars of which have been already given.

It will be remembered that as General Terry advanced, Sitting Bull and some of his followers fled into British territory. Under the persuasion of the officials of the Dominion of Canada, and the promise of pardon, Sitting Bull returned to American territory in 1880, and surrendered.

For a time the old chief acted like a good Indian. He exhibited himself for weeks in New York and other cities, where he naturally aroused much interest and curiosity. A striking scene was that observed in 1883, when, at one of the railway stations of the West, Sitting Bull sat on a

windy eminence selling his autographs for a dollar and a half a piece. In the smiling group of purchasers gathered around him were Generals U. S. Grant and P. H. Sheridan, Carl Schurz, W. M. Evarts, a number of United States Senators and Congressmen, several British noblemen, besides Berlin bankers, German professors, railway presidents, financiers, and journalists. The old chief did a thriving trade disposing of his signature, which was something like this:

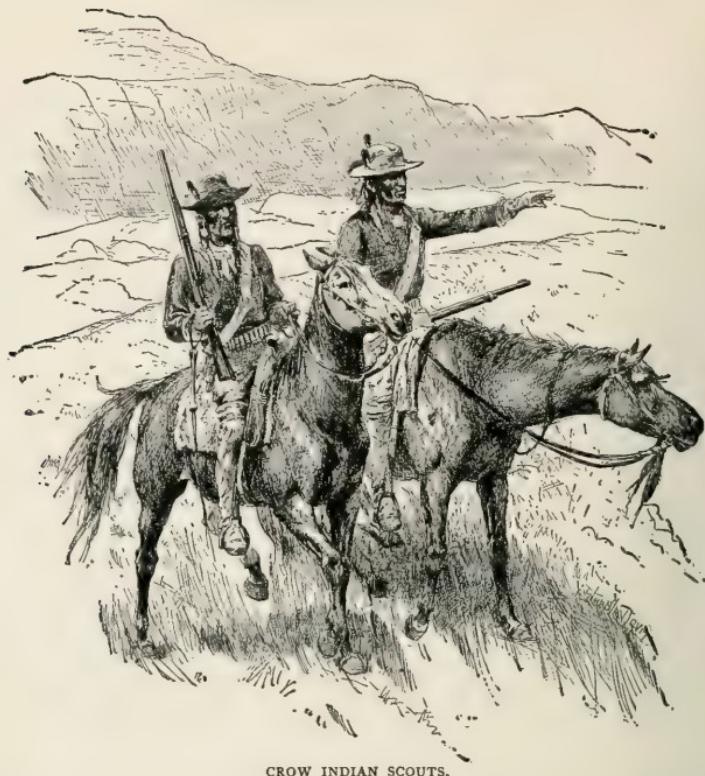
A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sitting Bull". The signature is fluid and expressive, with the "S" and "B" being particularly prominent.

In July and August, 1888, Sitting Bull, at a conference at Standing Rock, influenced his tribe to refuse to relinquish their lands. He was as defiant as ever, and, but for his death, must have been the leading actor in the last outbreak.

The defeated hostiles made for the Bad Lands at a furious rate to join Start Bull and Crow Dog, who were entrenched there with two hundred Ogalalla bucks. Other malcontents followed them, and the danger became so threatening that the arrival of General Miles at the agency on the 18th was received with delight. He had established his reputation as a skillful general and Indian fighter, and it was felt that a reliable hand had taken the helm.

While the troops began drawing a cordon around the Bad Lands, a great many Indians, mostly old men, women, and children, straggled into the agency at Pine Ridge and surrendered. At times the hope was strong that the trouble would be settled without further bloodshed, and again matters became so critical that a terrific battle seemed certain to occur at any day and hour. On the 23d of December the report came that three thousand Indians, including six hundred fighters, were in the Bad Lands, and that they were continually receiving accessions.

It was a great relief, therefore, when Big Foot, with some of the Sitting Bull fugitives and disaffected ones on Cherry Creek, Cheyenne reservation, surrendered to Colonel Sumner; but while conducting the two hundred prisoners to the Missouri River, the whole band made their escape (December 24) and hurried south to join Kicking Bear and the other hostiles. Almost immediately on receiving the news four companies of the Ninth Cavalry (colored), with two Hotchkiss guns and one mortar, left Pine Ridge, followed by a wagon train and escort, to intercept the fugitives. December 28th, Big Foot and his band were discovered by Little Bat, an Indian scout, eight miles north of Major Whiteside's camp, on



CROW INDIAN SCOUTS.

Wounded Knee Creek. Four troops of the Seventh Cavalry immediately rode thither. As they approached, the hostiles formed a long battle line, one hundred and fifty strong, with guns and knives, the latter in cartridge belts outside their blankets.

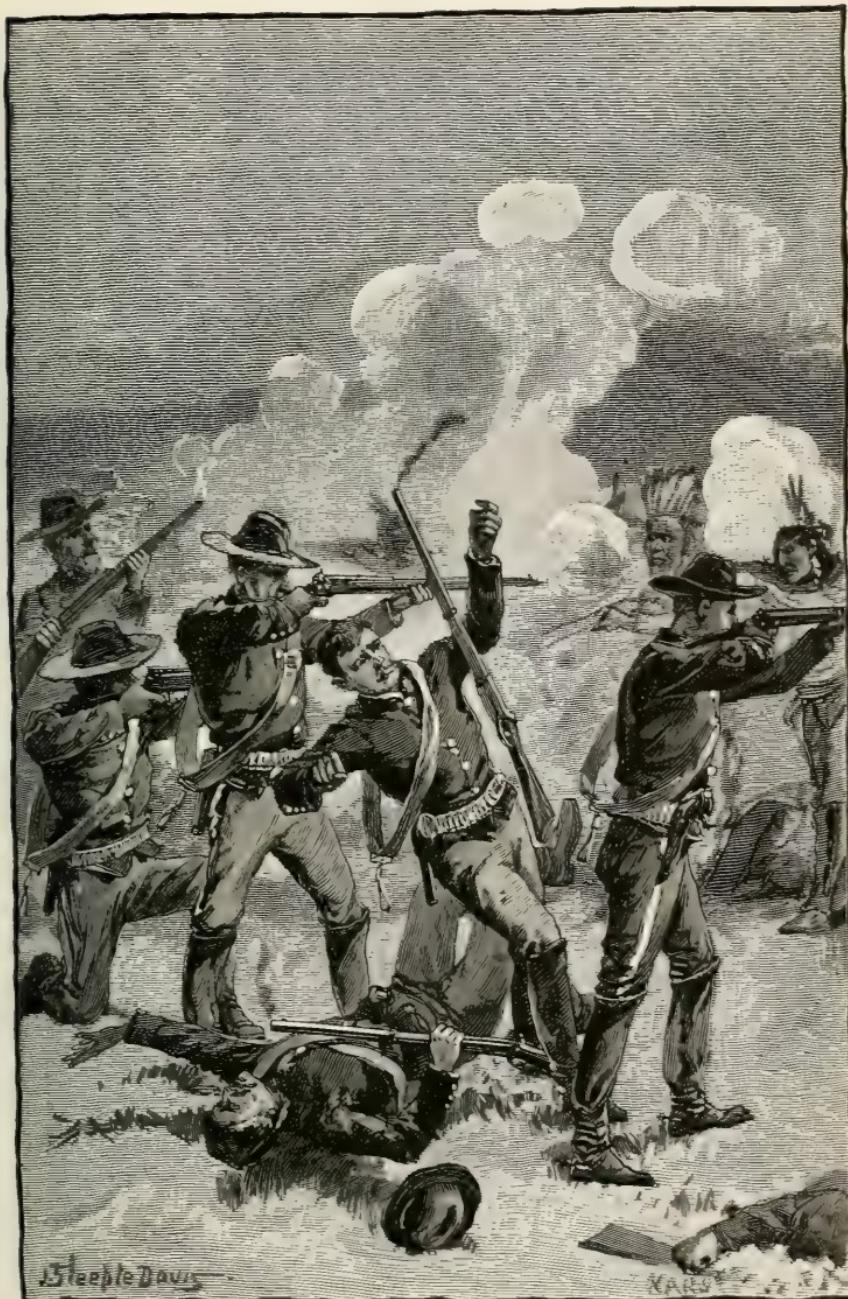
Major Whiteside also drew up in battle line. Then Big Foot approached on foot and unarmed. The major dismounted and walked forward to receive him.

"I am sick," said Big Foot. "My people want peace. My people here want peace——"

"I won't talk or parley with you," interrupted the officer. "It is either unconditional surrender or fight; I await your answer."

"We surrender; we would have done so before but couldn't find you."

At a signal from their chief, the warriors raised the white flag. The military quickly surrounded them and a courier was dispatched post haste for four troops of the Seventh Cavalry, and Lieutenant Taylor's scouts, to help guard and disarm the party. Big Foot's band included one hundred



BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE.

and fifty warriors perfectly armed, with two hundred and fifty squaws and many children.

The four troops of the Seventh arrived that afternoon, and at eight o'clock the following morning General Forsyth ordered the males to come from their tepees for a talk. They obeyed sullenly, ranging themselves in a semicircle in front of the tent where Big Foot lay sick with the pneumonia. The Indians were told that they must give up their arms in groups of twenty at a time.

The score first selected scowlingly entered their tepees, and after awhile straggled out again, and surrendered two rifles only.

Major Whiteside, who was superintending matters, was angered. He turned and consulted for a few minutes with General Forsyth. The cavalry, in obedience to orders, dismounted, formed in almost a square about twenty-five paces back and then closed in, standing within twenty feet of the Indians, who were now in their center.

A detail of cavalry were then sent to search the tepees. When they reappeared, they brought out about sixty guns. They were now directed to search the warriors themselves. The soldiers proceeded to do so, with never a thought of mischief.

A dozen Indians had probably been searched, when, in a twinkling, the rest whipped out their rifles from under their blankets and began pouring bullets into the soldiers, who a few moments before were almost near enough to touch them. A hundred shots were fired by the hostiles with such suddenness that they sounded like one volley. Then the troops opened upon the Indians, with such effect that they toppled over like tenpins.

The firing lasted for half an hour, during which many of the combatants discharged their rifles almost in one another's faces. Some of the Indians got through the lines and away to the small hills to the southwest; about one hundred were killed, while twenty-four of the soldiers fell and thirty-three were wounded. Several of the latter died.

The charge has been repeatedly made that our soldiers pursued and shot down women and children. When the Sioux delegation visited Washington, in the following February, the chiefs Turning Hawk and American Horse told their side of the story of Wounded Knee. It was a shocking narration, and, if true, would be an eternal disgrace to American arms.

But their account (American Horse was not at the battle) cannot be fully accepted. That women and children were killed in the desperate fight is admitted; the cause lay in the fact that they were among the fiercest combatants. The squaws and bucks were dressed so similarly that it was hard to distinguish them. When a soldier saw a redskin drawing a bead on

him, and he knew that his own life depended upon firing first, he could not be expected to stop and inquire the sex of his foe. Nor, when a half grown buck was on the point of sending a bullet through his body, was it fair to demand that he should pause to learn the age of his enemy and then argue the question, with a view of dissuading him from his purpose. Captain Wallace was beaten to death and his skull crushed by clubs in the hands of infuriated squaws, after he had fallen helpless to the ground;



THE YOUNG CANNONEER.

and, it is safe to say, that had the women and children remained non-participants, none of them would have suffered at the hands of the soldiers.

In such conflicts there are always a number of individual instances of striking bravery. A hero thus brought forward was a young man, little more than a boy, who commanded a Hotchkiss gun. All through the desperate fight, the skill with which he handled this piece roused the admiration of the troopers. After the Sioux stampeded before the bullets of the Seventh Cavalry, this strippling of a cannoneer dragged his machine from the knoll where he had been stationed. Lieutenant Hawthorne was at his side. The battle had now dwindled to heavy skirmishing on the crests of the ravines, where the survivors of Big Foot's band had sought refuge. Although the bullets were whizzing and singing in the air, the young cannoneer wheeled his machine to the mouth of the gulch, where the firing was heaviest.

The men attached to the Hotchkiss instantly became the target for

the savages. Bullets splintered the black wheels of the gun and scattered the dirt right and left. Lieutenant Hawthorne was struck by a bullet. The ball hit his watch, and, glancing off, entered his groin. But the stripling of a cannoneer continued his advance. He pushed the muzzle of his awful contrivance up the gulch and shelled the pockets of the neighboring ravines. Just as he was about to place one shell in the breech a bullet struck the index finger of his right hand and the long brass missile fell to the ground. Without faltering the young man seized another shell, placed it in his little cannon, and fired. The shell burst in a sort of cave where eleven bucks were sheltered. The destruction was appalling. Not one of the savages escaped. Ten of them were killed instantly. The only survivor of the shell died two days later.

Continuing his advance, the young cannoneer swept the ravine from side to side, leaving a score or more of dead and wounded in the bushes. When the last shot of the battle was over, the grimy and bloody gunner was found leaning against a shattered wheel of his machine. He was exhausted, and could not stand alone.

Private Kelly was shot near the heart. He knew the mortal nature of his wound, and as he rolled over said to Private Girbach: "I'm gone, sure; roll me around and make a breastwork of me."

Private McKinzie, of Troop B, was hit hard in the left shoulder. One of the surgeons saw he was wounded and sent a litter bearer to bring him in. But McKinzie would not go. He insisted on shooting away at the stubborn foe. "I know I'm getting weak," said he, "but I've got to have a couple of shots yet." He did fire once or twice more, then he fainted from loss of blood and was taken to the rear.

Sergeant Tittle, of E troop, has what some folks call "grit." His first wound was in his left hand, and a minute or two later he got another bad one in the hip. That would have satisfied the average warrior, but the sergeant was not inclined to retire. Just then Sergeant Nettles was killed almost at Tittle's side. Tittle saw the Indian who fired the fatal shot, and although his own left hand was shattered and blood was pouring steadily from his hip, he said: "I'll get that Indian." He did, and an instant later a hostile bullet penetrated his left breast. "I guess I'll get these wounds dressed now," was his faint remark as he crawled for the rear.

The Seventh Cavalry had just reached camp on the morning of December 30, when a courier dashed up to Pine Ridge with the alarming news that the Catholic Mission building was on fire and the Indians were massacring the teachers and pupils. Within twenty minutes the hungry and weary troops were in motion. They found the fire was at the day school, a mile nearer Pine Ridge. The Indians, to the number of eighteen hundred, under the command of Little Wound and Two Strike,

were about a mile beyond the mission. The Seventh immediately formed in line and began fighting. Only three or four hundred of the savages participated in the battle, the majority being concealed from sight. General Forsyth, suspecting an ambuscade, was cautious and did not advance too far. Colonel Henry started from Pine Ridge an hour later to his assistance, his tired horses being compelled to travel slowly.

At the moment when the Seventh was surrounded and their situation was critical, the Ninth assailed the Indians in the rear. They broke and fled, and the soldiers fell back, reaching the agency about dusk.

It was learned afterward that Two Strike and Little Wound had laid a trap for the Seventh, and, but for the caution of General Forsyth and the arrival of the Ninth, the whole command would have been massacred, as was Custer on the Little Big Horn.

The outlook grew darker. Many hitherto friendly Indians slipped away from the agency and joined the hostiles. Signal fires were seen burning at night, and the disaffection spread until it may be said that the only Indians that were not enemies were the police, a few Cheyennes, and the scouts. Recruits came from all directions, even from British territory. Red Cloud and the lesser chiefs, always excepting the noble American Horse, joined their brethren for the last decisive fight.

General Miles now had in the field, and well placed, about seventeen and a half regiments. These were composed of the First, Sixth, Seventh (eight companies), and Ninth Cavalry; one company of the First Artillery, Company E; one company of the Fourth Artillery, Company F; and the First, Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, and Twenty-fifth Infantry, making fifty-one companies in all. There should have been ten thousand officers and men, but as some of the companies were not full, the force was probably about eight thousand.

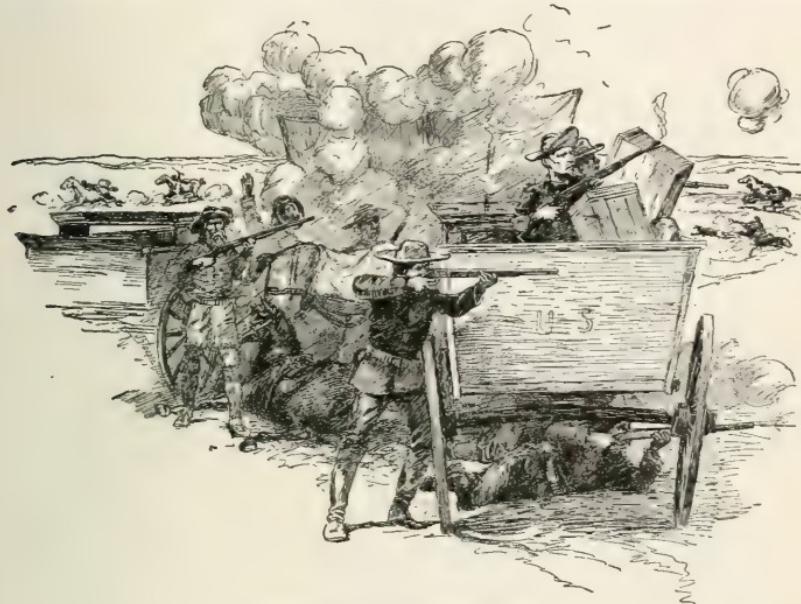
On December 23, Major Carroll, with fifty-five cavalry, made a forced march of sixty-five miles in fourteen hours up the Cannon Ball, arriving at New England City at eight o'clock the following morning. This was in obedience to orders from Fort Yates to march to the relief of Captain Fountain of the Eighth Cavalry, who was reported to be surrounded in Cave Hills by five hundred Indians.

Cave Hills is fifty miles from New England City, near the northwest boundary of South Dakota. The cavalry, after two hours' rest, pushed on and reached Cave Hills on Christmas morning, and the Eighth Cavalry were safe.

At Fort Bennett, on the Missouri River, a little south of the Cheyenne, nearly two hundred Indians surrendered. They were not from the Bad Lands, however, the latter being reported by this time to be entirely surrounded.

On the 26th of December, the Ninth Cavalry (colored), commanded by Colonel Guy Q. Henry, left Pine Ridge for the scene of the expected hostilities. Captain Taylor's scouts were led by the famous Gourard. One hundred pack-mules and mules, with a little Hotchkiss gun, followed, and the Gatling gun and heliograph corps brought up the rear. The colored men, who looked odd in their fur caps, doffed them in answer to the hearty cheers of the white soldiers.

The following day reports came to Pine Ridge that the hostiles in the Bad Lands had given heed to the persuasions of General Brooke's Ogalalla



ATTACK ON THE WAGON TRAIN.

and Brule peace commissioners, and were moving toward Pine Ridge with the purpose of surrendering. The rumor on the heels of this, to the effect that the Indians were not only growing more defiant, but were rapidly receiving accessions, had far more truth in it.

It was learned at Wounded Knee that a number of wagons with supplies were approaching from Rapid City. Thirty troopers were sent out to escort them in. Ten miles away, they came upon the thirteen wagons, drawn up in a square, with the teamsters fighting for their lives against fifty Indian horsemen.

The detachment dashed forward and the Indians fled. The new arrivals then aided the nineteen teamsters in piling up sacks of grain, bundles, and boxes to serve as breastworks. The Indians, observing what

was going on, returned with re-enforcements and renewed the attack. They circled around the wagons, firing at the whites, but the red men kept so far off that the only harm done was the wounding of one of the soldiers in the shoulder.

The assailants were continually increasing in numbers, and the situation of the besieged became so perilous that they were doomed unless help should reach them. In this emergency, Private Collins mounted one of the fleetest horses, and while the attention of the Indians was held in another direction, dashed out from the wagons and sped away on a dead run for Wounded Knee.

He was observed almost instantly, and twenty Indians hurried after him, firing and pressing their ponies to the utmost, but Collins was the better mounted and soon drew away from them. His pursuers then gave it up and came back to help in the attack on the wagons.

Several bucks were shot from their horses, and the cavalry lost four of their animals. Some of the Indians stole up near the horses of the cavalry and fired into them a number of times in the effort to stampede them. They came very near success.

After the fight had continued for six hours, troopers were seen coming at full charge. The besieged cheered heartily and the Indians scattered.

Pine Ridge was thrown almost into a panic on Sunday night, January 4, when it was discovered that the hostiles had formed a plot for massacring all the whites. The plan was for each warrior at the agency to select late at night a white man and kill him. On hearing the firing, the hostiles would rush in and complete the butchery. As there were but comparatively few soldiers at that time at Pine Ridge, and they some distance off in the intrenchments, there was good ground for alarm.

A general abandonment of homes and a rush to stores and storehouses followed, the women pale and terrified, the children crying, and the husbands stern and determined. The Indians were told that the plot was fully known and preparations were made to frustrate it. General Miles remained up until three o'clock in the morning, but the dreaded uprising did not take place.

The grave question that all asked themselves was whether the hostiles could capture Pine Ridge. There were hundreds who believed the agency was in imminent peril, and capture in such case meant the slaughter of every man, woman, and child in it. General Miles made all his dispositions skillfully, strengthening his defenses, and assured the anxious ones that not the slightest danger of such a disaster existed.

Soon after, Jack Red Cloud (son of the old chief Red Cloud), Big Head, High Horse, Lone Bear, Live Hawk, and five others came to Pine Ridge to hold a pow wow with General Miles.

This pow wow business is a favorite resource of the Indians. The reader of these pages will recall many instances when the subterfuge was resorted to by them during our frontier wars for the purpose of carrying out some treacherous scheme. Often, too, it was successful, especially with



COMING IN FOR A POW WOW.

officers unaccustomed to Indian warfare, who found to their cost, when the conference terminated, that the only result was a marked advantage gained by the dusky foes.

General Miles was too sagacious a veteran to be deceived. As a matter of course, he admitted the visitors, but he made the interview brief and to the point. He listened to what they had to say, and then informed them that there was only one proposition that could come from them to which he would give any attention: that was surrender. He impressed upon them that if they had any complaints to present, they must be presented at Washington. And so the visit, which caused considerable interest at the time, came to naught, and the ambassadors went back somewhat wiser than before.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE INDIAN UPRISING OF 1890-91 (CONTINUED)—THE KILLING OF LIEUTENANT E. W. CASEY—EXCITEMENT AMONG THE HOSTILES—ALARMING RUMORS—WANTON ATTACK ON FRIENDLY INDIANS—CRITICAL HOURS—SULLEN APPROACH OF THE INDIANS TO THE AGENCY.

ONE of the most shocking occurrences of the war occurred on Wednesday morning, January 7, 1891. Lieutenant E. W. Casey, attached to the Twenty-second Infantry, and known throughout the country as the commander of a large company of Cheyenne scouts, left the camp of General Brooke to reconnoiter a large village of the hostiles on White Clay Creek, near the White River. He was accompanied by one of his scouts and, before he set out, was cautioned by General Brooke not to go too near the village, as the Indians were holding a dance.

Lieutenant Casey and his companion rode eight miles, when they came in sight of the village. They were observed at the same time by an Ogalalla and a Brule. The former wheeled and ran into the village with a message to Red Cloud that an army officer was approaching. The camp was instantly thrown into commotion.

In the Indian camp was Jack Richards, a French half-breed, who was there to look after his family who were held prisoners. Red Cloud sent him to Lieutenant Casey to warn him of the peril of staying near the village. The Ogalalla picket and the Brule followed the half-breed on horses.

When the three reached Casey, the Ogalalla, speaking in Sioux, also warned the officer, saying that the Brule had a bad heart and that he must beware of him. Casey thanked Richards and the Ogalalla, but said he would ride to the top of an adjoining butte and take one peep at the village, which was pitched in a ravine-like depression.

Lieutenant Casey reached the crest when Plenty Horses, the Brule, raised his gun to fire upon him. The Ogalalla wrenched the weapon from his grasp, and then, handing it back to Plenty Horses, begged him not to shoot the officer. The Brule dashed away a few yards and began circling about Casey, singing in a dismal monotone. Suddenly he brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The bullet struck Lieutenant Casey in the back of the head, coming out at the forehead. The officer fell dead from his horse without speaking.



BRINGING THE NEWS OF LIEUTENANT CASEY'S DEATH.

Terrific excitement was produced in the camp of the hostiles, as well as in that of the soldiers, by the news of the occurrence. Old Red Cloud went out to recover the body and save it from mutilation, while Richards galloped furiously to General Brooke with the tidings. Yankton Charley, an Ogalalla scout, rode his horse to death through a fierce blizzard and twenty miles of hostile country to carry the news to Pine Ridge.

Lieutenant Getty, with a strong detachment of the Ninth Cavalry, was sent out by General Brooke to bring in the body of Casey. It was turned over to him and found not to have been mutilated.

The terrifying deed caused a mutiny in the hostile camp. Red Cloud and his friends denounced the act, and repeated their threats of returning and surrendering to General Miles. The chief and his adherents were called cowards by the Brules, Uncapapas, and Yanktonais, and warned that if they made the attempt to surrender they would be killed.

Nevertheless, late that night old Red Cloud, with the help of his son, was smuggled out of the camp, and, accompanied by some twenty members of his family, started through the blizzard for the agency. But for the help of his daughter, the old chief, who was nearly blind, never could have reached his destination. The hostiles fired many shots, but took care not to hit Red Cloud, for none of them cared to harm the old man.

On the 9th of January, the hostiles burned several cabins within four miles of Pine Ridge agency. Further away, there was continual skirmishing between scattered parties. One hour would bring apparently well authenticated rumors that the formidable body of Indians were on the march to surrender to General Miles, and then would come another, that their numbers were greatly augmented and it was impossible to bring the difficulties to a termination without a bloody battle.

In the unsettled condition of the country, the inexcusable deeds were not confined by any means to the red men. A party of six Indians, two squaws, twelve ponies, and two wagons were on their way from the Bear Butte Country to Pine Ridge, carrying a pass from General Brooke and assurances from Captain Taylor that they were peaceable. Not one of them was painted, and they had neither ammunition nor guns.

This party was hardly started on their journey southward, when they were fired upon by a party of whites in ambush. Few Tails fell dead, and his squaw was shot in the leg and breast. She crawled into the bushes, where she hid for a day before setting out on her tramp for Pine Ridge, one hundred miles away. Her companions had fled and she supposed they were killed.

The wounded squaw was almost dead when she reached the agency. Indians in the hospital quickly spread the report, and much excitement was produced in the camp of the hostiles. Few Tails was a relative of Young-

Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses, a powerful chief who had done effective service for the military authorities, and there was reason to fear that this cold-blooded murder would drive him over to the hostiles. General Miles sent for him to come to headquarters. When he learned that Few Tails, his relative, had been treacherously shot down, he was furious. It was a long time before Miles succeeded in pacifying him, but he finally admitted that the army was not blamable for the crime. The alarm among the hostiles, however, continued, and the situation became so complicated that the quar-



DEATH OF FEW TAILS.

termaster ordered twenty days additional rations, while the troops that were expected to go to the agency for review were ordered to stay in camp.

Now came the critical period, when all the sagacity, patience, and skill of General Miles and his officers were needed to prevent an explosion among the hostiles and to secure their surrender to the Government troops. The red men saw that resistance was useless, and their leaders were untiring in their efforts to bring about submission; but there were at least a thousand turbulent bucks among them, who were bent on fighting, regardless of the consequences to themselves and their people.

Early in January, fully five thousand Indians were encamped within a few miles of Pine Ridge, while the soldiers were gradually closing around them on three sides, in the effort to force them into the agency. The sit-

uation may be compared to that of an immense net, which it was necessary to draw forward, with the greatest caution, in order to prevent those within taking alarm and leaping out. The soldiers kept back several miles, progressing step by step, as may be said, timing their progress to that of the dilatory red men, who were repeatedly on the point of wheeling about and assailing the troops. Infinite care had to be taken to guard against any movement or action that would irritate the savages, but all the while the net was steadily drawing closer.

On the 9th of January, 1891, a big pow wow was held in the Indian camp. The stars were shining, and the Sioux stood or squatted in a great circle around the council fire. Several of the Ogalallas, led by Little Wound and Big Road, made eloquent appeals for surrender, but the young braves were obdurate. Wrangling and fighting continued for hours, when it was agreed to move toward the agency on the morrow, and go into camp on White Clay Creek, five miles from Pine Ridge and near the scene of the Catholic Mission battle. It was believed at the time that the great round up could not be accomplished without fierce fighting.

It was decided that, as long as the Indians continued approaching the agency and showed a disposition to surrender, the troops would make no attack on them. If any renegades, however, attempted to get away or passed the lines of soldiers, they were to be shot down or pursued and captured. The expectation was that a thousand of the fiery young braves, fearful of punishment for their atrocities, would make the effort to get away, in which case bloody fighting was certain to follow.

The following morning, two young Brules galloped up to the agency buildings, coming directly from the hostile camp. They wore white shirts, and one had a streak of blue paint across his nose. Dropping from their horses, rifle in hand, they dashed through the crowd to General Miles's headquarters. Indian policemen disarmed them and they asked to see General Miles. They were escorted thither and made haste to assure the general that the Brules intended no mischief. General Miles directed them to go back to their camp and tell their people to surrender without further trouble. Their guns were returned to them and they dashed off, laughing at the Indian police.

By this time, the soldiers were pressing the hostiles so close that, when they pulled up stakes, they would have to fight or run for the agency, where every preparation was made to receive them. A three-inch gun, that could sweep the country for four miles, projected through a breach in the breastworks on the north, while the Hotchkiss guns and the Gatling were pointed toward the ravine, which would be one of the runways of the Sioux. Those guns were behind the huge dirt and stone barriers on the butte to the east. Another Hotchkiss thrust its muzzle

through the breastworks near the schoolhouse on the west. This could be made to sweep the plain for a mile in a half circle, and, with the three-inch rifle on the north butte, riddle Red Cloud's house and his outfit. Six hundred infantry troopers were ready to receive the Indians, but they were

in anything but a calm state of mind, for every man fully appreciated the fearfully delicate situation.

The Indian village was two miles long and was pitched in a winding ravine. The scouts reported that many of the hostiles had no tepees and were in camp in pockets in the sides of the ravine, with pine boughs arranged to shelter them from the cutting wind and snow. Among them were many wounded from the battles of Wounded Knee, the Catholic Mission, and on the ridges about the agency.

On the night of the

10th, the Indians pulled up stakes and advanced sullenly for two or three miles toward the agency. Having plenty of tobacco and beef, they dawdled away time, naturally staving off the inevitable as long as they could. Meanwhile, the military cordon remorselessly drew around them. General Miles remarked that in all his experience as an Indian fighter, he had never been in so peculiar a situation. If he attacked the savages, an indignant protest would have gone up from the entire country, and he would be charged with assailing them because they were slow in moving their wounded. Twelve miles away was a large force of avowed hostiles, and yet he dared not molest them, because they had forty-odd wounded bucks and squaws. The force at Pine Ridge was increased to seven hundred men, with whom were four three-inch rifled cannon, four Hotchkiss and two Gatling guns. A furious storm raged, the whirling sand blinding the pickets, and the flying alkali causing great trouble to the eyes.

The situation was so critical that a panic spread among the half-breeds and friendly Indians at the Ridge. A number of families left during the day, and the windows of the stores were nailed down in anticipation of an



U. S. BORDER INFANTRY-MAN.

attack. General Carr and his famous Indian fighters of the Sixth Cavalry slowly pressed in from the left, while General Brooke, with the Second Infantry and Ninth Cavalry, encamped on the night of the 10th on the same spot where the hostiles were twenty-four hours before. The latter were now within five miles of the agency.

Two ghost dancers rode in on the 11th. One came from the Standing Rock Agency while the other was a Brule. They were followed by a number of stragglers, and, after being disarmed, were allowed to tramp through the snow and the triple line of sentinels and on to the camp of the friendlies, a half mile to the south of the troops.

The procession as it came over the mountain trail was picturesque and striking. The Indian police, who had been scouting all night in the hills, mingled with the Sioux, and then came the scouts with their rifles slung to their saddles. The Indians, however, advanced slowly, with the exception of the two first named. Those who galloped over the hills were Ogalallas that had been waiting ever since the Wounded Knee battle to come into camp.

But the crowds, who were anxiously looking for the arrival of the hostiles, saw them not. They held back, and the scouts reported the situation as more critical than ever. The young braves grew restless as they neared the agency, and an outbreak seemed inevitable. General Miles would not allow ex-agent McGillicuddy and Buffalo Bill to enter the Sioux camp, since it was certain they would be killed.

The hostiles reached their new camping ground about noon on the 11th. It was a mile and a half from the agency. The first warning of



CHEYENNE SCOUT.

what was coming was the popping up of the heads of a number of Indian scouts over the ridges on the north, where they were in plain sight of the sentinels in Captain Dougherty's fort. The painted faces remained in sight, carefully studying the situation, for ten or fifteen minutes, and then dropped from view. A quarter of an hour later, a number of Indian horsemen appeared on the crest of a distant butte. Other horsemen continually

came in sight, until the snowy summit was covered with them. They were so near that the gleam of their rifles, the flutter of their feathers, and the

hideous, painted faces were plainly observable to the soldiers, who were carefully watching every movement.

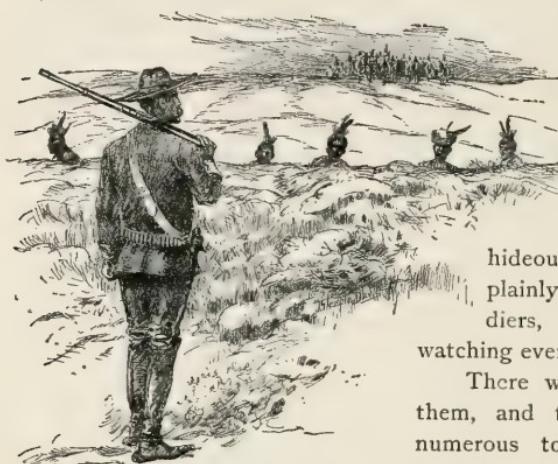
There were no squaws among them, and the hostiles were too numerous to be counted. They formed an impressive picture as they sat on their ponies, scowling down

on the agency as if daring the armed men to come out and give them battle. Then they slowly descended the slope and entered a winding valley leading toward Red Cloud's old home, where they halted once more. Then followed an extraordinary scene.

The bucks began firing their rifles about the heads of the older men, who were urging them to surrender. Then they opened a fusillade on their own horses and dogs, shooting them down in all directions. All this took place within a little more than half a mile of the rifled cannon of Captain Dougherty.

Skirmishers were deployed from the redoubts with directions not to fire, but to fall back in case of an attack. Orders from General Miles were posted on all the buildings, prohibiting anybody from having communication with the savages. The pickets were strengthened and told to allow no one whatever to pass the lines.

At night, one of the resentful bucks stole close to a sentinel stationed near the Indian camp, and was drawing a bead on him, when several old men seized and gave him a trouncing. On the 13th, when the Seventeenth Infantry was escorting General Brooke's supply train over the hills to the agency, several hundreds of the young braves rushed into the neighboring



APPROACH OF THE INDIAN SCOUTS.

ravines and pockets and made ready to give the soldiers battle. The latter acted as though they saw them not, and the Indians returned to their camp without firing a shot.

The situation could not have been more delicately critical. The firing of a single gun by a soldier or Indian would have exploded the magazine.

The unexpected appearance of the hostiles, descending the slopes of the buttes, caused much excitement in camp. Orderlies dashed off to headquarters with messages to General Miles, and the troops made ready for action. The sight of the surgeons preparing bandages, lint, and their instruments, the hurried shifting of cannon to new positions, and the order for all civilians to leave the breastworks, showed unmistakably the gravity of the crisis.

Meanwhile, the hostiles continued their deliberate march down the sides of the ravines. Their eagle feathers waving from their scalp locks, and the garments of the ghost dancers, were plainly visible on the Brules and Ogalallas. One fine looking fellow was in his war bonnet, the end of his long streamer of feathers reaching to the tail of his horse, where it was tied. No doubt he was a chief, but none of the spectators who scanned him through their glasses could make out his identity.

The line disappeared for an instant behind the scrawny pine trees, coming into sight again on the west side of Clay Creek. Then the tepees began appearing as if by magic, until the plain at the base of the wooded pocket, almost a mile in circumference, was covered with the soiled tents. Five hundred were discerned from the earthworks, but there were many more beyond sight, the hostile village extending along the ravine for three or four miles.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE INDIAN UPRISING OF 1890-91 (CONCLUDED)—THE CRISIS—SURRENDER OF THE HOSTILES—GENERAL MILES'S CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS—CHARGES AGAINST COLONEL J. W. FORSYTH—OVERRULED BY THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

EVENTS steadily approached the crisis. The 14th was set for the council between General Miles and the chiefs at the Indian camp. At noon five of them appeared. They were Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Little Wound, Big Road, Crow Dog, and Turning Bear. They told General Miles the Indians were ready to surrender and give up their arms on condition that they were not punished for anything they had done.

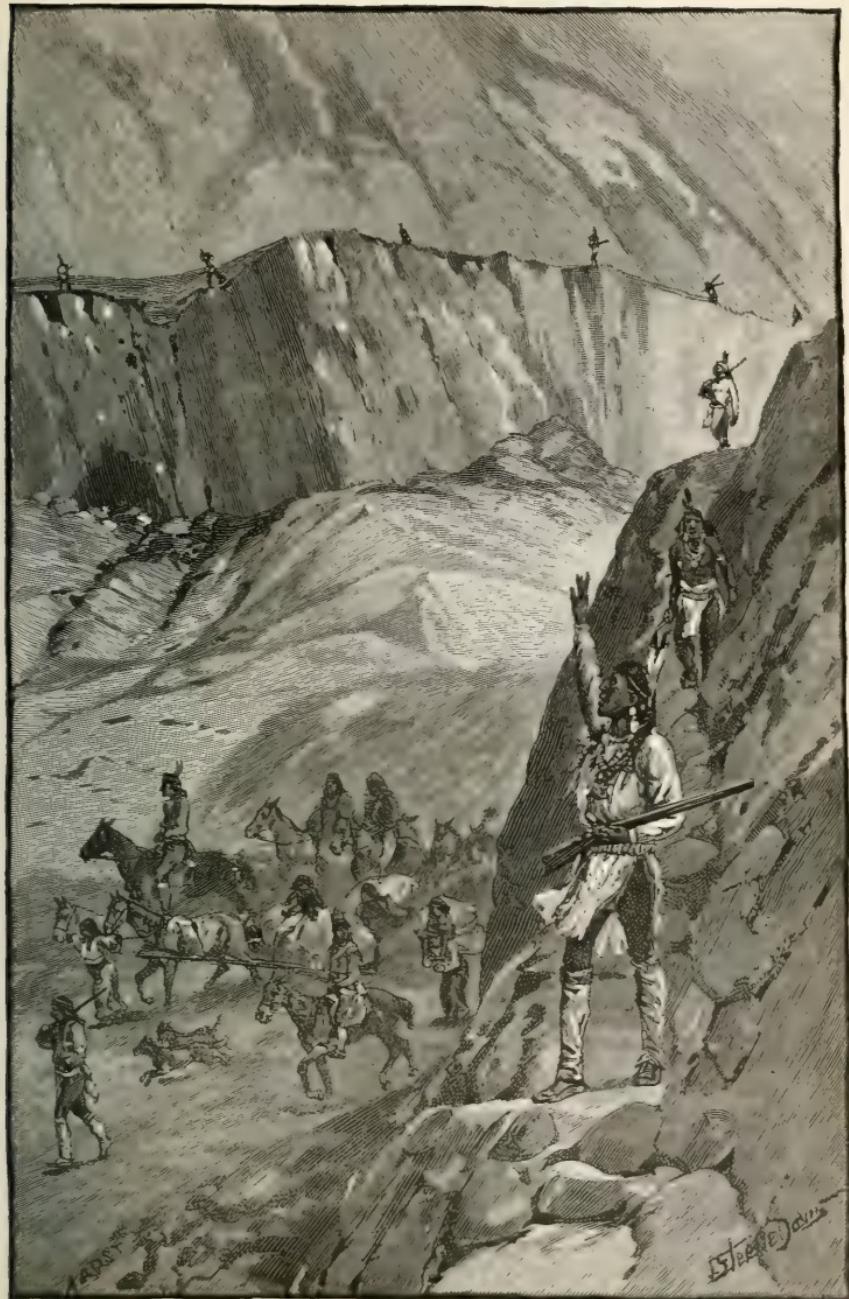
All this was gratifying, but the force of the declaration was taken away by the fact that the chiefs named were either Ogalallas or peaceable Brules, who admitted that they could not control the turbulent bucks that were eager for war.

On the morning of the 15th, a heavy fog hung over Pine Ridge, the sun not appearing until late in the day. As the fog gradually lifted, the hundreds of eyes turned in the direction of the hostile camp saw that it was in motion. It was about eight o'clock, and it required but a few minutes' study of the Indian village to see that the promises made to General Miles the day before were about to be fulfilled. The hostiles were preparing to come in and surrender.

The Indians advanced from the wooded ravine north of the agency, where they had been in camp for two days, around the base of Horse Shoe Butte, into the valley, and at last past old Red Cloud's house in a direct line, a fourth of a mile further south. The strange procession was watched by the soldiers through their glasses, as they stood on the knolls near the schoolhouse.

The head of the line was composed of warriors, who drove hundreds of ponies in bunches. They were followed by a string of wagons driven by squaws and loaded with tepees, poles, and camp equipage. There were scores of dogs and horses, the latter trotting along without bridle or saddle. They represented the spoils of several weeks' raiding along White River. The Indians, knowing they were now practically prisoners, determined to impress their captors with their importance.

By nine o'clock, the trail leading from the point opposite the friendly camp to the old village of the hostiles swarmed with wagons, ponies, and



THE FINAL SURRENDER.

dogs, the procession extending for four miles. The only noise heard from the hostiles was the jingling of bells on some of the horses. While passing in review before the soldiers, the Indians threw out a long line of Brule footmen, who advanced like skirmishers along the sides of the buttes a hundred yards above the wagon train. In front of the agency the foot warriors squatted on the ground, and the Brule horsemen galloped ahead. The Indians chose this old trail, high up the sides of the buttes, in order to protect the long line below against attack.

All were amazed at the strength of the Indians. The reports had been that the entire force was no greater than three thousand five hundred souls, but in the procession were seven hundred and thirty-two lodges and more than five thousand Indians. The encampment at the agency was one-third of the Sioux nation. Those competent to judge made the number eleven thousand, of whom three thousand were warriors. No such a gathering will ever again be seen on the American continent.

The surrender of weapons by the Indians was the farce that was generally anticipated. They turned in a beggarly number of guns, nearly all of which were worthless antiquated relics. The valuable rifles, doubtless, had been hidden away by the owners.

General Miles, despite signs of uneasiness in various directions, was so convinced that the trouble was over that arrangements were made for the various commands to depart to different points, and he issued the following congratulatory address:

"The division commander takes pleasure in announcing the satisfactory termination of hostilities in this division. The disaffection among the Indians was widespread, involving many different tribes. The purpose of the conspiracy was to produce a general uprising of all the Indians in the coming spring.

"The hostile element of the Sioux nation precipitated the movement by leaving their agencies, defying the authority of the Government, and destroying their property that had been given them for the purposes of civilization. They assembled in large force on almost impenetrable ground, known as the *Mauvaise Terres* of South Dakota, and from that rendezvous, marauding parties robbed both white citizens and friendly Indians on their reservation and through the adjacent settlements. To check this insurrection, orders were given for the arrest of the chief conspirator, Sitting Bull, who was on the eve of leaving his reservation to join those above mentioned. This was done on the 14th December last. After peacefully submitting to arrest by the officials of the Government, he created a revolt which brought to his assistance a large number of his followers, who attacked the Indian police. This resulted in his death and the final arrest

of three hundred of his people, and removed the principal part of the disaffected element from the Standing Rock Reservation.

"The second arrest was that of Big Foot's party on December 21, and they made their escape the following day. This band was composed of outlaws from the different tribes who defied the Government officials. While these measures were being carried into execution, the troops were quickly moved between the hostile element and their stronghold and the settlements in such a way as to check their usual depredations and give protection to the life and property of the citizens. Nearly the entire force of the troops in the Department of Dakota under General Ruger were judiciously placed where they would give the most protection to the settlements, and enabled them to intercept any body of hostiles, should they escape.

"Brief delays were necessary to put the troops in proper position, as well as to give time for the work of disaffection to be carried on in the hostile camp and strengthen the loyal element. Gradually the troops were moved to such positions as to render the resistance of the hostiles useless, and they were forced back to the agency.

"The escape of Big Foot made his recapture necessary. This was successfully done by a battalion of the Seventh Cavalry and Lieutenant Hawthorne's detachment of artillery, under Major Whiteside, on December 28, after which they were marched seven miles to Wounded Knee.

"The command was then joined by Colonel Forsyth, with the second battalion of his regiment, with two Hotchkiss guns under Captain Capson, and Lieutenant Taylor's Sioux scouts. With this band of outlaws under control, and the entire hostile camp moving in before the troops to surrender within a short distance of the agency, it was hoped that the serious Indian difficulty would be brought to a close without the loss of a single white man. While disarming Big Foot's band on the morning of December 29, after a portion of their arms had been surrendered, they were incited to hostility by the harangues by their false prophets, and in their attack and attempt to escape nearly all of the men were killed or wounded, and serious loss of life occurred to a large number of non-combatants. During the engagement some of the young warriors who were moving in to surrender went to the assistance of Big Foot's band, and were engaged with the troops, and, returning, made a vigorous attack upon the agency, drawing the fire of the Indian police and scouts. This caused a general alarm, and upward of three thousand Indians fled from the agency to the cañons and broken ground adjacent to White Clay Creek, and assumed a hostile attitude.

"The troops that were following, however, checked their further movements. The attempt of some of the warriors to burn the buildings near

the agency the following day, resulted in a skirmish with the Seventh Cavalry, under Colonel Forsyth, promptly supported by Major Henry of the Ninth Cavalry.

"In January, a spirited engagement occurred on White River between a body of warriors, numbering upward of one hundred, and Captain Kerr's troops of the Sixth Cavalry, in which the Indians were repulsed with loss, Major Tupper's battalion of Colonel Carr's command of the Sixth Cavalry moving to his support. This was followed by several skirmishes.

"The service sustained a serious loss in the death of that gallant officer, Lieutenant Casey. The troops, under command of Brigadier General Brooke, gradually closed their lines of retreat and forced the hostiles by superior numbers back to the agency, where they are now under the guns of the command and the control of the military.

"While the service has sustained the loss of such gallant officers and patriots as Captain Wallace, Lieutenants Casey and Mann, and the other brave non-commissioned officers and soldiers who have given their lives in this cause of good government, the most gratifying results have been obtained by the endurance, and patience, and fortitude of both officers and men.

"The work of disarming the hostiles has in a large measure been accomplished, but will be continued by a portion of the command now in the field and by the agency officials. As soon as practicable, the troops will return to their stations, and will take with them the assurance that their services have been of great value to the country in suppressing one of the most threatening Indian outbreaks, and that they have been enabled to keep between the hostile Indians and the unprotected settlers to the extent that not a citizen's life has been lost beyond the boundaries of the Indian reservation.

"In these facts the division commander desires to express his thanks and highest appreciation of the loyal and efficient service that has been rendered. The mention of individual names of either officers or soldiers for meritorious conduct will be deferred until sufficient time is given to ascertain each heroic act in order that it may be properly recognized and duly rewarded."

During the progress of the difficulties with the Indians, General Miles was so dissatisfied with the conduct of Colonel J. W. Forsyth, Seventh Cavalry, at the battle of Wounded Knee Creek, that he made charges against that officer. Secretary of War Proctor, on the 12th of February, 1891, made public the result of this investigation.

The official order for the investigation was directed to Colonel E. A. Carr, Sixth Cavalry; Major J. F. Kent, Fourth Infantry; and Captain F. D. Baldwin, Fifth Infantry, who were directed "to make an immediate inquiry into and examination of all the circumstances and acts connected

with the disarming of a band of Indians by troops under the command of Colonel J. W. Forsyth, Seventh Cavalry, encamped on Wounded Knee Creek, S. D., December 29, 1890."

The witnesses examined were Major S. M. Whiteside, Captain C. A. Varnum, First Lieutenant W. J. Nicholson, Captain E. S. Godfrey, Second Lieutenant Sedgwick Rice, Captain C. S. Ilsley, Captain Henry Johnson, Captain W. S. Edgerly, First Lieutenant W. W. Robinson, Jr., Second Lieutenant T. Q. Donaldson, Jr., Second Lieutenant S. R. H. Tompkins, Captain H. J. Nowlan, First Lieutenant L. S. McCormick, and Colonel J. W. Forsyth, all of the Seventh Cavalry; Interpreter R. O. Wells, Frog, of Big Foot's band; Help Them, an Ogalalla; the Rev. F. M. J. Craft, Brigadier General J. R. Brooke, Assistant Surgeons C. B. Ewing and J. V. R. Hoff, First Lieutenant C. W. Taylor, Ninth Cavalry, and Captain Allyn Capron, First Artillery.

The record of the court of inquiry is indorsed by Major General Miles as follows:

"In disposing of this matter it has been desired to treat Colonel Forsyth with the utmost consideration. But as it is important to the best interests of the service that skill and heroism should be rewarded, so also is it important that incompetency and neglect, when found, should not pass unnoticed, it would be utterly subversive of military discipline to overlook a neglect and disregard of warnings and orders on the part of an officer, particularly when such neglect and disregard may have involved the lives of brave men and jeopardized the success of the military operations in hand. . . .

"The testimony elicited shows the following facts: First. That Colonel Forsyth had received repeated warnings as to the desperate and deceitful character of Big Foot's band of Indians, and repeated orders as to the exercise of constant vigilance to guard against surprise or disaster under all circumstances.

"Second. That these warnings and orders were unheeded and disregarded by Colonel Forsyth, who seemed to consider an outbreak of the Indians as being beyond the pale of possibility in the presence of the large force of troops at hand. The disasters that have occurred to our troops in the past from the desperation of the Indian nature are known to all who are familiar with our history. In addition to this, it was well known, and Colonel Forsyth had been warned, that this particular band contained many of the most desperate and deceitful characters in the Sioux nation, and that a religious excitement nearly approaching frenzy had made them peculiarly dangerous. Under these circumstances the apparent indifference and security of the officer in command of the troops at Wounded Knee Creek is incomprehensible and inexcusable.

"Third. An examination of the accompanying map and testimony shows conclusively that at the beginning of the outbreak not a single company of the troops was so disposed as to deliver its fire upon the warriors without endangering the lives of some of their own comrades. It is, in fact, difficult to conceive how a worse disposition of the troops could have been made. It will be noticed that it would have been perfectly practicable for the entire command of upward of four hundred and fifty men to have been placed between the warriors and the women and children, with their backs to the latter and their faces toward the warriors, where they might have used their weapons effectively if required.

"The testimony goes to show that most of the troops were forced to withhold their fire, leaving the brunt of the affair to fall upon two companies until such warriors as had not been killed broke through or overpowered the small force directly about them, and reached the camp occupied by their women and children. The battery of four Hotchkiss guns had until then been useless, the friction primers having been removed from the guns by order of the captain commanding the battery, lest the gunners might, in their excitement, discharge the pieces and destroy their own comrades. These guns were now opened upon the Indian camp, even at that time placing in peril Troops C and D, Seventh Cavalry, which were obliged to retreat for some distance owing to the fire from these guns and from the small arms of other portions of the command. The fact that a large number of the one hundred and six warriors were without firearms when the outbreak occurred, is shown by the evidence that forty-eight guns had been taken from the tepees, and that a personal search of twenty or more warriors resulted in finding them unarmed.

"This fact, taken in connection with the extremely injudicious disposition of the troops and the large number of casualties among them, constrains the belief that some of these casualties were suffered at the hands of our own men.

"The fatal disposition of the troops was such as at the outset to counteract in great measure the immense disparity of strength, and would have been inexcusable in the face of an armed and desperate foe, even had no especial warnings and orders been received from higher authority. I can only partially account for the singular apathy and neglect of Colonel Forsyth upon the theory of his indifference to and contempt for the repeated and urgent warnings and orders received by him from the division commander, or by his incompetence and entire inexperience in the responsibility of exercising command where judgment and discretion are required.

"I also forward herewith report of Captain Frank D. Baldwin, Fifth Infantry, concerning the finding of the bodies of a party of women and children about three miles from the scene of the engagement on Wounded

Knee Creek. This report indicates the nature of some of the results of that unfortunate affair—results which are viewed with the strongest disapproval by the undersigned.

(Signed), "NELSON A. MILES,
 "Major General Commanding."

General Schofield's indorsement contained the following:

"The evidence in these papers shows that great care was taken by the officers and generally by the enlisted men to avoid unnecessary killing of Indian women and children in the affair at Wounded Knee, and shows that the conduct of the Seventh Cavalry, under very trying circumstances, was characterized by excellent discipline and in many cases by great forbearance. In my judgment, the conduct of the regiment was well worthy of the commendation bestowed upon it by me in my first telegram after the engagement."

The following indorsement was made by the Secretary of War:

"From the testimony taken by Major Kent and Captain Baldwin, two officers of General Miles's staff, ordered by him to investigate the fight at Wounded Knee, it appears that before the action Big Foot's band had been joined by Sitting Bull's following, and these bands embraced the most fanatical and desperate elements among the Sioux. . . . The surrender was made to Major Whiteside, commanding the First Battalion of the Seventh Cavalry, on the afternoon of December 28. Colonel Forsyth was ordered up to his support, and arrived at a quarter to nine that evening. . . . The troops appear to have been well disposed to prevent an outbreak, which was not and could hardly have been anticipated by anyone under the circumstances, even in dealing with Indians, and the dispositions appear to have had the desired effect of convincing at least a majority of the Indians of the futility of any attempt to escape. . . .

"The disarmament was commenced, and it was evident that the Indians were sullenly trying to evade the order. To carry out this order the men had been ordered out from their camp to separate them from their women and children, and were formed about a hundred yards away, and Troops K and B were posted midway between them and their tepees. When ordered to surrender their arms, they produced two broken carbines, and stated that was all they had; but when the partial search of the tepees was made, before the firing commenced, about forty arms were found, the squaws making every effort to conceal the same by hiding and sitting on them, and in various other ways evidencing a most sullen mien.

"The disarmament was much more thorough than they expected, and when they found that the arms were to be taken from their tepees, and those they had concealed under their blankets were to be taken away also,

they were carried away by the harangue of the ghost dancer and, wheeling about, opened fire. Nothing illustrates the madness of their outbreak more forcibly than the fact that their first fire was so directed that every shot that did not hit a soldier must have gone through their own village.

"There is little doubt that the first killing of women and children was by this first fire of the Indians themselves. They then made a rush to break through and around the flanks of Troop K, commanded by the gallant Captain Wallace, and reached their tepees, where many of them had left their arms with the squaws, and they continued the firing from among their own women and children, and when they started from their camp their women and children were mingled with them. The women and children were never away from the immediate company of the men after the latter broke from the circle. Many of them, men and women, got on their ponies, and it is impossible to distinguish buck from squaw at a little distance when mounted.

"The bodies of an Indian woman and three children, who had been shot down three miles from Wounded Knee, were found some days after the battle, and buried by Captain Baldwin of the Fifth Infantry, but it does not appear that this killing had any connection with the fight at Wounded Knee, nor that Colonel Forsyth is any way responsible for it. Necessary orders will be given to insure a thorough investigation of the transaction and the prompt punishment of the criminals.

"No doubt the position of the troops made it necessary for some of them to withhold their fire for a time in order that they might not endanger the lives of their comrades, but both Major Kent and Captain Baldwin concur in finding that the evidence fails to establish that a single man of Colonel Forsyth's command was killed or wounded by his fellows. This fact and, indeed, the conduct of both officers and men through the whole affair, demonstrates an exceedingly satisfactory state of discipline in the Seventh Cavalry. Their behavior was characterized by skill, coolness, discretion, and forbearance, and reflects the highest possible credit upon the regiment, which sustained a loss of one officer and twenty-five enlisted men killed, and three officers and thirty-two enlisted men wounded.

"In the light of actual conditions as they appeared to the commanding officer, there does not seem to be anything in the arrangement of the troops requiring adverse criticism on the part of the department.

"I therefore approve of the indorsement of the major general commanding, that the interests of the military service do not demand any further proceedings in this case. By direction of the President, Colonel Forsyth will resume the command of his regiment.

"REDFIELD PROCTOR,

"Secretary of War."

CHAPTER XLVII.

VISIT OF THE SIOUX DELEGATION TO WASHINGTON—SPEECHES BY
SECRETARY NOBLE, JOHN GRASS, AMERICAN HORSE, YOUNG-MAN
AFRAID-OF-HIS-HORSES, TWO STRIKE, HUMP, HIGH HAWK, HOLLOW
HORN BEAR, MEDICINE BULL, WHITE GHOST, BIG MANE, LITTLE NO
HEART, MAD BEAR, TURNING HAWK, AND THE GREAT FATHER,
PRESIDENT HARRISON—THE INDIAN STORY OF WOUNDED KNEE.

UPON the advice of General Miles, a delegation of twelve Sioux chiefs were invited to Washington, in order to hold a conference with the representatives of the Government regarding the recent troubles, and to consult as to the best measures to be adopted in the future for the good of the "wards of the nation."

The "pow wow," as it is called by the red men, began on the 7th of February, 1891, at the Interior Department. It was opened by Secretary Noble, who said:

"You were represented here just after the agreement with General Crook was made. You made certain requests and complaints at that time, and you received certain promises from me. There has been trouble since then, and you have come again to say what you think proper as to the cause of the trouble, and to make any further complaints you see fit. The Secretary is here to tell you that he has kept his word, but if there is anything more he can do, through friendship for the Sioux, he is ready to do it. He is your friend, and the Great Father has told him to be your friend. He wants you to talk to him as a friend, and he will meet you in the same spirit."

The Secretary then asked if the Indians had made any arrangements about speakers. He could not hear them all, but he would listen to a few, and he desired them to speak briefly. He added that if no objection was made he would hear from John Grass, Hollow Horn Bear, American Horse, Two Strike, Hump, and Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses.

Louis Rencontre said that this arrangement was not satisfactory, as it was desired that each agency should be represented in the speakers.

The Secretary replied that he would hear John Grass and American Horse, and then advise with them as to who should follow.

John Grass then came forward. The Rev. C. S. Cook, the Episcopal minister at Pine Ridge, acted as interpreter. Grass at once began to speak of the recent trouble among the Indians, the origin of which he did not

know. They had come for the purpose of conferring with the Secretary in regard to the matter. The Indians, he said, did not desire to be driven back to their wild life, but wished to consult with the President so as to determine upon the future. They wished, he said, to speak on certain matters talked over when the Indians were here last, and the promises in regard to which were not carried out. He protested against the practice of blaming all Indians for what was the fault of a few. The Indians believe that if they are honest in trying to put their children into schools, and if they follow the teachings of Christianity, they would be going in the right road. The Indians regarded these as important factors, and they also thought it desirable that the agents should be civilians rather than military. They desired a continuance of the present system in this respect. In the past, he said, the Indian agents had opportunities to steal, but now the good people in the East maintained such a close watch that it was difficult for them to adopt such practices. The agents in late years, he said, were good men. In speaking of his own reservation, that of Standing Rock, the threatened trouble had been put down by the Indian police. They believed in the Indian police, and he was requested to ask for an increase of fifty men. Grass then shook hands with the Secretary and took his seat.

American Horse was the next speaker. He displayed considerable natural ability, and made a graceful preface to his remarks, referring in complimentary terms to the Secretary and the ladies present. He then asked if the Secretary thought it was good to curtail the speech of a man who had something to say, so that he did not have the chance to say all he intended.

This question created some laughter, and the Secretary replied that he thought short speeches were the best, but he desired him to say all he wished to say.

American Horse further inquired whether they would have another conference with the Secretary. He said that they had a good deal of business to transact, which might require three or four months.

The Secretary said he was willing to see them as often as necessary, but said that their business here must be brought to a close in a short time. If this could not be done they must attend to the rest of it at the agencies. He asked that they proceed to address themselves to the subject of the conference.

American Horse further protested against haste. He said that he had endeavored to learn the origin of the late trouble, and in his search and investigation he found himself in Washington. He then went on to speak of the importance of this city as a treaty-making center, and gradually drifted into a discussion of the subject proper. He protested against

being classed as a hostile, and the Secretary assured him that he was not so classed. American Horse said that the Indians at Pine Ridge, through the destruction of their property, had been put back fifteen years, and that the Indians desired to have these losses made good. The Government, he said, had made mistakes in their attempts to civilize the Indians. He enumerated their mistakes. Instead of the places at the agencies being filled by Indians, white men crowded them out and took the places. This was one reason why the Indians were called lazy. At the agencies, he said, the white men were so numerous that they fairly trampled on the Indians. What his people wanted was a chance to rise and fill the places of trust and consequence that were within their reach. He desired that some attention should be paid to the wishes of the Indians in regard to the men to be agents.

The Indians were able to tell as well as white men what men were competent. The agents, he said, naturally selected their own relations to fill the places under them. He thought that the Indians would receive these appointments if justice were done. He then spoke of religious matters, and said that there were three religious bodies on their reservation who were trying to teach them to live better lives, and especially to bring about religious marriages; but they did not want to be compelled to marry certain persons.

The Secretary inquired who had sought to compel them to marry. American Horse replied that he referred more particularly to persons who eloped. When the couple were brought back, the agent obliged them to get married. He asked that the losses suffered by the Indians in the late disturbance be made good by the Government. He urged that a remedy for a good many of the present troubles would be for the Government to go back to the treaty of 1868, and redeem some of the promises then made. The money bags, as he called the money which had been promised them, must by this time, he thought, have reached a good age and have grown, and the distribution of the sums due would be of great service. He favored the removal of the Carlisle School to the West, as the Indians' children would not then suffer in consequence of a change of climate and their modes of life. He said that the contract with the Indians was that their children be sent to the schools in the East, and upon their return places would be given them on the reservations. This, he said, had not been done.

Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses said he was very much pleased to meet everybody, and then went on to relate his services in the interest of harmony during the late trouble. In the course of his introductory remarks he said he had brought his people into camp and had turned in their arms.

"How many?" queried the Secretary, and the orator was somewhat nonplussed. He knew the total was small, and he did not care to say. The Secretary removed the embarrassment by bidding him proceed in his own way, and then Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses said he hoped the Government would not only educate the children, but would also give them something to do when they finished at school. The Government had always said that if Indians worked they would get rich. They wanted to get rich, and the only way that was possible was the giving of employment to the young men when they left school.

Two Strike was next called for. The wily old warrior did not want to say much, but his manner was quite vigorous. He acknowledged that there had been trouble, but that was gone. He had made peace with General Miles, and turned in his arms, and now came to report to the Great Father. He was always going to do what he could to maintain peace.

The next speaker was Hump. He called attention to the fact that he had farmed at Cheyenne River for three years and had no crop, and for that reason he wanted the rations increased and continued. Cheyenne River Agency had suffered much in this trouble—about three hundred of the people had been killed—and there should be some consideration shown the survivors.

High Hawk, an Ogalalla, told with a loud voice how earnest he had always been for peace. His principal complaint was as to the dividing line between the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Agencies. The line had caused much trouble, and he hoped it would be removed.

Then Hollow Horn Bear, a Brule from Rosebud Agency, took the floor. He said that one man (referring to the affair at Wounded Knee) wanted to fight; the others did not. That man fired his gun, and then the soldiers shot men, women, and children. He was somewhat lost, but he was going to try to do right, as he had always done, but he had to say that only the white man had broken the mutual promises. He told of some of his people who were badly wounded, and characterized the conduct of the military as cruel. The soldiers were the cause of all the trouble.

Hollow Horn Bear then asked that those Indians who had lost property during the late trouble might be reimbursed, and went into financial matters in connection with old and unfulfilled treaties. Cows had been promised long ago, but they had not been given. Crops were failures in his country, and only cattle raising was a success. The cows ought to be sent out right away. There was money due the Indians, and he hoped that would be used in the purchase of cows and mares. The money was to have been used to buy beef. He would rather see it spent for something that would bring in increase. He asked that sub-issue houses be established in the various camps, so that men who desired to work be not taken

away from their farms or cattle. The agency was many miles away from many camps. There was no line, and there ought not to be. It had caused much trouble. More schoolhouses had been promised, and he hoped they would soon be built. He wanted the children to have an opportunity to learn something.

Medicine Bull next talked through Interpreter Cook. From his utterances it was evident that he always had been, was now, and ever would be, in perfect accord with the Indian policy of the Government.

Secretary Noble then spoke to the Indians. The Indian must not be discouraged. He would be supported as long as he endeavored to do well. There were two sides to the question of what is due the Indian and what is due from the Indian. "I wish to speak about these things in a friendly spirit," said he. "I wish to tell the Sioux what the Government has done for them, and I wish to tell them from a book written by their friend, Miss Fletcher, as to what has been done for them. Up to 1884, \$42,000,000 has been given the Sioux by the Government. The Government acknowledges its treaties and agreements with the Sioux. Since 1884, when this money was paid, there has been much more money paid, according to the treaty. One of the speakers complained that no cows have been issued within the last two years. I wish to tell what has been issued in the way of horses and stock cattle under the treaty. [The Secretary then quoted statistics as to the issues to Indians.] The schools that the Indians want have been kept up at all of these agencies, and industrial schools such as they want have also been established at Pierre, and another school will be put up at Flandreau. Farmers have been kept at the different agencies to show the Sioux how to farm the land. The Great Father asked Congress to do these things according to the recommendations of General Crook and the commissioner. Congress has acted as rapidly as other public business would permit, and the Sioux will next get the benefit. The bill was approved on January 19, 1891. It was a mere accident that \$100,000 should have been cut off the Sioux appropriation immediately after the agreement with General Crook. It would have been the same if there had been no agreement. These things should convince the Sioux that the Government has been trying to do what was right for the Indians."

In conclusion the Secretary advised the Indians to think over the many things the Government had done for them; to look at the promises made by General Crook and to have confidence in what he said. The Secretary said he wanted the Indians to make up their minds to do the best they could to educate or to have educated their children, and never to let their young men dream that they could ever get anything by force from the United States. The Secretary's speech closed with renewed assurances of friendship.

The conference was resumed the next day by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who told the delegation that he had called them together that he might explain some things, and that he might hear from them in regard to some matters of administration. He reminded them that he had no power to make laws, and had no food or money to give them except what Congress provides. He said he thought they had already heard all that was necessary in regard to the past. What was wanted now was to hear their plans for the future.

The first speaker from the Indian delegation was White Ghost of the Crow Creek Reservation, who spoke of the encroachments of the whites upon the lands of the Indians.

The commissioner assured him that he would have that matter fully investigated and remedied.

White Ghost spoke of the rations of coffee, and said that they amounted to only one hundred grains a week to each person. He referred to the small ration of bacon issued, and said that at a meeting of the delegation yesterday the unanimous decision was reached that they did not want military agents.

Big Mane of the Lower Brule Agency told the commissioner that the white people had squatted on their lands and prevented the Indians from getting fuel and hay. He wanted the agency moved nearer to the lands occupied by the Indians, and said they needed better school facilities. He complained of the small size of the beef cattle given them for food, and humorously attributed it to the defective eyesight of the agent.

Little No Heart, from the Cheyenne River Agency, said that the Christian people on the reservation were doing a good work in civilizing his people, and that their influence was always on the side of peace and good government. He said that his people wanted more and larger schools, where their children could learn the white man's ways. He protested against the appointment of military agents. His people were peacefully disposed, and, in his opinion, civil agents would better suit the Sioux, and that the good of all concerned required the appointment of civil agents.

In answer to his request for information as to what the Government proposed to do for his people, the commissioner said that he would furnish to the delegation copies of the Sioux agreement of 1889, and said that the purpose of the Government was to fulfill every promise made in that agreement.

Little No Heart also complained of the delay in establishing the boundary lines between the two reservations. As the matter now stands white squatters are undoubtedly still trespassing and, as there is no well defined line, they cannot demand their removal.

The commissioner said that he had already given instructions to have the trespassers removed, and to have all others warned not to enter the reservation.

Little No Heart having again said that his people did not want military agents, the commissioner said that, inasmuch as nearly all who had spoken had expressed the same desire, he wished to learn now many of the members of the delegation were in favor of civil agents and how many in favor of military agents, and for that purpose he instructed the interpreter to ask such of the Indians as preferred civil agents to stand up. With a single exception they all stood up. The only one who preferred military agents was Major Swords, the chief of the Indian police at Pine Ridge. The commissioner explained his vote by saying that a place in the army had been offered him by General Miles. This remark elicited considerable laughter among the spectators.

Mad Bear, from Standing Rock, said that the chiefs of the several bands on his reservation had had a meeting, at which they asked him to insist upon more reservation schools. His people preferred reservation schools to distant schools. If the schools were located on the reservation their influence would be felt not only by the pupils but by the parents as well. In this way the greatest possible good could be accomplished.

The conclusion of the conference was made memorable by the story of the fight at Wounded Knee as told by Turning Hawk and American Horse. At the opening, Turning Hawk said that a certain falsehood came to his agency from the West, which acted like fire upon the Indians.

"When the fire came upon our people," he said, "those who had a certain far-sightedness and could see into the matter made up their minds to stand up against it and fight it. The reason we took this hostile attitude to this fire was because we believed that you yourself would not be in favor of this particular mischief-making thing; but, just as we expected, the people in authority did not like this thing, and we were quietly told that we must give up or have nothing to do with this certain movement. Though this was the advice from our good friends of the East, there were, of course, many silly young men who were longing to become identified with the movement, although they knew that there was absolutely nothing bad, nor did they know there was anything absolutely good, in connection with the movement, and in the course of time we heard that the soldiers were moving toward the scene of the trouble."

"Frightened at the approach of the soldiers, and hearing all manner of rumors as to what the soldiers were going to do with them, they fled into the Bad Lands. Their friends and relatives left behind at the agency became very anxious about them, and sent parties to them to try and induce them to return. Finally they succeeded. When our people who

had been frightened away were returning to Pine Ridge, and when they had almost reached the agency, they were met by the soldiers and surrounded and finally taken to the Wounded Knee Creek, and there, at a given time, their guns were demanded, and when they had delivered them up the men were separated from their families, from their tepees, and taken to a certain spot, their guns having been given up. When the guns were thus taken and the men thus separated, there was a crazy man, a young man of very bad influence, and in fact a nobody among that bunch of Indians, fired his gun; and, of course, the firing of a gun must have been the breaking of a military rule of some sort, for immediately the soldiers returned the fire, and the indiscriminate killing followed."

The Commissioner: Did this man fire at the soldiers, or did he simply shoot in the air?

Spotted Horse: He shot an officer in the army. The first shot killed this officer. I was a voluntary scout at that encounter and I had just asserted that I saw exactly what was done, and that was what I noticed—that the first shot killed an officer.

The Commissioner: Did the soldiers return the fire immediately, or did the Indians keep up their firing?

Spotted Horse: As soon as the first shot was fired, the Indians immediately began drawing their knives, and they were exhorted from all sides to desist, but this was not obeyed; consequently the firing began immediately on the part of the soldiers.

Turning Hawk: All the men who were in the bunch were killed right there, and those who escaped that first fire got into the ravine, and as they went along up the ravine for a long distance they were pursued on both sides by the soldiers, and shot down, as the dead bodies showed afterward.

The Commissioner: In this fight did the women take any part?

Turning Hawk: They had no firearms to fight with.

The Commissioner: The statement has been made in the public press that the women fought with butcher knives, and this has been given as a reason why the women were shot.

Turning Hawk: When the men were separated and were bunched together at a given place, of course only the men were there; the women were at a different place entirely, some distance off.

The Commissioner: Was it possible for a soldier to tell the difference between an Indian man and an Indian woman? The statement has been made in the public press that the soldiers shot the women because they dressed in such a way that they could not tell they were women.

Turning Hawk: I think a man would be very blind if he could not tell the difference between a man and a woman. I have told you that the women were standing off at a different place from that where the men were

stationed, and when the firing began those of the men who escaped the first onslaught went in one direction up the ravine, and then the women, who were bunched together at another place, went entirely in a different direction through an open field, and the women fared the same fate as the men who went up the deep ravine.

The Commissioner (to the interpreter): Tell these men that are present that I would like if he (Turning Hawk) makes any statement which they do not accept, that they will correct it. I want to get at the truth. :

American Horse: The men were separated, as has already been said, from the women, and they were surrounded by the soldiers, who then came next the village of the Indians, and that was entirely surrounded by the soldiers also. When the firing began, of course the people who were standing immediately around the young man who fired the first shot were killed right together, and then they turned their guns—Hotchkiss guns, etc.—upon the women, who were in the lodges, standing there under a flag of truce, and, of course, as soon as they were fired upon they fled, the men fleeing in one direction and the women running in two different directions. So that there were three general directions in which they took flight.

The Commissioner: Do you mean to say that there was a white flag in sight over the women when they were fired upon?

American Horse: Yes, sir; they were fired upon, and there was a woman with her infant in her arms who was killed as she almost touched the flag of truce, and the women and children, of course, were strewn all along the circular village until they were dispatched. Right near the flag of truce another was shot down with her infant. The child, not knowing that its mother was dead, was still nursing, and that was especially a very sad sight. The women, as they were fleeing with their babes on their backs, were killed together, shot right through, and the women who were very heavy with child were also killed. All the Indians fled in these three directions. After most of them had all been killed, a cry was made that all those who were not killed or wounded should come forth and they would be safe, and little boys who were not wounded came out of their places of refuge, and as soon as they came in sight a number of soldiers surrounded them and butchered them there.

The Commissioner (to the interpreter): I wish you would say to him that these are very serious charges to make against the United States Army. I do not want any statements made that are not absolutely true, and I want anyone here that feels that the statements are too strong to correct them.

American Horse: Of course we all feel very sad about this affair. I

stood very loyal to the Government all through those troublesome days, and believing so much in the Government and being so loyal to it, my disappointment was very strong, and I have come to Washington with a very great blame against the Government, on my heart. Of course it would have been all right if only the men were killed; we would feel almost grateful for it. But the fact of the killing of the women, and more especially the killing of the young boys and girls, who are to go to make up the future strength of the Indian people—those being killed is the saddest part of the whole affair, and we feel it very sorely. This is all I know about that part of the story, and my good friend here [pointing to Turning Hawk] will continue his narrative.

The Commissioner: Does American Horse know these things of his own knowledge, or has he been told them?

American Horse: I was not there at the time before the burial of the bodies, but I did go there with some of the police, and the Indian doctor, and a great many of the people, men from the agency, and we went through the battlefield and saw where the bodies were from the track of the blood.

The Rev. Mr. Cook, a Sioux half-breed, pastor of an Episcopal church at Pine Ridge, who had at times acted as interpreter during the conference, rose, and, among other things, said:

"Much has been said about the good spirit with which the members of the Seventh Cavalry went to that scene of action. It has been said that the desire to avenge Custer's death was entirely absent from their minds. In coming toward Chicago in company with General Miles, I talked with one of his scouts, who was almost killed because he was compelled to fly with the Indians, being fired upon by the men whom he tried to serve and help. He told me that after he recovered from his flight, and succeeded in getting among the soldiers after they all got in from killing the Indians, an officer of high rank, he did not know who, came to him and said, with much glutinous thought in his voice: 'Now we have avenged Custer's death,' and this scout said to him: 'Yes, but you had every chance to fight for your lives that day; these poor Indian people did not have that opportunity to protect and fight for themselves.' If that is an indication of the spirit of a number of the men in that company, I am sure the Seventh Cavalry cannot be free from any charge of going there with the kindest of motives simply to bring these poor people back."

After several others had spoken, the Commissioner declared the conference at an end.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of February 12, 1891, the Indian delegation called at the White House in a body and paid their respects to their "Great Father." The Commissioner of Indian Affairs and several

interpreters accompanied them. The reception took place in the East Room, the visitors listening attentively to the sensible address of President Harrison, who spoke as follows:

"Will you say to them, Mr. Interpreter, that I have given them an audience this morning without any intention of talking to them at any length? They have had opportunity to state to the Secretary of the Inter-



INTERVIEW OF THE INDIAN DELEGATION WITH
THEIR "GREAT FATHER" AT WASHINGTON.

rior and to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs their wants and views. These officers will bring what has been said to my attention. One or two things I will say myself. It has been a great grief to me that some of the people represented by you have recently acted badly; have gone upon the warpath against the Government. You can get nothing by war except punishment. You should understand by this time that you are too weak to contend against the United States in war. You must teach your young men not to be warriors, but citizens. When you suffer any wrong through the agents who are over you, or from any white settlers who are about you, you should peacefully make these things known to us here. The President, the Secretary of the Interior, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Congress, and the great mass of our people desire to deal kindly with you. The agreement that was made with you by General Crook and Governor Foster and Mr. Warner we all desire to carry out

faithfully; to do all that we promised to do. I have asked the Congress to pass laws to carry out every provision of the contract made with you. It is believed now that full provision has been made for this. You must not expect that you and your children will always be fed by the Government of the United States without working yourselves. Every white man works for the bread and meat that sustains him, and you must learn to do a little more for your own support every year. You must tell your young men to spend their money or trade their ponies for something that is good for them, and not for rifles. I shall try to see that the Indian police are so increased upon the reservations as to protect you against any bad white men who may live about you. We will try in every way to give your people employment about the agencies with the army, in the Indian police, and otherwise, as we can, and you must each take your allotment, and endeavor the best you can to earn your living, either by plowing or by raising cattle or horses, or some other peaceful industry. I hope you will all return to the reservation with these things settled in your minds, and you may depend upon us to do everything we can to promote the advancement of your tribe, to protect you against aggression or injury from those who are about you, and to encourage every Indian who is disposed to be peaceful and industrious."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL OF PLENTY HORSES FOR THE KILLING OF LIEUTENANT CASEY—VIEWS OF CAPTAIN R. H. PRATT ON THE EDUCATION OF THE INDIAN.

PLENTY HORSES, the slayer of Lieutenant Casey, was arrested and brought to trial at Sioux Falls, S. D. His case excited great interest throughout the country, and the court room was crowded daily. On the 28th of May, 1891, Judge Shiras ended the proceedings by instructing the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty." The announcement was a great surprise. Judge Shiras said:

"There is no need of going further with this case. What I shall say is the opinion of the court, but not of my colleague. It is said upon my own responsibility.

"Under repeated decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States it is made the duty of the trial court to instruct the jury as to the verdict that should be rendered when the facts and law of the case were such that in the view of the court only a verdict of not guilty could be sustained. From the entire evidence it clearly appears that on the day when Lieutenant Casey met his death there existed in and about Pine Ridge Agency a condition of actual warfare between the Army of the United States there assembled, under the command of Major General Miles, and the Indian troops occupying the camp on No Water and in its vicinity. It is entirely clear that on the part of the United States this condition of actual existing warfare was recognized, and the troops of the United States and the Indians had fought several engagements with more or less severity, and that both forces were then actually arrayed in hostility against each other.

"It has not been questioned that Lieutenant Casey was an officer of the United States Army, and was acting in that capacity in charge of a portion of the scouts belonging to the United States forces. It was clearly shown that Lieutenant Casey left his camp on January 7, 1891, with a portion of the scouts belonging to his command, for the purpose of reconnoitering the camp of the hostile Indians at No Water; that while engaged in the expedition he met Plenty Horses, the defendant, and was shot and killed by him. While the manner in which Plenty Horses killed Lieutenant Casey was such as would meet the severest condemnation, nevertheless we cannot deny the fact that Lieutenant Casey was engaged in an act of legitimate warfare against the Indians, and was in such condi-

tion that he might be legitimately killed as an act of war by a member of the hostile camp against which he was then operating.

"It is clearly apparent that if on the same day a portion of the hostile Indians had intended to reconnoiter the fortifications and position of the United States troops, and while they were engaged in such expedition one or more of them had been shot and killed by a soldier belonging to the United States forces, that such an act would not be deemed to be an act of murder on the part of the white soldier, and justice requires the application of the same rule to the Indian as we would apply to the white soldier under reversed circumstances. It is apparent that the actions and the conduct of the troops of the United States at and about Pine Ridge Agency, at the time that Lieutenant Casey was killed, cannot be justified in all respects excepting upon the admission of the fact that they were engaged in actual hostilities and warfare, and were therefore justified in resorting to all the legitimate acts of war. The main facts involved in the case are not in dispute, and, in the judgment of the court, any other conclusion cannot be maintained under the evidence than that there was a condition of actual warfare existing between the Indians and the United States Army.

"Casey met his death when in the line of his duty and in the performance of an act of legitimate warfare, and under such circumstances as would excuse the defendant from killing him, he being a member of the opposing forces. Under these circumstances the judgment of the court is that this jury would be compelled to hold as first, that there was a condition of actual warfare existing at that time, and that Lieutenant Casey was actively engaged in operations as a member of the armed forces of the United States carrying on hostilities against the Indians. The Indians were opposed to him. Casey went out in the performance of his duty as a member of the United States Army, to do and perform an act in furtherance of the war in which he was engaged, and met a member of the opposing forces and the result was that Lieutenant Casey met his death. Suppose that the result had been different. Supposing that in reconnoitering that camp the scouts had been fired upon by the Indians, and they fired back, and Lieutenant Casey had killed an Indian. Under the circumstances I do not think he would have ever been brought before a court and jury to be tried for murder. Now if that would be a protection to him we must afford the same protection we would require in this case. Under these circumstances it is the judgment of the court that a verdict of guilty could not be sustained, and therefore the jury are instructed to return a verdict of not guilty."

When the judge had concluded his remarks, Juror Palmer of Vermillion arose and objected to declaring the prisoner not guilty. He said he was convinced that Plenty Horses was guilty as charged, and wanted to

convict him. The judge insisted, however. The jury conferred for a moment, and then announced the verdict of "not guilty."

The assemblage cheered, and it was several minutes before Judge Edgerton and Marshal Fry could establish order. Plenty Horses was the coolest person in the room. His face did not for a moment light up with joy. There was no sign of delight, as before there had been none of anxiety or fear. When Attorney Powers clasped his hand in congratulation the defendant neither smiled nor said a word.

Attorney Nock then moved that the defendant be discharged from custody. The motion was granted, and Plenty Horses, who has cost the



CONGRATULATING PLENTY HORSES ON HIS ACQUITTAL OF THE MURDER OF LIEUT. CASEY.

Government thousands of dollars, and whose name has been heard in every town from San Francisco to New York, was a free man.

Among those who congratulated Plenty Horses was American Horse, one of the bravest Indians and truest friends of the white man that ever lived. Grasping the hand of his fellow-Sioux he said:

"I am glad you are free. You killed Casey; that was bad.¹ He was a brave man and a good one. He did much for the Indian, but the whites cruelly starved us into such a condition that the young men were crazy, and you did not know what you did."¹

It was the summary action of Judge Shiras which saved Plenty Horses. A canvass of the jurors showed that eleven stood for conviction and one only favored manslaughter. This acquittal may serve as the last incident of the great Indian uprising in the Northwest in the winter of

1890-91. The renewal of the disturbances, which many believed would take place in the following spring, did not occur, and it is impossible that such a gigantic conspiracy can ever again be formed or carried so near success.

The Indian problem, however, still confronts us. As stated elsewhere, there are probably more red men in this country to-day than ever before. One of the strange delusions is that the American race is steadily dwindling, and, before many generations come and go, will be extinct. Single tribes have perished, confederations have been broken up, and the aborigines that have figured as the most powerful and warlike opponents of civilization have sunk into insignificance. But while these have decreased, just as civilized nations have their birth, manhood, and decay, others have increased, until the aggregate of American Indians is near a quarter of a million.

Everything, therefore, relating to the welfare of the red man, and tending to his advancement, should interest all American citizens. Captain R. H. Pratt, general manager of the Indian Government Training School at Carlisle, Pa., published some time since in the *Red Man* the following article:

"Ouanah, one of the principal men of the Comanches, is the son of a white mother and a Comanche father. His mother belonged to one of the first families of Texas, and lived in the central part of the State. The Comanches, in one of their raids, captured her when she was about fifteen years old. She became the wife of a young Comanche of some importance, had a number of children, forgot her mother tongue, and was lost to her people for many years. Finally she was discovered and persuaded to return to her childhood's home. She spoke only Comanche. Her habits and dress were entirely those of the Comanche Indians. Her relatives were very kind, dressed her in the garb of civilization, and treated her with every mark of affection. She was not long with them before she showed discontent, and finally disappeared, and alone traversed the hundreds of miles between her relatives' Texan home and the Comanche reservation.

"Among the first students brought to Carlisle in October, 1879, was a light-complexioned boy, about sixteen years old, to whom we gave the name of Stephen. He came in blanket, leggings, and moccasins. His hair was long and matted. He was as dirty and as much covered with vermin as any in the party. He spoke no word of English, but could speak the Sioux language with as much fluency as the others. His teacher found, as he developed that, while he had a good mind, he learned English with less readiness and made slower progress than many of the Indian boys who came with the same party and under like circumstances. When he was presented at Rosebud Agency as a pupil for Carlisle, inquiry developed

that his father and mother were white people, and while crossing the plains to California their party had been attacked by Indians. His father was killed and his mother captured. Stephen was born just after this event. His mother married an Indian, by whom she had other children. When these facts became known, word was sent to the camp, and she was asked to come to the agency to see the Carlisle school agent. She sent back word that she was an Indian now, and did not want to come in to the agency, but that she wanted her white boy to become educated with his own race. We know scores of such cases.

"Carlos Montezuma is a full-blooded Apache Indian. When he was thirteen years old he was captured by the Pimas and brought to their camps, where he was offered for sale, a horse being the price asked. A traveling photographer, who happened to be in the Pima camp taking photographs, became interested in the boy and offered \$30, the price of a horse, which the Indians accepted. He brought the boy East, and had him with him in his gallery in Brooklyn, Boston, and Chicago; he sent him to the public schools, and finally, through the interest of a lady of means, he entered the Illinois Agricultural College. He developed special aptitude for chemistry, and, when he graduated, a place was found for him in a drug store near the Chicago Medical College, where, as a clerk, he supported himself and earned the means for carrying himself through a course in that college. He graduated in 1888, and under the advice of friends, put out his sign as a physician in Chicago. When General Morgan became Commissioner of Indian Affairs he heard of Dr. Montezuma, and offered him an appointment as physician for the Indian School at Fort Stevenson, Dak. The doctor accepted, and, after about a year's service there, was promoted to the position of agency physician at one of the agencies in Nevada, where he now is. He knows nothing of his native Apache language, nor is there a trace of Apache superstition or habit to be found in him. He is civilized in habit and thought.

"During the campaign of 1874 and 1875, against the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches in the Indian Territory, two of our companies ran into a large Cheyenne camp on the border of the Staked Plains near the head waters of the Washita River. The Indians vast'y outnumbered the troops, and the troops, by rapid retreat, barely escaped being annihilated. Two soldiers were killed and left on the field. When the companies reached our main camps, some thirty-five miles distant from the Indian camp, our whole force was at once ordered out and moved on the Cheyennes. The Cheyennes had, doubtless, followed the troops and knew of our large command, so that when we reached their camps they had fled to the Staked Plains. We found the bodies of the two soldiers, and, as I had command of about eighty Indian scouts and held the advance of our

troops, I was the first to enter the vacated camps. The two soldiers had been scalped, and near the center of the camp, on high ground, I found a pole about ten feet high, on the top of which was the fresh scalp of one of the soldiers, while the sod around the pole for a distance of twenty feet or more was all worn out by the dancing of the Indians. I found out afterward from the Indians that their women and children had danced all night around that scalp. Among them was a lad of ten or eleven years.

"Some time after that war, when these Indians had come in about their agency, this lad was induced to attend the agency school. On the opening of Carlisle, in 1879, he was one of the first pupils. He was bright and capable, advanced rapidly to the higher departments, and in time became sergeant major of the cadet organization. After being eight years with us he married one of our girls, a member of the Pawnee tribe. Both he and his wife having established themselves in the confidence of the white people, through our outing system, he found employment and went out from us to live in a community near Philadelphia. He has now been in the employ of a responsible business man for three years. He has arduous duties to perform which require him to get up at four o'clock in the morning. He receives a salary which enables him to support himself and his family. During these years neither he nor his family has cost the Government of the United States one cent. Both he and his wife are respected members of the church and community where they live. He pays his taxes, and votes. He desires to remain among civilized people and follow the pursuits of civilized life. He can talk of his former savage habits and the habits of his people, but he despises them and deplores the pauper condition into which his people have been forced by the system of control and management pursued by the United States. I know scores of like cases—Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches, Kiowas, Sioux, and others of the most nomadic tribes.

"In every case within our knowledge the formation or change of habit has been brought about by environment. We say, then, environ the Indians with our language and civilized habits and they will become civilized. Leave them in the environment of the tribes and of their savagery, and they will remain tribal savages. Of course they will. What is to change them? There is no 'heart language.' There is no resistless clog placed upon us by birth. We are not born with language, nor are we born with ideas of either civilization or savagery. Language, savagery, and civilization are forced upon us entirely by our environment. I will not say during the growing period only, for in the case of Stephen's mother, maturity had been reached, and in the case of Ouanah's mother, Dr. Montezuma, and the young Cheyenne, much more than half the period before maturity had been passed before they each entered upon new conditions.

If, then, we relentlessly consign to their savagery our Indian population, and carefully guard them in their reservations, as we are now doing, we shall have material for Wild West shows which the gaping throngs of the East may laugh at and the crowned heads of Europe patronize for centuries to come.

"Suppose the 5,246,613 foreigners who have immigrated to America in the past ten years, instead of being distributed throughout our communities had been sent to reservations, each nationality by itself, we ask if any reasonable person could, for a moment, anticipate that they would have made any material progress in becoming Anglicized or Americanized. It is only when we do allow them to congregate in bodies together that they give us trouble. Scattered, and in contact on all sides with our own people, they become of us. Massed in communities by themselves, they more or less oppose the principles and the spirit of our government. The negroes are about thirty times as many in the United States as the Indians, and yet they were savages of a very low state when brought to this country. Now, because of environment, they are English speaking and fellow citizens. With these facts constantly before me, I have come to look upon all plans which congregate and isolate the Indians from the whites as against their best interests.

"The United States Government invites trouble and postpones the consummation of its purpose to accomplish the American civilization and citizenship of its Indian wards when it places them for instruction in the hands of those who compel American citizenship and civilization to bow to creed. The abundant fruits of such proceedings are to be found everywhere in tribes who have somewhat advanced in civilization, and who, while drawing all the means for their support from the government, still look upon it as an enemy. While they do not longer band themselves together to defend by force their savagery and tribal autonomy, they do continually band together to make large raids upon the government treasury. In many cases on this line they meet with great success, but their successes only weaken and destroy them, for idleness, with all its attendant dissipations, necessarily follows.

"It cannot be disputed that the aim of every government effort to educate and train the Indian should be not only in the direction of relieving the government of the care of the Indian as a pauper, but to so fit and equip him that he may become a producer and help support the government. I feel assured, from long observation and large responsibility in connection with the Indians, that any expenditure of either labor or money on tribal lines is not only working against this result, but is building up a condition which will prolong the tribe and reservation, and call for larger outlay. I have never known an Indian capable of meeting and

competing with the whites in civilized business and industries, who did not acquire such ability in actual association and competition with the whites.

"The education of Indians in purely Indian schools will not bring the Indians into harmony with the other people of the United States, but is rather calculated to make them stronger to hold out and contend as a separate class. Especially is this the result in schools where the children of one tribe are brought together. Tribal pride and tribal interest are simply rendered more powerful by such a system. I am convinced, therefore, that it is bad policy, and wrong to those who will come after us and have to bear the burdens of government, to expend Government money in the establishment of tribal schools.

"The Indian has a capacity in every way to meet the issues of civilized life at once. All Indian youth may readily be prepared to enter the common schools of the country by two or three years' course in Government schools established for the special purpose of bringing them to this condition of fitness; and having once entered public schools the way is open for them to remain and go up head. Such schools, and all our higher schools, are now and always have been open to the Indian. Harvard and Dartmouth Colleges were started in the interests of Indian education.

"The negro, forbidden an education by law, worked his way into citizenship and manly self-support. The Indian, with Harvard and every school in the country open to him, is still an impotent. We must not hope that the training in industries of industrial schools will achieve the end sought, however good and thorough. The competitions of labor, and these, too, with the very men he is to contend industrially with, are absolutely essential. We do the Indian no kindness to hold him away from this competition, for it is that very experience that is to develop him."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE VIEWS OF FREDERIC REMINGTON, THE ARTIST, ON THE INDIAN QUESTION—A SPECIMEN OF NATIONAL LEGISLATION FOR THE INDIANS—THE ACQUISITION OF INDIAN LANDS.

THE well-known artist Frederic Remington, represented *Harper's Weekly* during the recent Indian hostilities, his sketches of the incidents being remarkably vivid and accurate. He gave his views of the Indian question in the journal named in the following vigorous terms:

"The Indians have at least one distinct impression regarding the Government. They know that it never keeps its word. Any old chief will tell you that white men are all liars, and if you press him regarding it he will prove it, and the only exception he will make is the white soldier. This class of men has formed a decided respect for the Indians, on the principle of that strange liking you have for a man after you have fought with him. Every young West Pointer learns very early in his career never to speak anything but the exact truth to an Indian. This code of morals was acquired from a savage race.

"After we regard Indians as children in their relation to us, we must understand another thing, and that is that they are only second to the Norsemen of old as savage warriors. Above wealth, wives, children, and civil renown, there is one thing an Indian holds next to his God, and around his mind is emblazoned the halo of him who can fight and die. A soldier—that is the man whose image fills an Indian's eye. He represents courage, justice, and truth; and while the civil agents sent from Washington to dole out bad and insufficient rations to a conquered race may receive the homage, they can never command the respect of the wild tribes.

"All the reports of Indian agents to their department about the industrial, and especially the agricultural, progress of their wards are gilded, to say the least; and in a great many instances you can rub off the gilt and disclose simple commonplace lies with no foundation whatever in fact. But the Indian agents are simply men who are occupying a political appointment for a brief term, and they do many things which are not high minded. It does not seem necessary for me to go on to prove that the Indian Department is not a joy forever. Very few people think it is, and most of those who do have a finger in the pie. They have never been distinguished for anything except Indian wars, and for almost every

affair of the kind they are entirely responsible. The Northwest is dotted over with soldiers sleeping out in the snows of this winter because of the mismanagement of the Indian Bureau. With an instance of this incompetency before their eyes nearly half of the time, people in the East ought to understand, and every man who in the West comes near enough to get the stench cannot but know its rottenness. It's unchristian, it's inhuman, it's vile. It is the constantly recurring old story—a gross case of mismanagement. And then the army is called in to be responsible—to protect the lives of the settlers, and in these days to shoot down a people who have the sympathy of every soldier in the ranks.

"The only excuse I have for not being absurd in this matter, when I argue that the wild Indian tribes can be allowed to live, is that their lands are so worthless that we do not want them, and that, secondly, they can be made useful to us—two reasons selfish enough for us to entertain.

"The hatred of the Six Nations for the Canadas made the English occupation of this continent possible, which would have been questionable in its contest with the French *régime* backed by its Church and State. To come to our own generations, we recognize that Indians have co-operated with our troops in every contest for the acquisition of the great West. Delawares guided our columns to Mexico in 1847. Friendly Cheyennes led Mackenzie into his fight in the Big Horn Mountains against their own tribe. General Crook was guided to every hidden stronghold of the Apaches by Apaches who were not disaffected. I do not, of course, mean to say that these acts were inspired by true loyalty to the old flag, but I do think it demonstrates that experienced United States army officers can handle these people under any conditions.

"One thing is certain—the wild tribes are steadily retrograding under Interior Department management. I do not for a moment want to be understood as censuring the present administration in particular. It was as true of the last administration as it is of this one, and it will be as true of the next as it was of the last. It is the system which is responsible. We are year after year oppressing a conquered people, until it is now assuming the magnitude of a crime. Any administration which will change this order of things will have one claim on immortality.

"Now we will suppose that the American people desire to do justice to the wild Indians; we will suppose that they want to avert the interminable Indian outbreaks; and we will assume that they have the best interests of the American army at heart; and then we will turn them all over to the War Department. Since the Indian ring found the Apaches unprofitable, and they passed to the War Department, you do not hear of outbreaks among them. It was only through the statements of a general in the United States Army that the United States Senate learned that the

Sioux were being starved. The army people would like to take the Indians, as they do not doubt their own ability to handle them; and the thing furthest from their minds could be to precipitate hostilities with the red men, since the War Department does not regard Indian campaigning as war. The War Department could then organize them into a semi-industrial military force, much after the fashion of the Cossacks, whose company chief is responsible for their operations in peace and their deeds in war. He is both the head of the village and the war chief. Four or five irregular cavalry regiments could be organized at the discretion of the War Office officials, and then the separate troop formations could be one hundred men each. We might say, for instance, that is A Troop of the First Irregular Cavalry—they are Crows; and that is K Troop of the same regiment—they are Cheyennes. Each company should have its own permanent village, situated near its agricultural or stock raising operations, and let the captain of the company be the head of the village. He has judicial and administrative powers, and is responsible to his superior in a military way. These officers should come from the regular army, and they may apply for the appointments after their experience and natural capacity are considered. Under this arrangement pride of company is inculcated, and emulation is natural between the troops and their commanders. Each officer would then be given an opportunity to apply his theories, and by experience much might be developed. There can be issued the regular clothing and pay of a soldier, and a ration for themselves and families such as is sufficient. This ration in time might be decreased if they attained to agricultural success. Each man should be required to have at least two good serviceable ponies, and each company should have a complete pack train. This would cost a little more than under the Interior Department, but, when we figure on the attendant Indian wars, it would be as nothing. In time the regiments of the regular army could be withdrawn from the small posts, and concentrated by brigades, with great good to themselves from every point of view.

"All this has been suggested in times past, and found fault with by a certain class of politicians 'who are not in with the deal,' and by a good many estimable people belonging to Indian societies, who are in a habit of congregating with the purpose of harrowing up each other's feelings over the wrongs of the red men. I am happy to say that the above suggestion is no longer an experiment, but has been tried thoroughly, with results which are so astonishingly successful that they should be seen to be appreciated. There is a corps of Apache scouts at San Carlos, and they are doing very well, but need experienced men to deal with them. I would not recommend that they be brought under this *régime* at present. They live in a very difficult country, and are yet wild, having had very little con-

tact with white people, and having been lately at war with the United States troops. Their present management is the best one for a considerable period in the future.

"There is a small but efficient corps of Comanche and Kiowa scouts at Fort Sill, whose main business is to keep individual Texans in a realizing state of mind when they covet their neighbor's horse or his ox. They are good material for soldiers, and so are their neighbors the southern Cheyennes and the Arapahoes, although these latter are undergoing the operation of being starved into farming, and regard the whole process with ill-concealed disgust. There is a very fine corps of Cheyennes at Fort Reno, and they were the first perfectly uniformed and organized troop of Indians I had ever seen; and I talked with some Carlisle schoolboys who had lately been discharged from the corps in order to make room for others of the tribe, and they were full of regrets, as they had liked soldiering, and now had nothing to do but draw rations at the agency. They were very bright young fellows, fairly educated, and each had a trade, I believe. There was no possible way for them to earn a living. They were not allowed off the reservation, and so they must sit calmly down and do nothing. Idleness is fully as bad for an Indian as a white man, and is always the godfather of folly and crime. At Reno I saw young scouts who would make a West Point drill master's mouth water. They were 'set up' until they had completely lost the habitual slouch of an Indian, and strode about as straight and proud as a drill sergeant.

"Indeed, it was this little corps which first impressed me with the possibilities of the whole scheme. Their pride in being soldiers was the noticeable feature. A young scout passed through the garrison, and no man about the post held his head up higher or put his foot down firmer than that young chap, who would, in his blanket, have sneaked along under the gutter of the building like a coyote under a cut bank. They were well dressed, well fed, full of pride in their business, and full of respect for their superiors. The same man, if he were plowing a field, would ill conceal his mortification at doing a thing which he had been taught for generations was low-spirited, degrading, and which he had always found profitless.

"The Indian tribes are yet warriors; they have not lost their instincts or respect for the trade of war; but an Indian will do the most arduous and laborious work if he has a cavalry uniform on, when he would not lift his little finger to the task if dressed in his bright blanket and bead work, both of which are emblematic of a thousand years of glorious deeds of arms. He sees the white soldiers work, and makes as great a distinction between the laboring soldier and his agricultural brother as you would between a farm hand and a gentleman cultivating orchids in his conservatory.

"Major-General Miles having had a vast experience with Indians, I agree with him when he says we should not be over-hasty in arming a people who may at any time be our opponents. We must not forget, though, that it is impossible to keep the Sioux disarmed and still allow them their liberty. We must also remember that Indian police and scouts, in the service both of the army and the agents, have never proved untrustworthy, or attended the ghost dances of the last year. If a large Indian military establishment were maintained, one tribe could be made to fight another as readily as it has been done in times past.

"But under a just administration of their affairs there would be no more chance of the Indians breaking out than there would be of the people of Deadwood or Helena. Industry and proper care will do completely away with all the turbulence which at times characterizes the present administration of affairs. As scouts they are used constantly on detached service. They are perfect marvels as couriers, and can trail stray horses, scout the country, arrest deserters, and guide troops about. When the Government starts its great horse-breeding farm, which it must do shortly or have its cavalry mounted on brewery horses, they would be of great use as herders. They could raise crops in summer, and, in short, be made to work systematically, as Lieutenant Casey has demonstrated. The small scout corps, as at present organized, have their time fully taken up with duties of a purely military character, but under the Cossack organization they would be a semi-industrial military class, who in time would become self-supporting.

"There are many views as to their proper organization and equipment among practical and experienced army officers, but all this is a small matter, which could be changed from time to time in the light of experience. General Miles would have them armed only with the revolver, and accoutered as lightly as possible, in order that they might ride with great rapidity and endure long. This would be proper as mere scouts, but as irregular cavalry they should have the carbine. It would be a pity to equip and handle Indian soldiers in any manner calculated to eradicate their primitive traits. A little thing, for instance, is this: By long moving in the solid ranks a cavalry horse cannot be forced out of them. In the battle of the Little Big Horn, General Custer's horses stampeded over the field in solid troop formations. This is not a grave defect in dragoon cavalry operations, but would be fatal to light cavalry. The Indian and his pony must be the unit, not the company. Indians should be allowed to scatter out on the march, and not be kept in the column. It is a curious fact that on the plains you can tell two cowboys from two Indians at a great distance. The cowboys will ride abreast, and the Indians will trail after each other. As to the uniforms of these bodies, I suggest one which

is light, inexpensive, and preserves as much of the local color of the Indian as possible. I believe in building the little log village. Some commanders will not agree with this, saying that it softens the men; let them live in the tepee, and retain the hardihood of the hunter state. We must remember that the organization I speak of is semi-industrial as well, and in process of time would lose much of its military character. If the Crows, Cheyennes, and Sioux become wealthy, industrious, and contented, the First Cavalry will not be at Fort Custer, but in New York, Leavenworth, or Chicago. In the case of a light scouting corps, I admit you must nurse the savage.

"There is one thing that cannot be urged too strongly—a wagon should form no part of a light cavalry outfit. A scout corps which is tied up to some wagons is about as useless as a sprint runner with a cork leg. Pack trains of large broncho horses to each troop should be issued, and there should be enough of them so that they might be loaded lightly, and thus be able to pass over the country as rapidly as the exigencies of the case might require. In the winter oil-tanned cowskin moccasins should be issued. A system of tactics should be gotten up for the Indian soldiers, vast simplicity being the consideration, and preserving all the signs and movements peculiar to their old warrior days.

"As to the efficiency of these people on light cavalry duties there can be no question. Lieutenant Carter Johnson told me that he thought he could take a command of Apaches and ride from Arizona to Washington without losing any of his command, and judging from some of that officer's exploits, I am inclined to think he could. As to their faithfulness, an officer recently sent a Crow scout with a message, and inadvertently said, 'Go quick!' The Crow, thinking the thing was vital, rode a hundred miles and killed his horse (his own property) to deliver the message. A Crow scout also rode for three days after a stray horse, covering an enormous distance, which I have forgotten. Lieutenant Casey's scouts will fell trees and build houses. In short, experienced officers can do anything with these men, and the Indians like it. The dearest dream of any Indian is that some day he may be a Government scout. And when he thinks of being a pure and simple farmer it chills his soul, and he welcomes the ghost dance, and would welcome anything else which would take him from the lazy starvation of the agency.

"Let these people who claim to be friends of the Indian cease their chatter, and help this or some other practical scheme of regeneration. Let some statesmen have the courage to curb this restless thirst for spoil in land which characterizes our frontier population, and teach them to value the solemn obligations of this Government as they would a copper cent at least. Let our army have the fruits of its work; and let us preserve the

native American race, which is following the buffalo into painted pictures and printed books."

As a specimen of national legislation for the Indians, the *New York Sun* refers under date of March 13, 1891, to the Indian appropriation bill.

"The bill comprises sixty-two pages of compact matter, and is a most intricate piece of parliamentary mechanism. It is literally full of blunders, crudities, and incongruities. Whole sections and provisions are repeated and duplicated, treaty stipulations and agreements are frightfully entangled and interwoven, and a great deal of new matter is added to the form in which it left the House and Senate.

"This was done on the individual responsibility of the conference committees, composed respectively of Bishop W. Perkins of Kansas, Samuel W. Peel of Arkansas, and O. S. Gifford of South Dakota on the part of the House, and H. L. Dawes of Massachusetts, and Wilkinson Call of Florida on the part of the Senate.

"Although, in all other respects, the act is one of the most carelessly constructed ever placed upon the statute books, yet the gentlemen responsible for it have exercised the most scrupulous and marvelous care in looking after the interests of the attorneys, agents, and boodlers who ply industriously between Washington and the Indian reservations.

"For instance, to the paragraph providing for the payment of \$43,600 to the Western Miami Indians in Kansas and the Indian Territory, for lands alleged to have been unjustly taken from them, and \$18,370 extra, on account of tribal funds given against their protest to persons not entitled to them away back in 1854, the significant provision is added by the conferrees that this money shall be immediately available, and that before any part of it is paid there shall be deducted and paid from it the promised attorney's fee. Without an express provision making such an appropriation immediately available, the money would not be forthcoming until July 1, proximo, when the new fiscal year begins.

"The other blocks of money are likewise made immediately available by the action of the conferrees; \$80,000 for payment to the Sisseton and Wahpeton bands of Sioux Indians on Devil's Lake reservation for land claimed by them under an old treaty; \$7095 to be paid to one hundred and twenty-nine citizens of the Creek Nation, who contrived to subsist themselves for a year without government aid; \$19,843 as proceeds or balance of sales of the Cherokee Strip, to be forwarded to the Treasurer of the Cherokee Nation as trust funds of the tribe; \$30,000 for the construction, purchase, and use of irrigating machinery and appliances in Arizona, Montana, and Nevada, for the use of the Indian reservations; \$503,200 of the whole \$2,203,000 appropriated for the Sisseton and Wahpeton Indians in consideration of a treaty, and to certain scouts and soldiers of the Med-

awakanton and Wahpakoota bands of Sioux for services rendered to the United States in the Sioux outbreak of 1862; and \$10,000 for the purchase of animals, seeds, and temporary support of the Shebit tribe of Utah to enable them to become self-supporting.

"There is a tremendous increase in the appropriations for Indian schools. The total appropriations for this object aggregate \$2,210,650, which is \$367,880 more than was given for the current fiscal year. This money for the support of schools is thus distributed:

"One hundred and ten thousand dollars is allowed the school at Carlisle, Pa., \$110,000 for the Chillico school, in the Indian Territory; \$100,000 for the Lawrence school, and somewhat smaller amounts for schools at other places. It is provided that at least \$500,000 shall be used exclusively for the support and education of Indian pupils in industrial and day schools in operation under contracts with the Indian Bureau.

"Apropos of the several irrigating schemes in the bill, the committees attached to it the vicious proviso that the funds designed for the construction of the ditches and other works for irrigating may be expended at the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior without advertising for bids. Advertising was always looked upon as a safeguard against fraud.

"The conferrees even went so far in closing up their reckless work as to incorporate in the act an entirely new section to appropriate for the payment of an alleged debt of the Government which is not yet due and cannot be considered due until a decision of the case is rendered by the Court of Claims. The sum is \$117,790.

"So careless, also, were the architects of this unique bill that they left out the date of an important treaty with the Cheyennes and Arapahoe tribes. By the agreement with the Grosventres and Arickarees, who are stated to have vastly more land than they need or will ever make use of, and who relinquished their title to certain lands in the Fort Berthold reservation in Dakota, the sum of \$80,000 is appropriated annually for ten years to pay them. This amount, in all \$800,000, is so disproportionate to the actual value of the land sold, and so prodigal for the needs of the tribe, that a precautionary provision is inserted that, whenever in the opinion of the President, the annual installment shall be found to be in excess of the amount required in carrying out the agreement, so much of the amount as is excessive shall be placed to the credit of the Indians in the United States Treasury and expended after the last installment of \$80,000 shall have been paid, in 'continuing the benefits of the treaty.' A junketing trip for twelve fortunate Crow chiefs, to visit the President for general consultation, is provided for, and \$5000 is set aside to defray their expenses."

The acquisition of Indian lands has gone on at a prodigious rate for the last few years, but in the report of Commissioner Morgan, issued in

1891, he argues that it should be carried much further. Previous to Mr. Morgan's appointment at the head of the Indian Bureau, Congress had passed the Severalty Allotment Law, which is based on a prospective, gradual abandonment of tribal reservations and the absorption of the red men into American citizenship. And even twenty years ago Congress passed a law declaring that "no Indian nation or tribe within the territory of the United States shall be acknowledged or recognized as an independent nation, tribe, or power with whom the United States may contract by treaty." Up to that time the Government had made with them, during the century preceding, between three hundred and four hundred treaties, which, however, did not concede to them the rights that belong to autonomous nations.

This law expressly respected existing obligations, but from the first the courts had held that the ultimate title of all Indian lands was in the Government, subject to the right of occupancy. It had been further held by the Supreme Court, in repeated cases, that the Government had the exclusive power of extinguishing that right of occupancy by procuring a voluntary cession of it. Throughout the colonial period the Indian right of occupancy was respected by the Crown and the courts, and when lands were surrendered by the red men it was through the medium of a regular contract or treaty, usually with a consideration in the form of money or goods. When Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States the latter acquired her rights in the soil, and so it was with the purchase of Louisiana from France and of Florida from Spain. Our Government has never extinguished an Indian title by right of conquest except one, during the Sioux outbreak in Minnesota about thirty years ago; and in this instance the proceeding was repaired by giving the Indians another reservation, and the net value of the lands from which they had been evicted. During these processes of acquisition injustice was occasionally done to the Indians; but it was something to acknowledge invariably that their rights of occupancy must be extinguished by purchase, and if it be true that in some cases the Indians were virtually driven to sell, yet the Government, in the exercise of its right of eminent domain, has frequently forced the relinquishment by whites also of land which it sought to acquire. An exception may appear in the Southwest and on the Pacific coast, since Mexico admitted no Indian title of occupancy except where it had been expressly ceded, but our Government extended to the lands acquired under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo its uniform policy of laying out reservations for Indians; and then if the advance of civilization demanded the acquisition of a whole or a part of them, it effected this by negotiation.

Of the more than one hundred and sixty reservations established in

the country some depend on treaties or agreements, others on acts of Congress, and more than a third on Executive order. In the Indian Territory there are reservations regularly patented to Indian tribes in fee simple or in a qualified fee, with a reversion to the United States on its abandonment by them. The homes of the civilized tribes in the Indian Territory, and one or two others in the States, are expressly excepted from the operation of the Severalty Allotment Act of 1887.

"Everything indicates that severalty allotments may ultimately be the rule among the quarter of a million Indians of this country. The wise provision of the law makes these allotments inalienable for twenty-five years. It gives to every head of an Indian family one hundred and sixty acres; half as much to every unmarried person over eighteen years of age and every orphan; finally, forty acres to each person under eighteen. Its ultimate effect will be to break up tribal allegiance; in fact, Indians accepting allotments thereby become citizens, as are also those who have taken up their residence apart from a tribe and have adopted the habits of civilized life.

"The process of allotment under this act has undoubtedly been slow hitherto, but it is better that it should be so, since education and ability to earn a living by the cultivation of the soil, by grazing, by hauling, or in general by some form of manual skill or labor, are necessary to make the allotments most beneficial to the Indians. Much of the allotment work thus far has been done with the smaller tribes and bands, who have sold their surplus lands to the Government and have occupied the portions set out to the extent already indicated.

"In spite of the enormous cessions of Indian lands made during the past few years, the red men still hold nearly one hundred million acres, and possibly more. Since there are not more than two hundred and fifty thousand of them outside of Alaska it is evident that large reductions could still be made in their holdings, and yet leave them much more than is required under the allotment basis. Commissioner Morgan's anticipation of a time 'when the Indian reservation will no longer appear on our maps,' echoes the expectations of his recent predecessors; but this should be rather the consequence of other steps in the progress of the race than the condition precedent. In Dakota with the Sioux, in Minnesota with the Chippewas, and in Montana with the Crows, the needs for settlement have stimulated the acquisition of territory; but the education of the Indian and his preparation for entering into citizenship are more important than the reduction of reservations for the mere sake of reduction. Above all, it is necessary that the terms of purchase should be carried out in good faith prior to any opening of such lands to settlement."

Since the foregoing was prepared, statistics show that the Indian pop-

ulation of the United States in 1890, exclusive of the five civilized tribes and the Indians in Alaska, was 250,483. Of these 67,586 were clothed wholly and 44,522 in part in citizens' dress, 21,576 could read, 24,976 could speak English fairly well, and 19,785 were members of Christian churches. The number of dwelling-houses occupied by Indians was 16,544, and 167 church buildings had been provided for them. The number of Indian apprentices was 570. There were 253 male missionaries in the tribes. The number of births in 1889-90 was 5181; deaths, 4719. There were 36 Indians killed by Indians, 13 by citizens, and 7 whites killed by Indians during the year, which of course does not include the date of the troubles at Pine Ridge. The number of Indian criminals convicted by civil and military tribunals was 666, by tribal tribunals 529, while 234 crimes were committed by whites against Indians.

The estimated number of Indians in Alaska is 37,000. The aggregate area of the various reservations was 116,000,000 acres, or 181,250 square miles, enough to give each Indian more than 750 acres. During 1889-90, arrangements were made to transfer 14,726,000 acres of Indian lands to the Government.

CHAPTER L.

THE RICHEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD—"WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE INDIANS?"—VIEWS OF THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN THE PRESENT STATE OF MINNESOTA — INDIAN PROGRESS AND CIVILIZATION.

HOW many people, if asked to name the richest nation in the world, would select an Indian tribe? And yet such is the fact. Every man, woman, and child in the Osage nation is worth \$15,000, and many of them a great deal more. Senator Platt, in referring to a visit to the Indian Territory, some time ago, said that, while at the trading post of the Osage Indians, he was amused to see an Indian buying a barrel of good flour for himself and a barrel of cheap flour for the white man who worked for him.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, to which journal we are indebted for many facts concerning the recent outbreak, writes that the interest on the sum held by the United States to the credit of the Osage Indians is so great that the Secretary of the Interior will not pay out all of it at one time, and a gradual increment is adding to the millions already credited to the tribe on the books of the Government.

"The Osages came by their wealth through the sale of their lands in Kansas, when they were moved to a reservation in what is now known as Oklahoma Territory. One Indian abandoned his tribe and clung to his Kansas land, and it is said that to-day through the appreciation in the value of that land he is worth a million dollars. He is perhaps the richest Indian in the world. Nothing is known of him at the Indian Office because, having abandoned his tribe, he has ceased to be a subject of solicitude to the gentlemen in charge of Indian affairs at the national capital. The land belonging to the other Indians was bought by the Government and thrown open to settlement. In buying this property the Government did not make any actual payment for it. It announced to the Osages that they had been credited with the amount of the purchase money, and that they would receive interest on that amount. There was no deposit made to secure this indebtedness of the Government. There is nothing to represent it in the Treasury Department except the record of the fact that it has been assumed by the Government. This has been the practice of the Government—its exclusive practice—for many years. A long time ago the Treasury Department used to purchase Southern State bonds with the purchase price of Indian lands and hold them in trust for the Indians.

A great many of these Southern State bonds are now in the Treasury vaults, held in trust to secure indebtedness to the Indian tribes. But on the majority of them no interest has been paid by the States for a long time; in fact, the bonds in effect have been repudiated. The Government,



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however, under its contract with the Indians, is held liable for the interest which these bonds should have drawn. This interest it has assumed. So the purchase of the State bonds was a losing investment for the Government. Its unhappy experience in this direction has taught it the wisdom of securing its debts to the Indians, like its other obligations, with a promise to pay.

"In the deposits to the credit of the Osage Indians there is one item of \$8,147,515. The annual interest on this is \$407,376. There are about 1500 Osages on the reservation in Oklahoma. The exact number mentioned in the last annual report of the Indian Commissioner is 1496; but this, of course, varies from time to time. The members of this tribe, men, women, and children, are joint sharers in the interest money. As it is paid to the tribe it is divided equally among them. It is drawn by the head of each family for himself, his wife, and his children. The Indian with a large family draws a goodly sum each month. Even the amount to which the single Indians are entitled is large—for an Indian. It has been the policy of the Secretary of the Interior, acting for the President, who, under the law, is the trustee for the Indians, to pay to the Osage tribe only a part of the money to which it is entitled. The amount paid annually was, for a long time, \$250,000. Two years ago the payment was increased, at the request of the Indians, to \$300,000 a year. That is less than seventy-five per cent. of the amount due the Indians, and the other twenty-five per

cent. goes toward swelling the amount with which the tribe is credited on the Treasury books. What will be done with this slowly increasing capital, and the correspondingly increasing interest on it, is a question with which the Government has not yet troubled itself.

"Occasionally, some of the interest money which is due the Osages is expended for their benefit by the Secretary of the Interior, within his discretion. The Indian Office has on hand now plans for a \$30,000 building to be used as a dormitory and school in connection with the education of the Osage children. The council of the tribe requested the Secretary to make this expenditure. The Government looks after the education of the Osages, and a special fund is set aside for educational purposes. The Government supplies them with agricultural implements and a great many other things which the Indians could very well afford to buy for themselves. They do buy a great many luxuries. Very few of them save any of the money which is paid to them by the Government. The traders at the agency get a greater part of it within an hour after the payment has been distributed. The Osage tradership is regarded as the most valuable in the United States. Other traders have more Indians to deal with, but not so much money.

"After the provisions of the recent treaty with the Chippewa Indians have been fulfilled they will be the second wealthiest tribe in the world. They number about five thousand. Their wealth is represented by the value of some rich lands bordering the small lakes in Minnesota, which the Chippewa Commission persuaded them to sell. The Government has paid to them this year \$200,000. Next year they will receive \$90,000 advance interest, and probably a much greater sum in the annual interest will be due them. The Cœur d'Alene Indians will receive a payment of half a million dollars this year.

"The Osage Indians are solitary in their superfluous wealth. There is no other tribe which has more money than it can use. Most of the money paid to the Indians by the Government is a pure gratuity. Two tribes, the Omahas and Winnebagoes, who are regarded as the most civilized of all the Indians, receive no aid from the Government. When the land owned by some of the Indian tribes is cut up and sold to settlers by the Government, some of them may be in the position of the Osages, and have more interest money coming to them every year than they can well dispose of. But at present the Osage tribe is the only one which is accumulating wealth. It is not with any degree of willingness that the Osages allow their principal to increase yearly. They object strenuously to the policy of the Secretary of the Interior in refusing to pay to them all of their annual income. Each year they send to Washington a representative of their tribe to beg the Secretary to pay over to them the accumulated inter-

est. They are not to be satisfied with the full amount now coming to them annually. They want the back interest, which was withheld from them, paid over in a lump sum. They have been told again and again that when they become civilized they will receive the money which is due to them; but this promise seems to be no inducement to them to adopt the ways of the white man. They continue to retrograde, year by year, instead of improving their condition. They are very much averse to sending their children to school, and the report of the Indian Commissioner shows that, of those who have been sent to the training schools and educated, a very small portion prove in any way useful members of society.

"Death may solve the problem of the disposal of the accumulating Osage fund, for the tribe is gradually becoming smaller. The population of the tribe in 1858 was 6720; in 1869, 4481; in 1878, 2391, and in 1890, 1496. The shrinkage in the tribe is an additional source of increased individual wealth. With the aggregate wealth increasing and the membership of the tribe being gradually reduced, there is no telling how much the last Osage will be worth. He may be the richest man in the world. Even now the Osage tribe is the richest nation on earth. Their wealth per capita is five times as great as that of the American people, ten times as great as that of the English, and many, many times as great as that of the French or Italians.

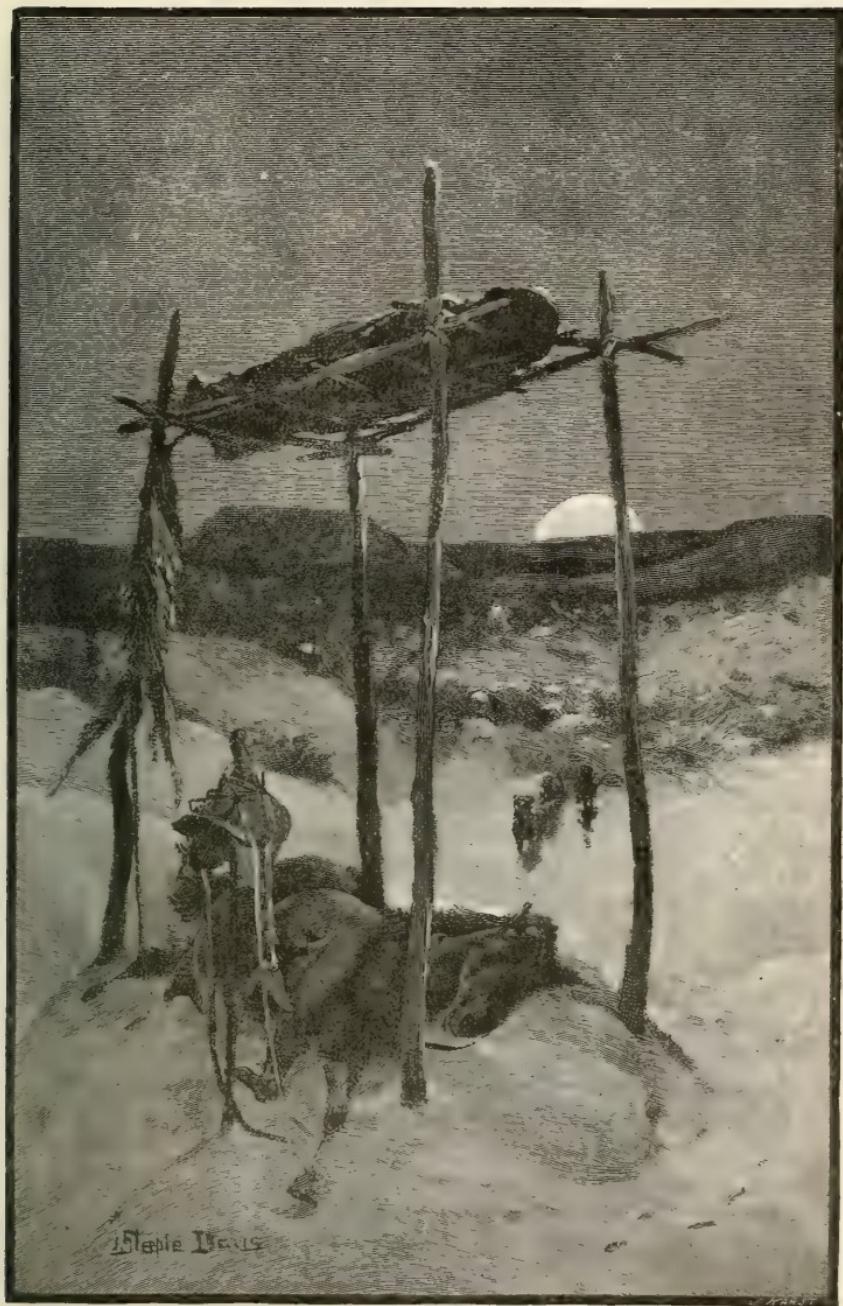
"Outside of the Osage tribe are many individual Indians who are growing rich. This is especially true of the members of the five civilized tribes—the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles—which live in the Indian Territory and have a government of their own. The interest money due them is paid to them regularly without question, because they are perfectly competent to take care of their own affairs. Many of them are well to do; and if all of their race had their business ability there is no reason why the majority should not be independent."

During a recent discussion of the question, "What Shall be Done with the Indians?" General O. O. Howard said:

"The end to be worked toward is citizenship for the Indian. Many of the reservations to-day, and many of the Pueblo Indians, are ripe to be transferred to a condition of citizenship.

"I would not withdraw from them the protection and aid of the Federal Government. I would give the Indian the right to vote and the right to own property, and I would protect him in those rights if need be by the whole power of the Government of the United States.

"With reference to the wild Indians who still insist on the tribal relation, who are essentially nomadic, who will not take any steps toward self-support, who are perpetually involving the better disposed in trouble, and who constantly alarm whole sections of new settlers, there can be no better



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control than that of the army. Just at present there is a full co-operation between the army and the Interior Department.

"The desire to make money on our side, too, is almost universal, and the temptation to avarice is very great, while large bodies of Indians are fed and clothed at Government charges. Inevitably this avarice, whether coming from contractors or employees of the Government, will bring on ferment, discord, war dances of some kind, and outrages which fill our souls with horror.

"I would remedy this, so far as it can be remedied, by elevating the agents, giving them suitable compensation and holding them to a strict accountability, like, for instance, officers of the navy; and it strikes me that it would be wise, in view of the necessity to make amends for a century of dishonor, to lift up the Indian Bureau itself into the clear light of an independent bureau.

"I believe it would be wise to form the Indians, so far as practicable, into a frontier police. For some reason, after I left that country, the Indian police was abolished and the border troubles were renewed.

"The life of a soldier is natural for the Indian, and the drill and discipline increase their self-respect and manhood. They fought as well as the colored troops in the West, who almost put to shame the whites, for they fight fearlessly and seldom desert."

The first white child born in the present State of Minnesota (October 27, 1835, at Lac qui Parle) was John P. Williamson, at this writing living at Greenwood, S. D. His whole life, since reaching young manhood, has been spent on the western frontier in missionary work among the Sioux Indians. His name will be recalled in our account of the Minnesota outbreak. He believes that the Indians will be finally regenerated through education and religion. Here are some of his beliefs:

"It is easier to convert an Indian than to civilize him."

"An Indian is frequently very religious and very immoral."

"They are naturally a religious people, but do not associate religion with ethics."

"Social inequality between whites and Indians is the great barrier to their civilization."

"However much a white man may sympathize with the Indian, he doesn't want him for a son-in-law."

"The present theory of Indian management is as perfect as can be devised; the practice makes it as bad as can be."

"The advancement of the Christian Indians in civilization is most encouraging."

"The Indian may acquire religion without acquiring civilization, but he never文明izes without Christianity."

Reference has been made in these pages to the common delusion that there are less Indians to-day in our country than ever before, when the reverse is the truth. As illustrative of this, as well as of the capacity of the aborigines for self-government and advancement in civilization, the most striking example is furnished by the Iroquois Confederacy, generally known as the Five Nations.

At the time of the advent of the Europeans on the Atlantic coast, the League of the Iroquois never comprehended more than 15,000 persons, with an available fighting force of 2500. The last United States census shows that, including the members living in the West and in New York, the total is 15,870, whereas in 1660, when the first reliable computation was made, it was 11,000.

The Iroquois Confederacy originally included the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca nations. The Tuscaroras were afterward added, and this League virtually conquered the Algonquin tribes, through an organization that was the most wonderful achievement of the American race.

Each nation of the League was distinct and independent as to its domestic affairs, but welded by ties of honor in matters affecting the general welfare. Each nation had its chief sachems, or civil magistrates, with subordinate officers, in all two hundred, besides fifty possessed of hereditary rights. The League had a President, with six advisers, who could convene representatives of all the tribes, where concerted action was necessary.

Oho-to-da-ha, an aged Onondagan, was the first President of the League. The mat upon which he sat is still reverentially preserved. The matrons had a vote in council on the question of peace or war. The eight tribes, or clans (which terms were not synonymous with *nation*), were known respectively as the Wolf, the Bear, the Turtle, the Snipe, the Beaver, the Deer, the Horse, and the Heron. Each tribe was divided into five parts, and one of the parts was located in each nation. Thus the tribes formed a complex and indissoluble tie for the confederated peoples, and the League never fell into anarchy from internal disorder.

We conclude our history by this brief illustration of the capacity of the American Indian for self-government and progress, while the events recorded in the preceding pages are equally conclusive as to what can be accomplished in a far greater degree, when he is treated by us with humanity and justice.

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